CANTO.

MADRIGALS OF 5. and 6. parts, apt for the Viols and voices.

Made & newly publiſhed

BY

Thomas Weelkes of the Coledge at winchester,
Organiſt.

AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Eſte, the aſſigne of Thomas Morley.
1600.

TO THE TRVELY NOBLE

VERTVOVS AND HONORABLE, MY VERY

good Lord, *Henry* Lord Winſor, Baron *of Bradenham.*

MY Lord, *in the Coledge at Wincheſter, where I liue, I haue heard learned men ſay, that ſome Philoſophers haue miſtaken the ſoule of man for an Harmonie: Let the preſident of their error be a priuiledge for mine. I ſee not, if ſoules doe not partly conſiſt of Muſicke, how it ſhould come to paſſe, that ſo noble a ſpirit as yours, ſo perfectly tuned to ſo perpetuall a Tenor of excellencies as it is, ſhould diſcend to the notice of a qualitie lying ſingle in ſo low a perſonage as my ſelfe. But in Muſicke the Baſe part is no diſgrace to the beſt eares attendaunce. I confeſſe my conſcience is vntoucht with any other arts, and I hope, my confeſsion is vnſuſpected, many of vs Muſitians thinke it as much praiſe to be ſome what more then Muſitians, as it is for golde to bee ſome what more than golde, and, if* Iack Cade *were aliue, yet ſome of vs might liue: vnleſſe we ſhould think, as the* Artiſans *in the Vniuerſities in* Poland, *and* Germany *thinke, that the* Latin *tongue comes by reflection. I hope your Lordſhip will pardon this preſumption of mine, the rather, becauſe I know before Nobilitie I am to deale ſincerely; and this ſmall facultie of mine, becauſe it is alone in mee, and without the aſſiſtance of other more confident ſciences, is the more to bee fauored, and the rather to bee receiued into your honors protection, ſo ſhall I obſerue you with as humble and as true an heart, as hee, whoſe knowledge is as large as the worlds creation, and as earneſtly pray for you, to the worlds Creator.*

Your honors in all
humble ſeruice

Thomas Weelkes.

THE TABLE.

COld winters Ice is fled and gone. I

Now let vs make a merry greeting. II

Take heere my heart, I giue it thee for euer. III

O care thou wilt diſpatch mee. *The firſt part.* IIII

Hence care, thou art too cruell. *The ſecond part.* V

See where the maides are ſinging, VI

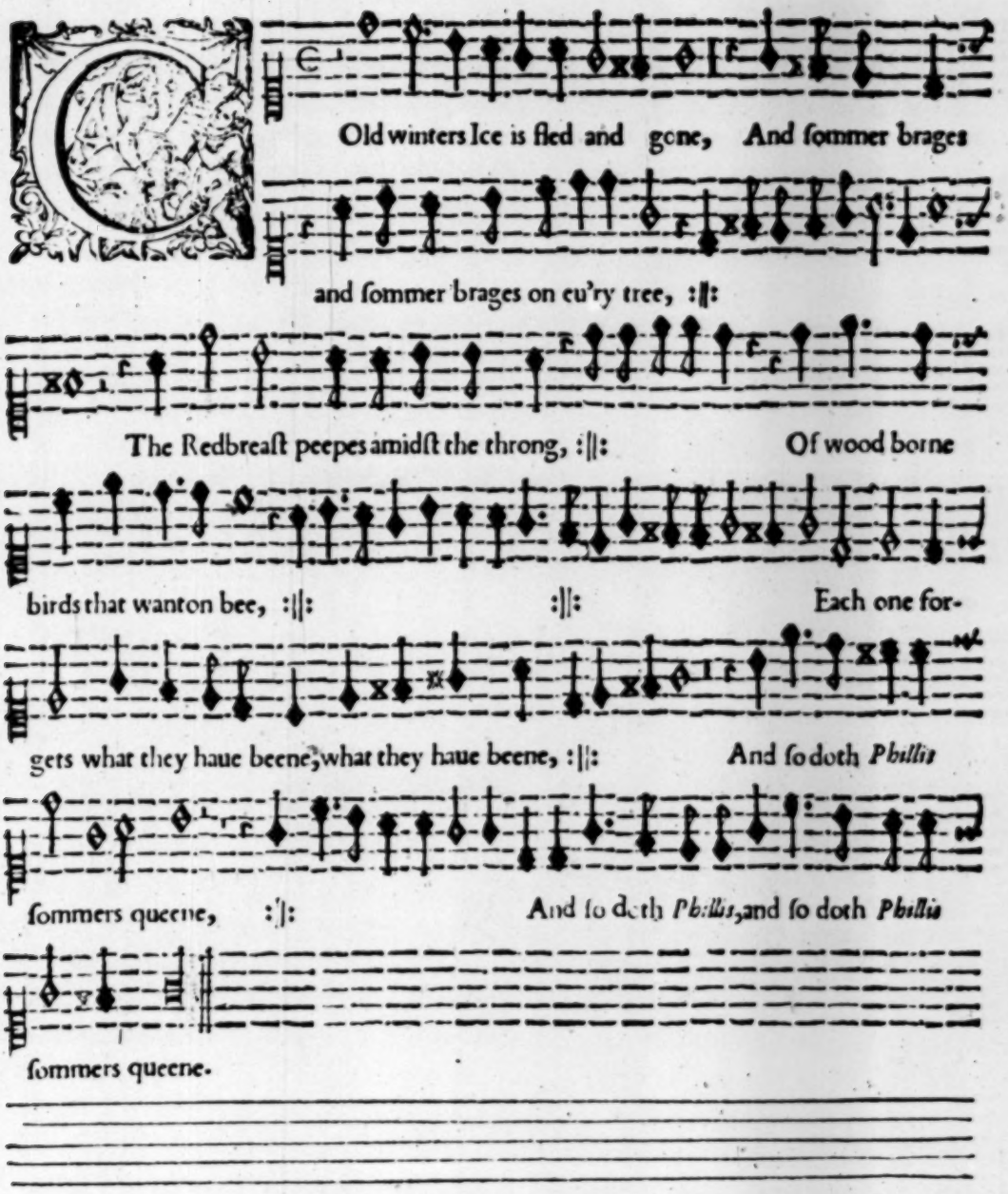
Why are you Ladyes ſtaying. *The firſt part.* VII

Harke, harke, I heare ſome dauncing. *The ſecond part.* VIII

Lady the Birds right fairely, are ſinging euer early. IX

As wanton Birds, when day begins to peepe. X

FINIS.


Old winters Ice is fled and gone, And ſommer brages
and ſommer brages on eu'ry tree, :||:
The Redbreaſt peepes amidſt the throng, :||: Of wood borne
birds that wanton bee, :||: :||: Each one for-
gets what they haue beene, what they haue beene, :||: And ſo doth *Phillis*
ſommers queene, :||: And ſo doth *Phillis*, and ſo doth *Phillis*
ſommers queene.

Ow let vs make a merry greeting, & thank god Cupid for our

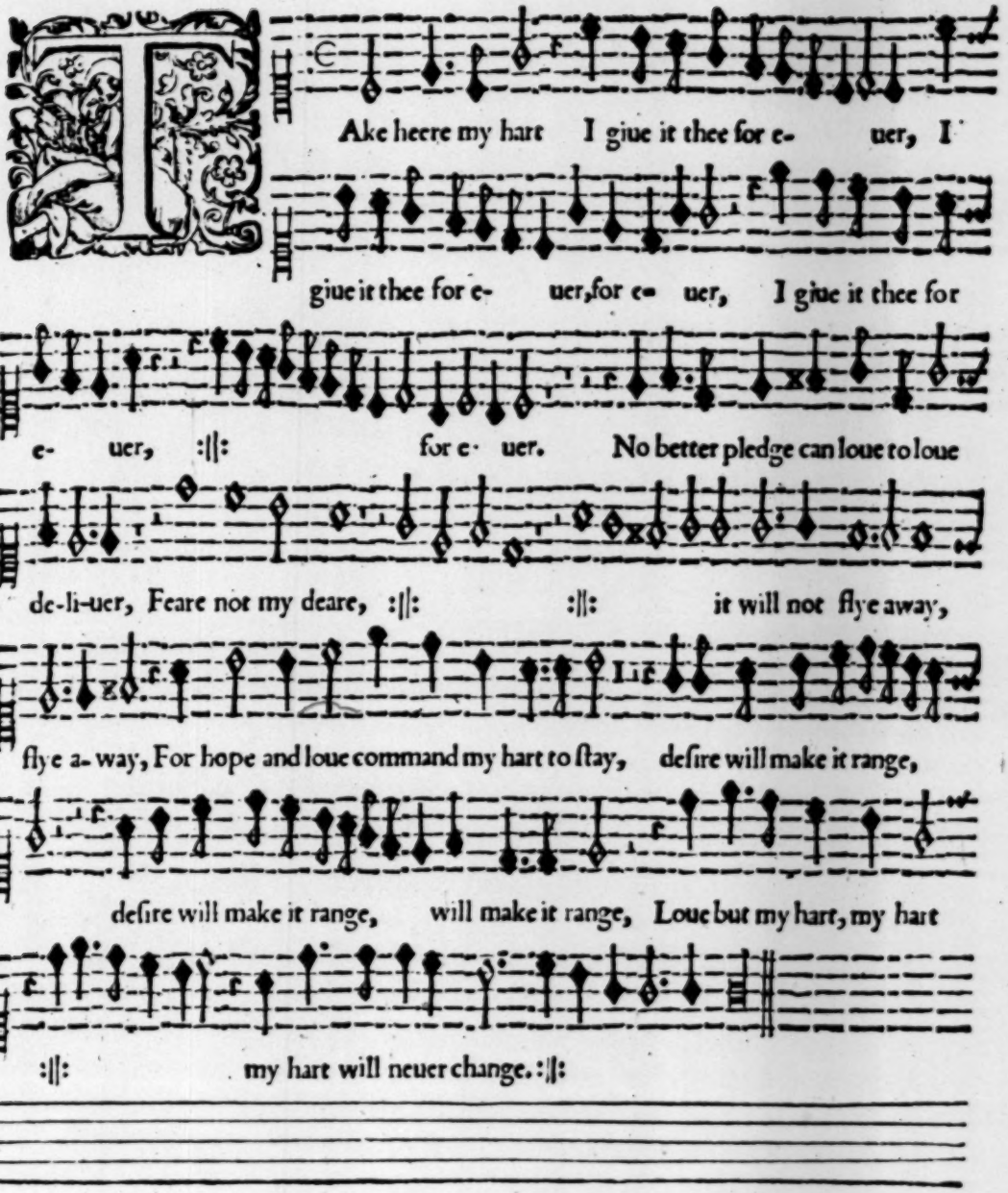
mee- ting, and thank god Cupid for our mee- ting, :‖:

My hart is full of ioy and pleaſure, of ioy and

pleaſure, :‖: Since thou art heere mine onely treaſure, :‖:

Now will we daunce and ſport and play, and play, & ſing a merry

roundelay. and ſing a merry roundelay, roundelay, roundelay.


TAke heere my hart I giue it thee for e- uer, I
giue it thee for e- uer, for e- uer, I giue it thee for
e- uer, :||: for e- uer. No better pledge can loue to loue
de-li-uer, Feare not my deare, :||: :||: it will not flye away,
flye a- way, For hope and loue command my hart to ſtay, deſire will make it range,
deſire will make it range, will make it range, Loue but my hart, my hart
:||: my hart will neuer change. :||:

Care thou wilt diſ- patch mee, if Muſicke

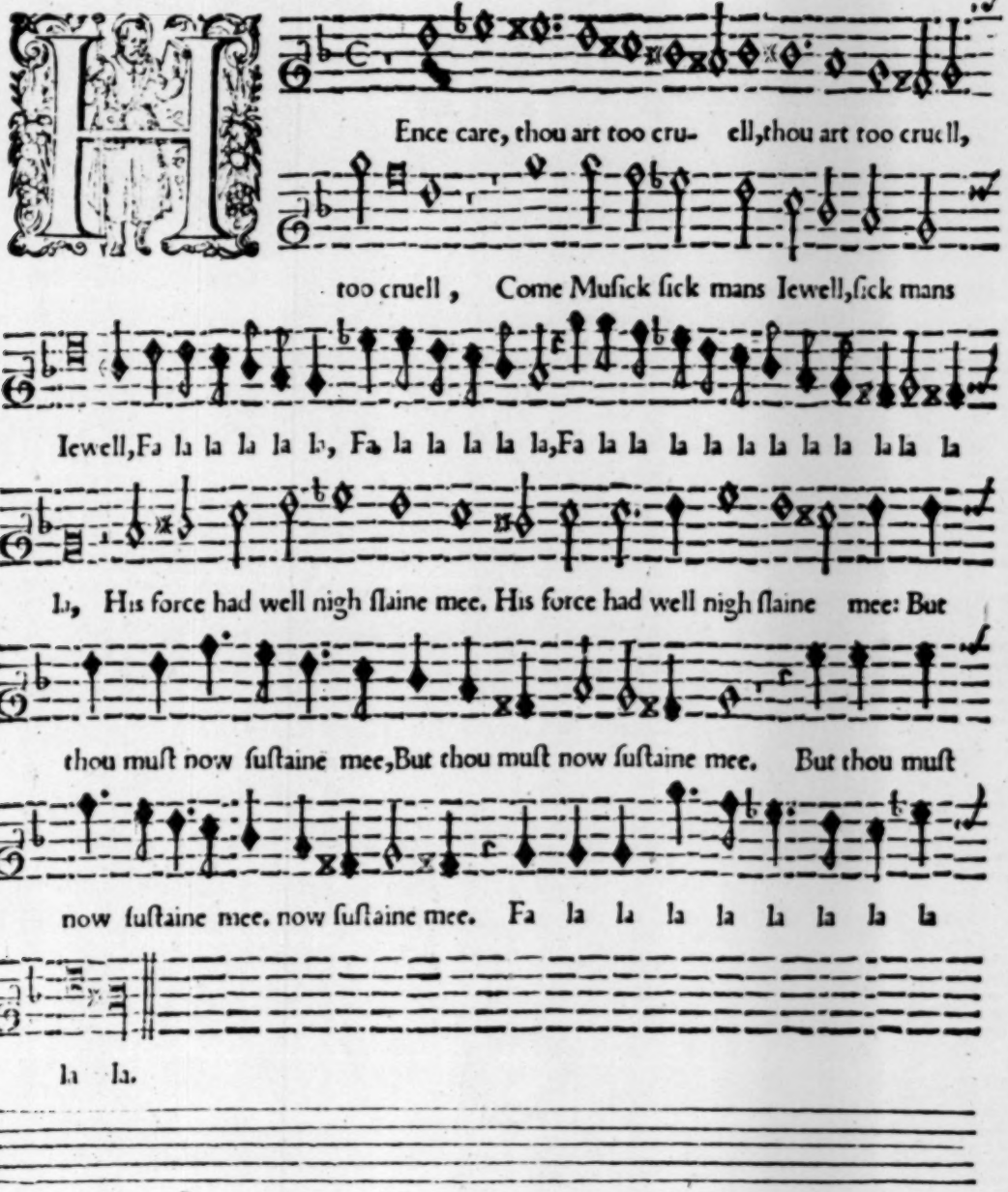
doe not match thee, Fa la la la la la la, So dead-

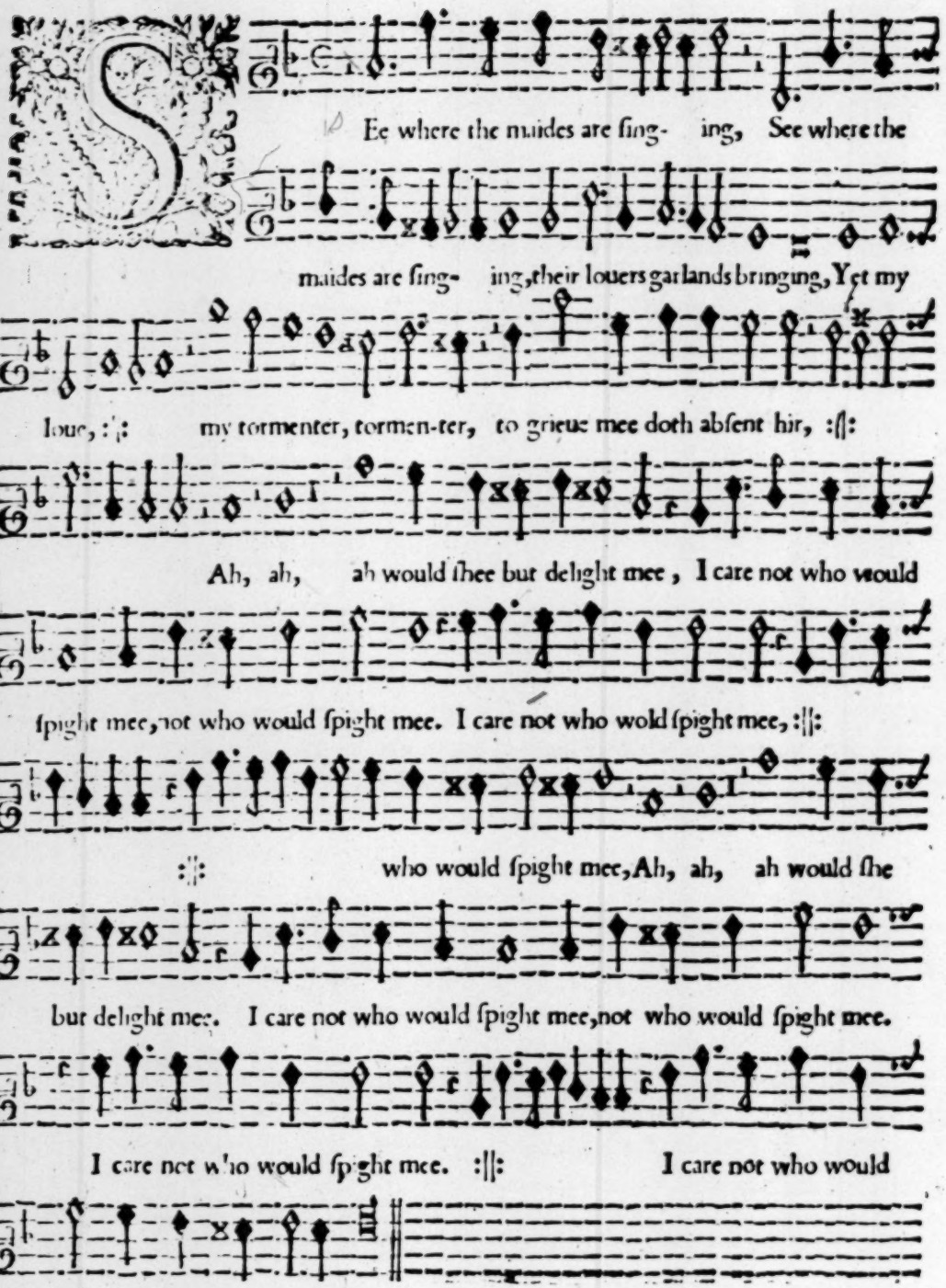
ly doeſt thou ſting mee, :‖: So deadly doeſt thou ſting me, Mirth

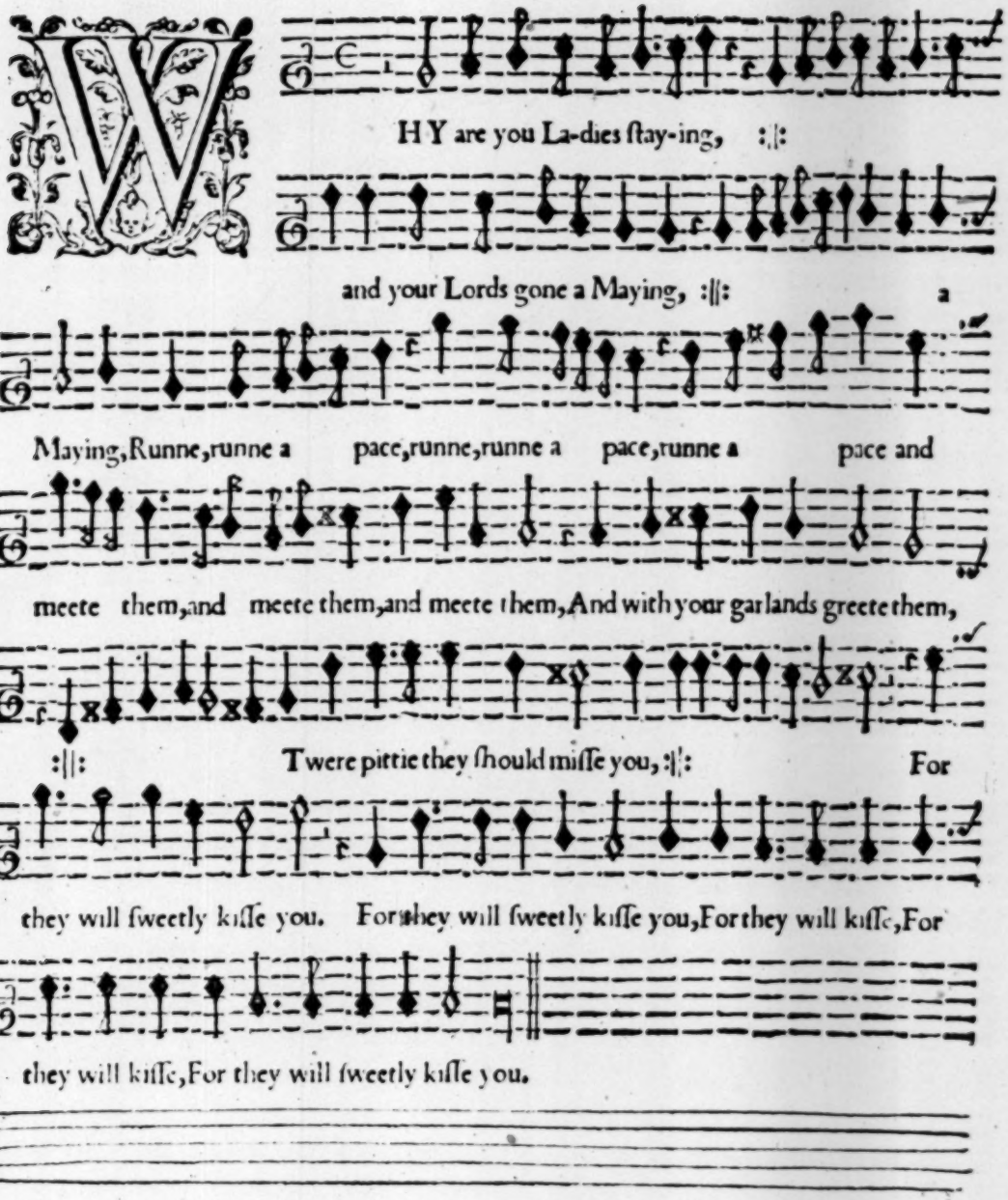
only help can bring mee. :‖: Mirth only help can bring mee, :‖:

Mirth only help can bring mee. Fa la la la la la la, Fa la

la la la la.


Hence care, thou art too cru- ell, thou art too cruell,
too cruell, Come Muſick ſick mans Iewell, ſick mans
Iewell, Fa la la la la la, Fa la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la la
la, His force had well nigh ſlaine mee. His force had well nigh ſlaine mee: But
thou muſt now ſuſtaine mee, But thou muſt now ſuſtaine mee. But thou muſt
now ſuſtaine mee. now ſuſtaine mee. Fa la la la la la la la la
la la.


See where the maides are sing- ing, See where the maides are sing- ing, their louers garlands bringing, Yet my loue, :|: my tormenter, tormen-ter, to grieue mee doth absent hir, :||: Ah, ah, ah would shee but delight mee, I care not who would spight mee, not who would spight mee. I care not who wold spight mee, :||: :||: who would spight mee, Ah, ah, ah would she but delight mee. I care not who would spight mee, not who would spight mee. I care not who would spight mee. :||: I care not who would spight mee. who would spight mee.


WHY are you La-dies ſtay-ing, :||:
and your Lords gone a Maying, :||:
Maying, Runne, runne a pace, runne, runne a pace, runne a pace and
meete them, and meete them, and meete them, And with your garlands greete them,
:||: Twere pittie they ſhould miſſe you, :||: For
they will ſweetly kiſſe you. For they will ſweetly kiſſe you, For they will kiſſe, For
they will kiſſe, For they will ſweetly kiſſe you.

Arke, harke, I heare: And a nimble morris praun-

cing, and a nimble morris prauncing, The bagpipe and the

morris bells, that they are not farre hence, that they are not farre hence vs tells, that

they are not farre hence vs tells, Come, let vs all goe thether, Come let vs all goe

thether, and daunce like friends to gether, and daunce like friends to gether, and

daunce like friends to gether, Come let vs all goe thether, Come let vs

all goe thether, and daunce like friends to gether, :‖: and

daunce like friends to gether.

Ady the birds right fairely, :||:

Are ſinging e-uer eare-ly, eare- ly, are ſinging euer eare-

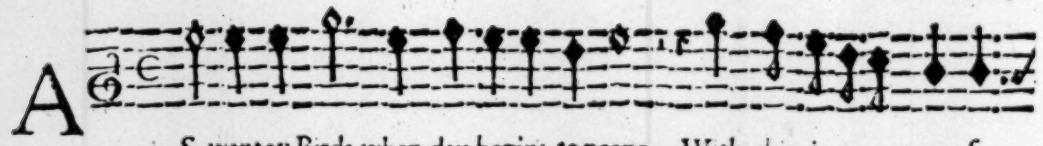
ly, :||: :||: The Larke, the Thruſh, the Nightin-

gale, the Nightin- gale, The make ſport Cuckow, the Cuckow, and the Quaile,

:||: the make ſport Cuckow, and the Quaile, the make ſport Cuckow, and the

Quaile, Cuckow and the Quaile, Theſe ſing of loue, then why ſleepe yee, To loue your

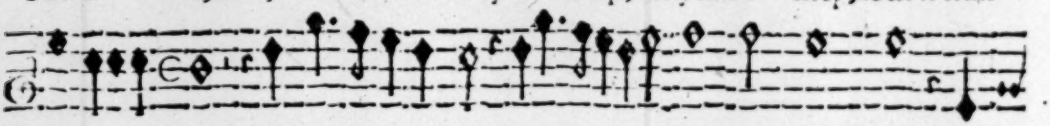
ſleepe it may not bee. :||:



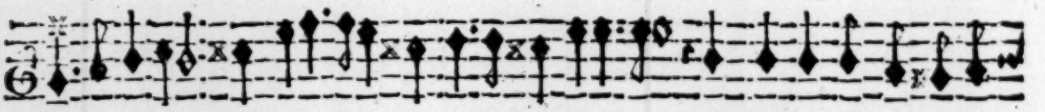
AS wanton Birds when day begins to peepe, With chirping notes ſa-

lute the Suns ariſe, the Suns a- riſe, ſalute the Suns a- riſe, :‖: the

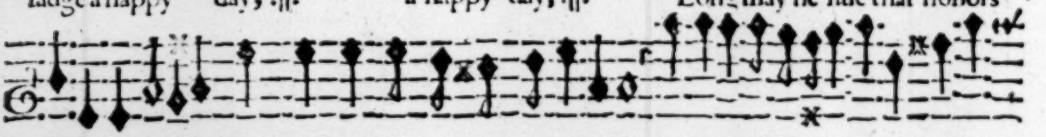
Suns a- riſe, So I, whom loue had lately lulld a ſleep, lately lulld a ſleep, do now with



Ioy, :‖: pay tribute to hir eies, :‖: Whoſe ſaue bright beames per-

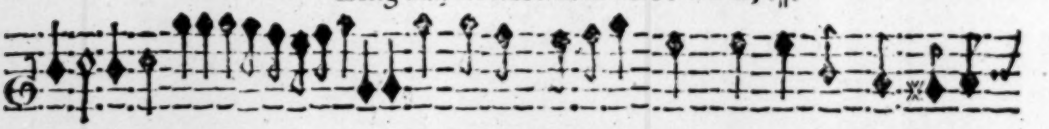


fadge a happy day, :‖: a happy day, :‖: Long may he liue that honors

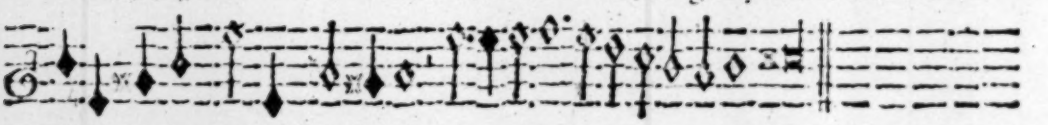


Phillida, Phillida, long may he liue that honors *Phillida*, :‖: :‖:

Long may he liue that honors *Phillida*, :‖:



Phillida, :‖: that honors *Phillida*, Long may hee liue that honors



Phillida, that honors *Phillida*. :‖:

The end of the 5. parts.

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Harke, harke, I heare ſome dauncing. *The ſecond part.* VIII

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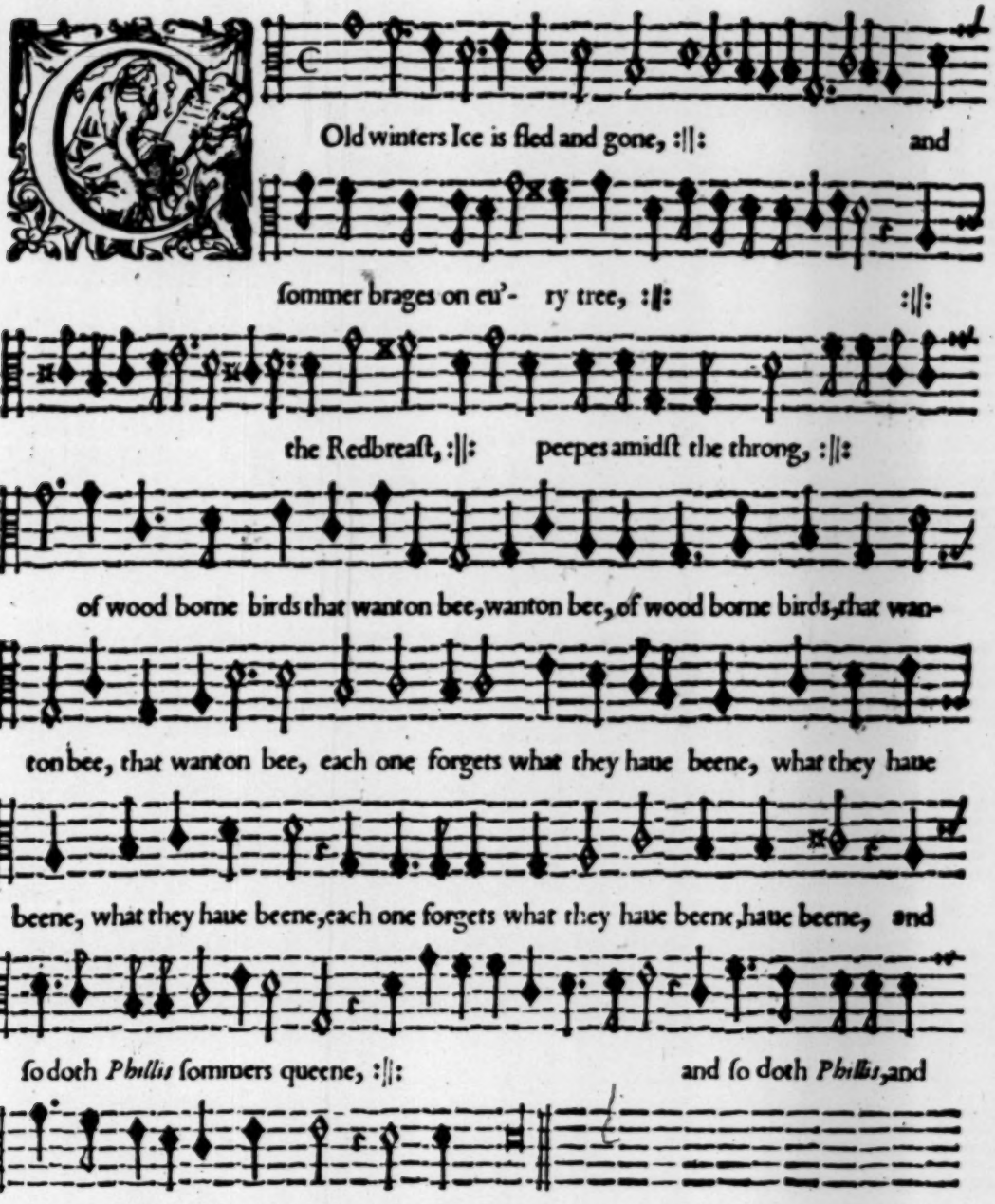
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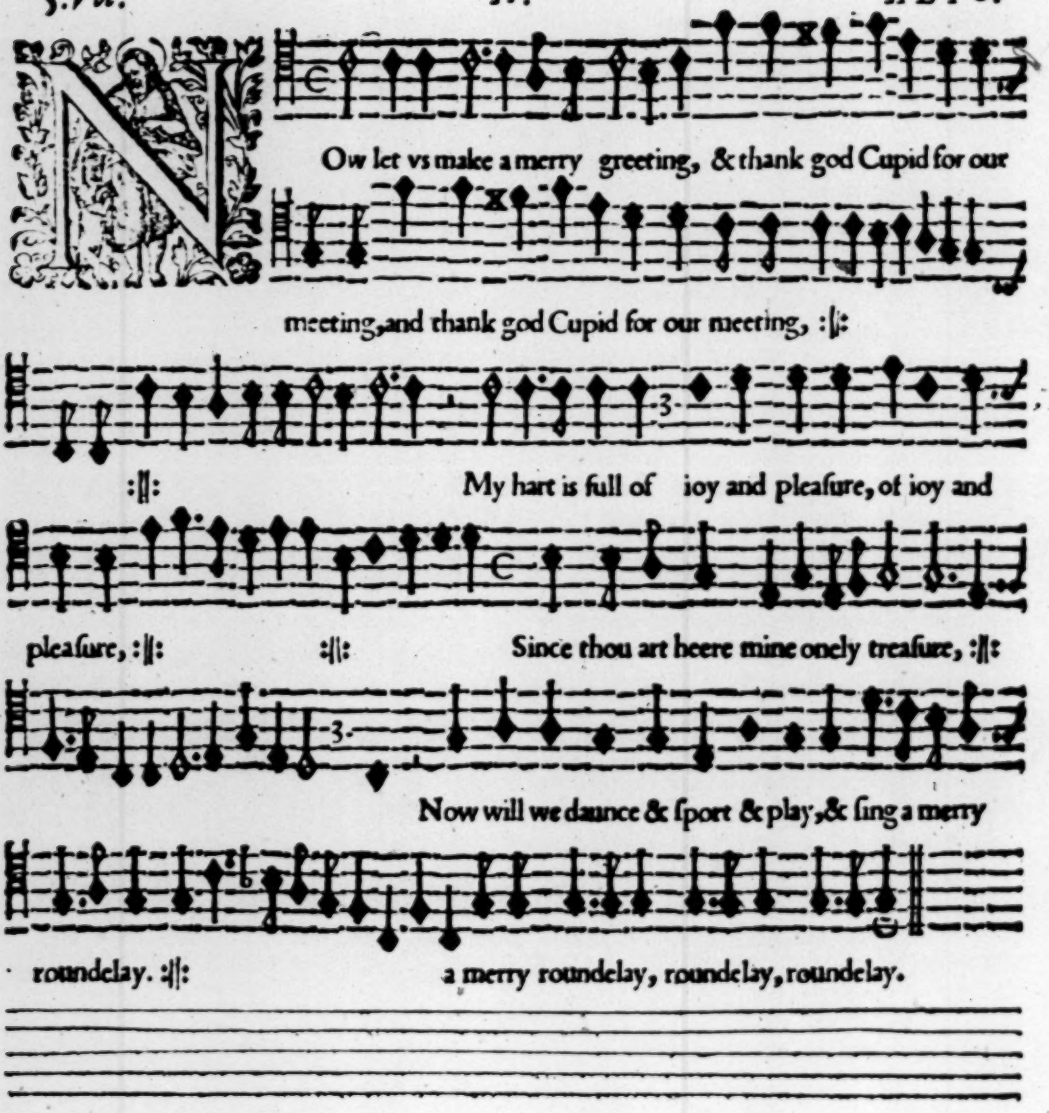
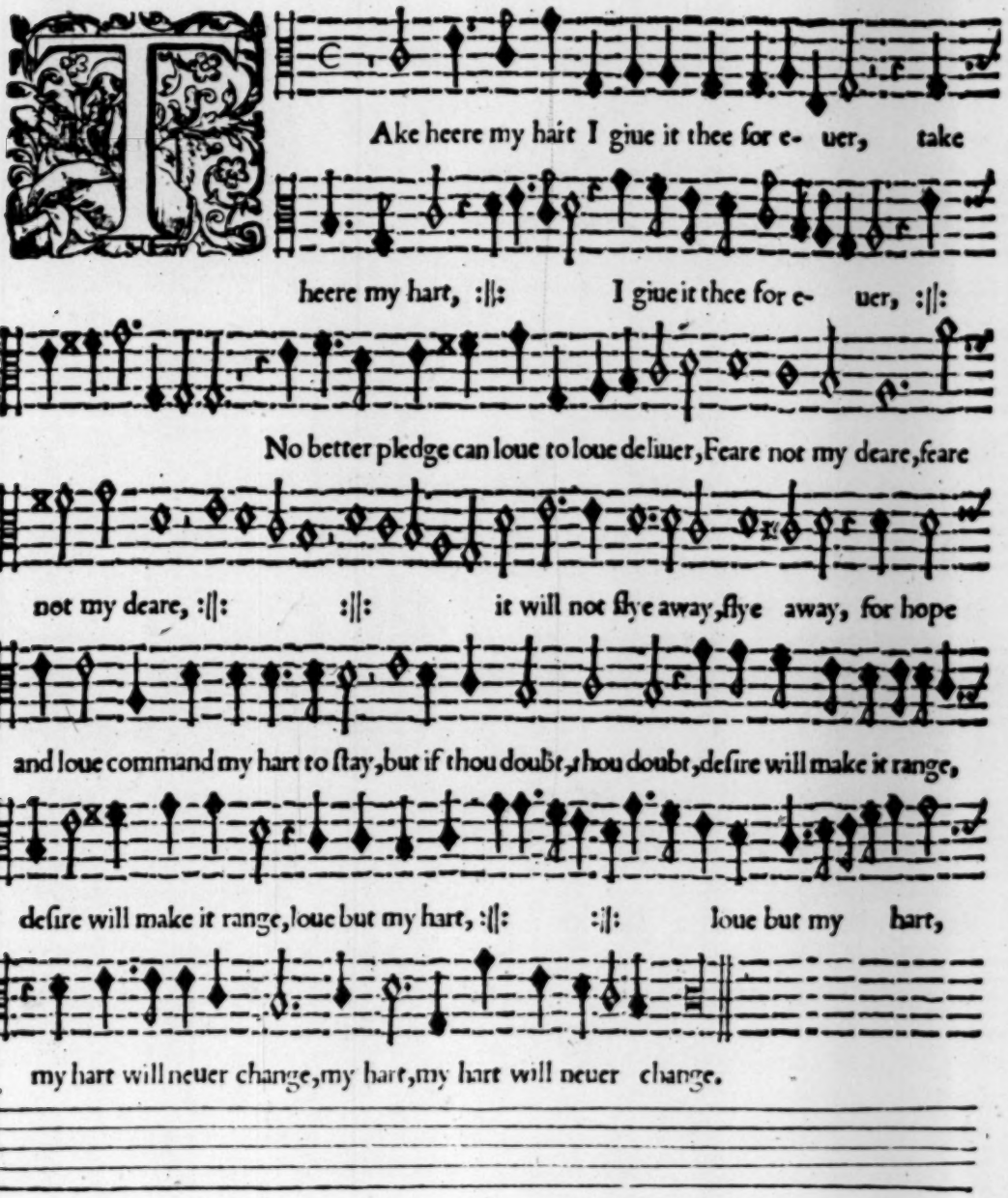
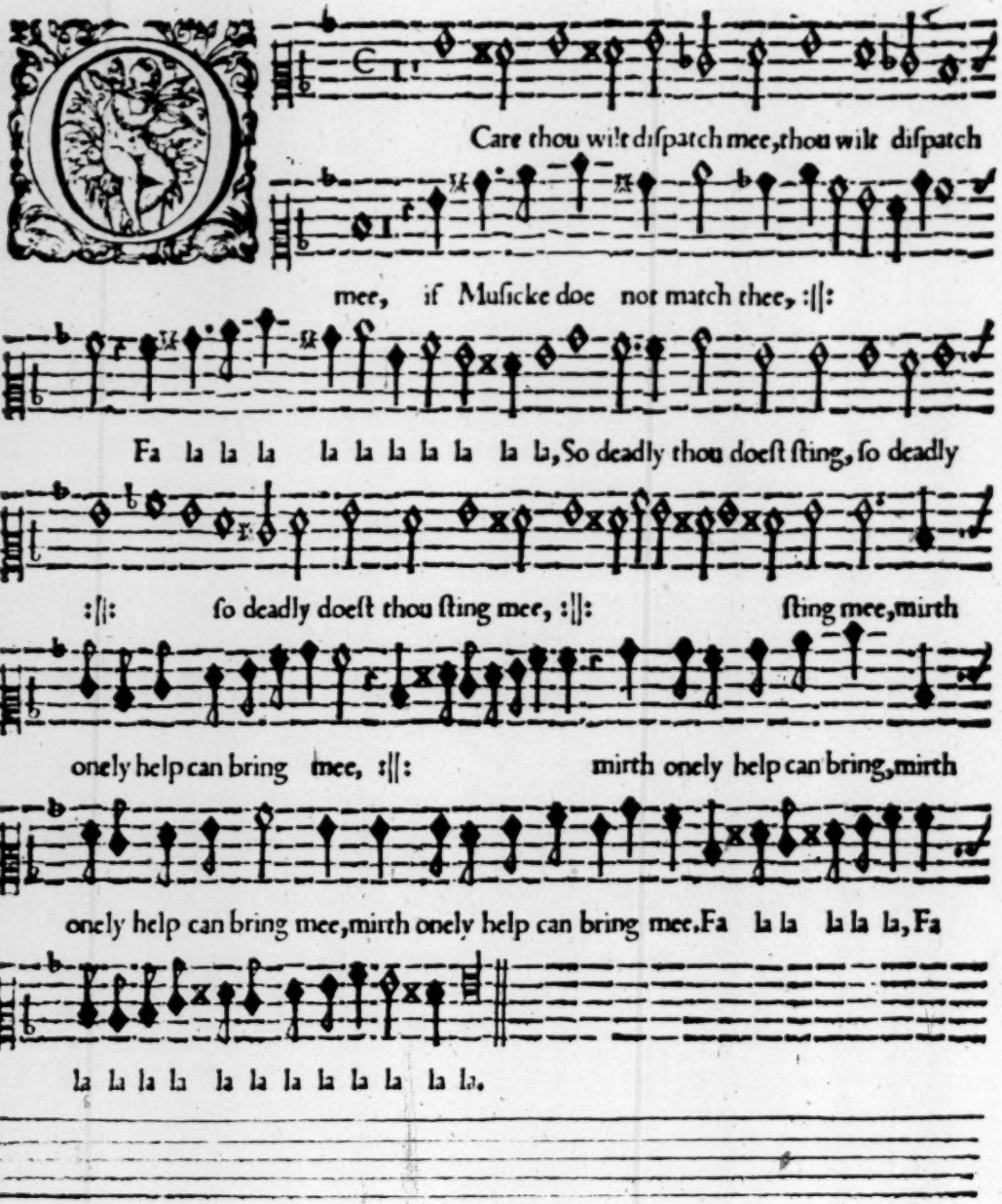
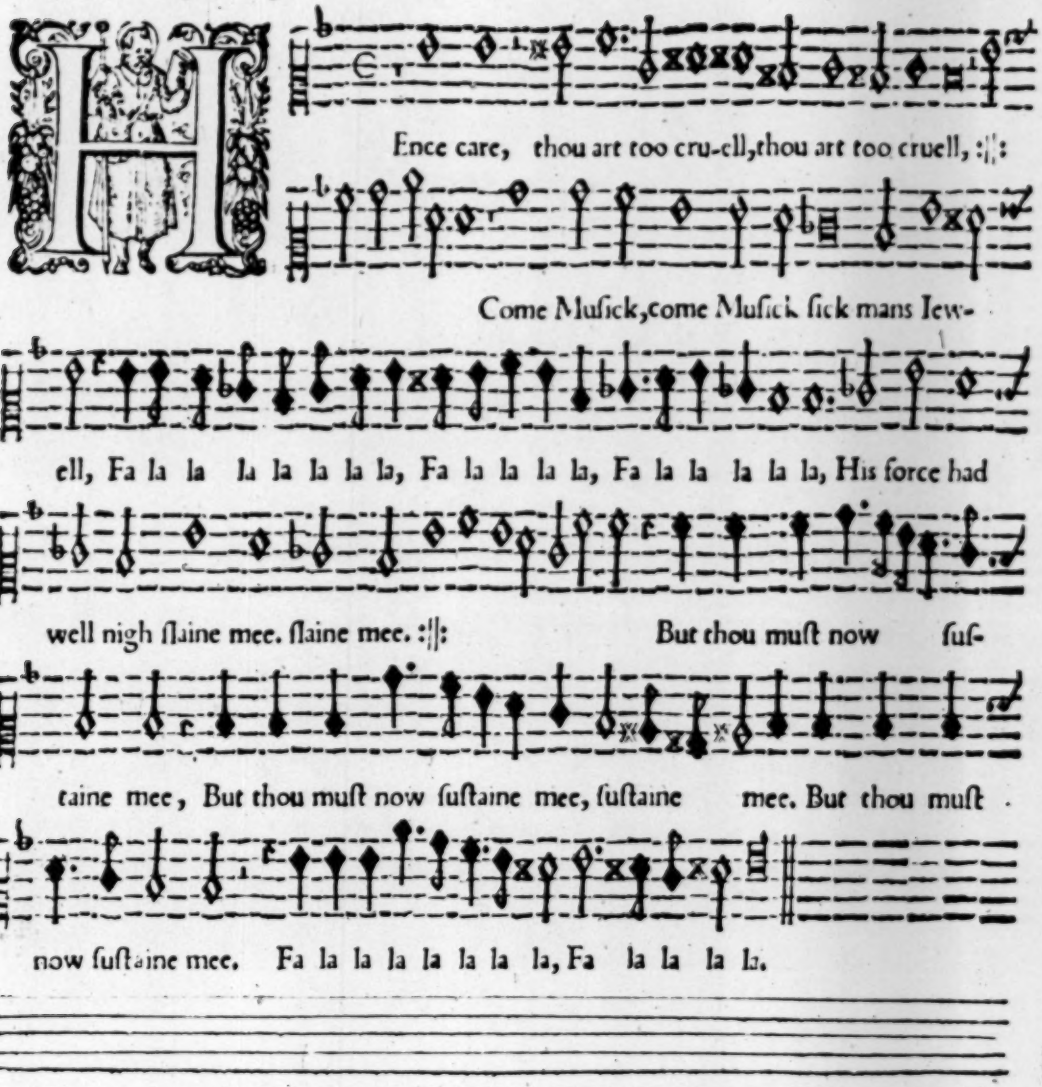
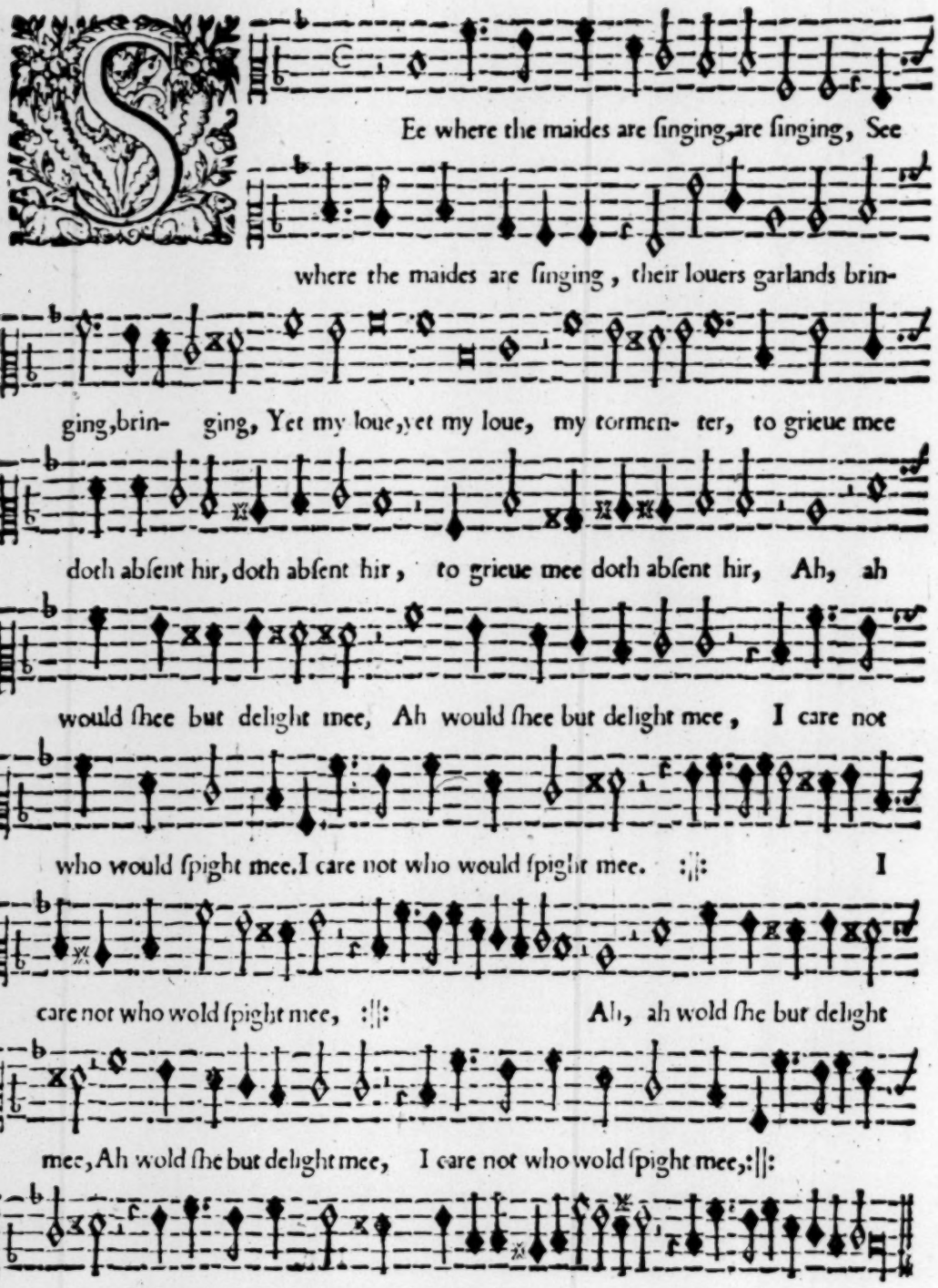
ſommer brages on eu'- ry tree, :||: :||:
the Redbreaſt, :||: peepes amidſt the throng, :||:
of wood borne birds that wanton bee, wanton bee, of wood borne birds, that wan-
ton bee, that wanton bee, each one forgets what they haue beene, what they haue
beene, what they haue beene, each one forgets what they haue beene, haue beene, and
ſo doth Phillis ſommers queene, :||: and ſo doth Phillis, and
ſo doth Phillis ſommers queene, ſommers queene.

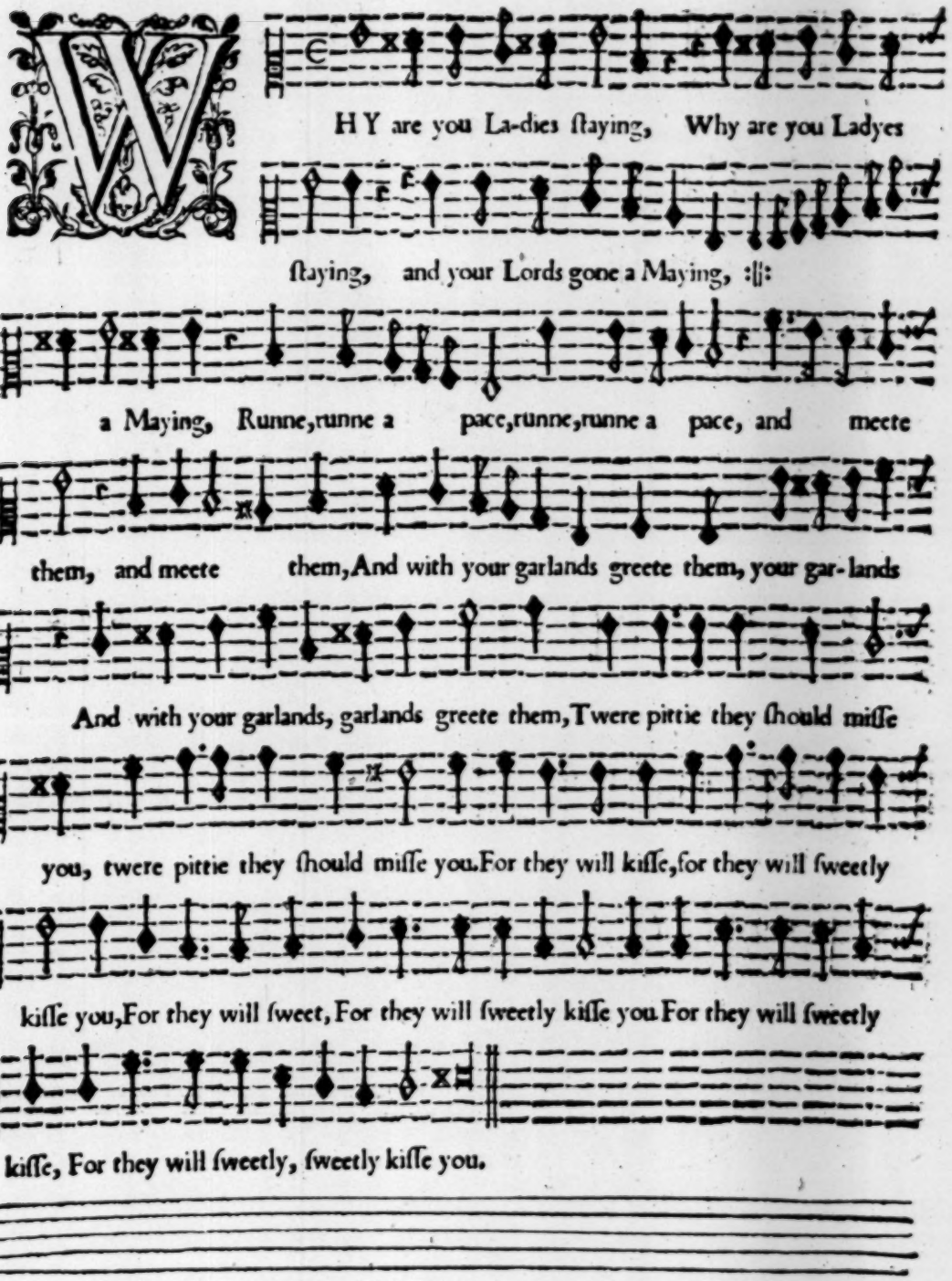

Ow let vs make a merry greeting, & thank god Cupid for our
meeting, and thank god Cupid for our meeting, :|:
:||: My hart is full of ioy and pleaſure, of ioy and
pleaſure, :||: :||: Since thou art heere mine onely treaſure, :||:
Now will we daunce & ſport & play, & ſing a merry
roundelay. :||: a merry roundelay, roundelay, roundelay.

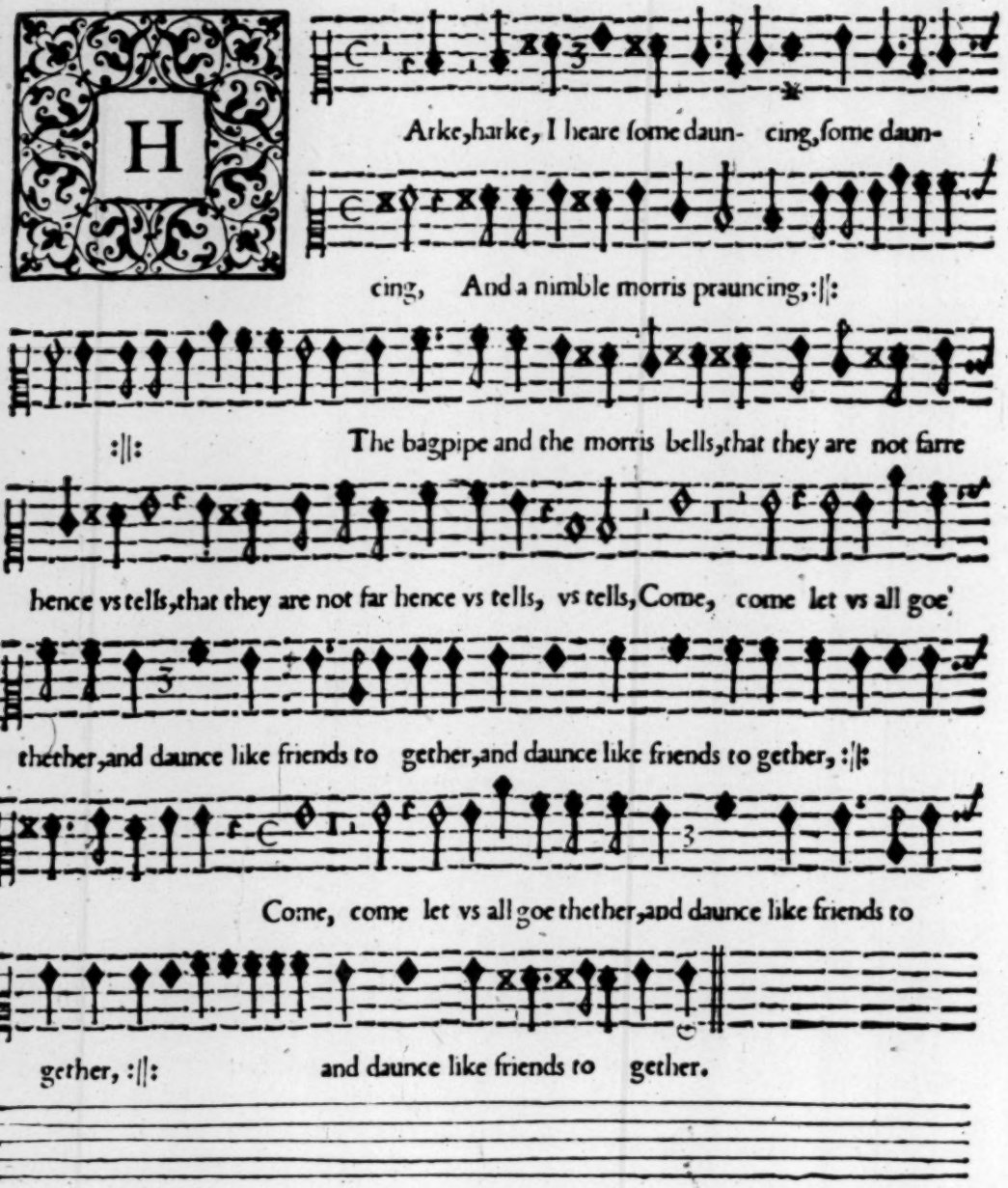

Take heere my hart I giue it thee for e- uer, take
heere my hart, :||: I giue it thee for e- uer, :||:
No better pledge can loue to loue deliuer, Feare not my deare, feare
not my deare, :||: :||: it will not flye away, flye away, for hope
and loue command my hart to ſtay, but if thou doubt, thou doubt, deſire will make it range,
deſire will make it range, loue but my hart, :||: :||: loue but my hart,
my hart will neuer change, my hart, my hart will neuer change.

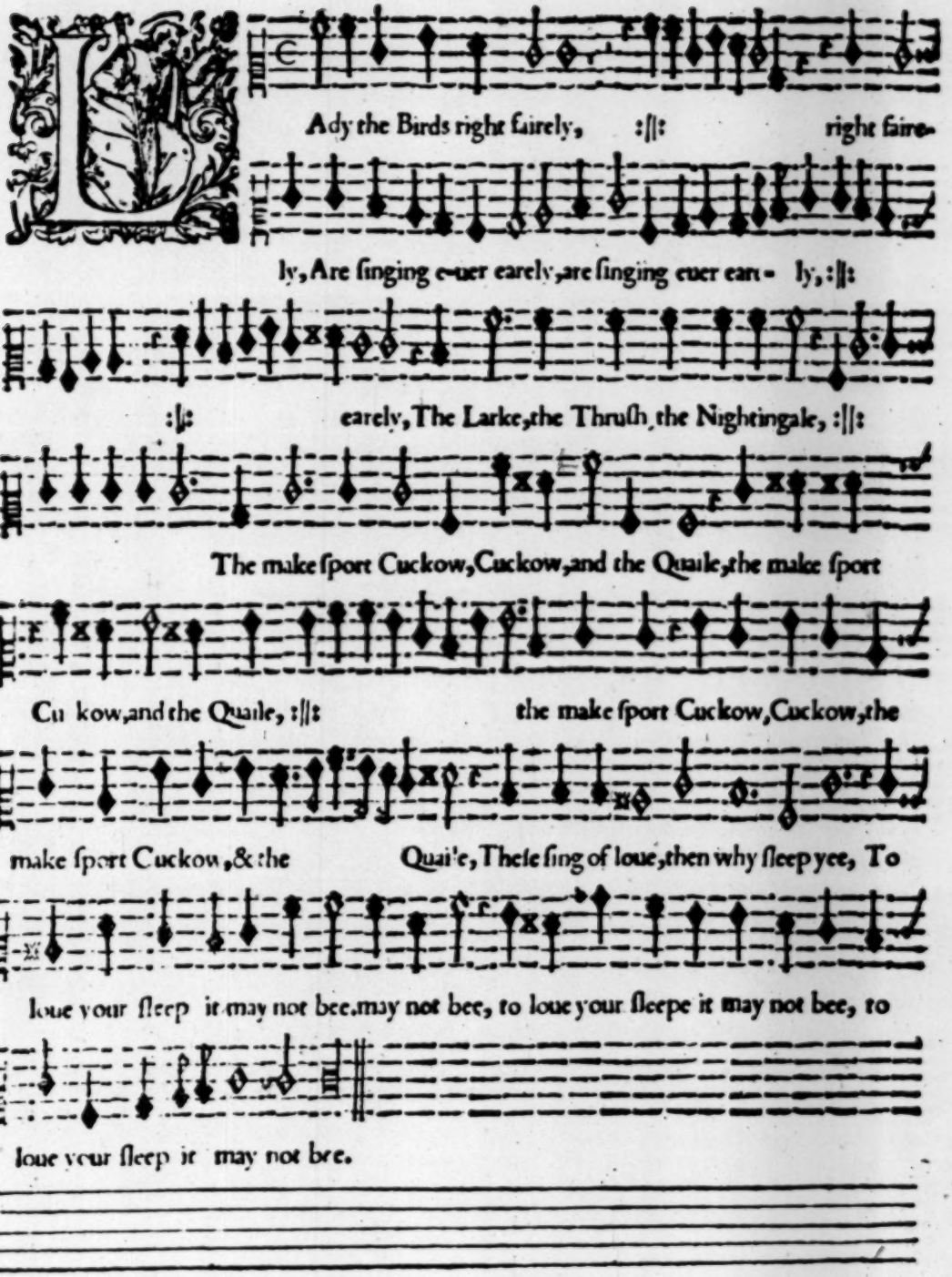

Care thou wilt diſpatch mee, thou wilt diſpatch
mee, if Muſicke doe not match thee, :||:
Fa la la la la la la la la la la, So deadly thou doeſt ſting, ſo deadly
:||: ſo deadly doeſt thou ſting mee, :||: ſting mee, mirth
onely help can bring mee, :||: mirth onely help can bring, mirth
onely help can bring mee, mirth onely help can bring mee. Fa la la la la, Fa
la la la la la la la la la la la la.


Hence care, thou art too cru-ell, thou art too cruell, :||:
Come Muſick, come Muſick ſick mans Iew-
ell, Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la la,
well nigh ſlaine mee. ſlaine mee. :||: But thou muſt now ſuſ-
taine mee, But thou muſt now ſuſtaine mee, ſuſtaine mee. But thou muſt
now ſuſtaine mee. Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la.


See where the maides are singing, are singing, See
where the maides are singing, their louers garlands brin-
ging, brin- ging, Yet my loue, yet my loue, my tormen- ter, to grieue mee
doth absent hir, doth absent hir, to grieue mee doth absent hir, Ah, ah
would shee but delight mee, Ah would shee but delight mee, I care not
who would spight mee. I care not who would spight mee. :||: I
care not who wold spight mee, :||: Ah, ah wold she but delight
mee, Ah wold she but delight mee, I care not who wold spight mee, :||:
I care not who wold spight me. :||: :||:


WHY are you La-dies ſtaying, Why are you Ladyes
ſtaying, and your Lords gone a Maying, :‖:
a Maying, Runne,runne a pace,runne,runne a pace, and meete
them, and meete them,And with your garlands greete them, your gar-lands
And with your garlands, garlands greete them,Twere pittie they ſhould miſſe
you, twere pittie they ſhould miſſe you.For they will kiſſe,for they will ſweetly
kiſſe you,For they will ſweet, For they will ſweetly kiſſe you.For they will ſweetly
kiſſe, For they will ſweetly, ſweetly kiſſe you.


H
Arke, harke, I heare ſome daun- cing, ſome daun-
cing, And a nimble morris prauncing, :||:
:||: The bagpipe and the morris bells, that they are not farre
hence vs tells, that they are not far hence vs tells, vs tells, Come, come let vs all goe
thether, and daunce like friends to gether, and daunce like friends to gether, :||:
Come, come let vs all goe thether, and daunce like friends to
gether, :||: and daunce like friends to gether.


Ady the Birds right fairely, :||: right faire-
ly, Are ſinging e-uer earely, are ſinging euer ear- ly, :||:
:|: earely, The Larke, the Thruſh, the Nightingale, :||:
The make ſport Cuckow, Cuckow, and the Quaile, the make ſport
Cu kow, and the Quaile, :||: the make ſport Cuckow, Cuckow, the
make ſport Cuckow, & the Quai'e, Thele ſing of loue, then why ſleep yee, To
loue your ſleep it may not bee. may not bee, to loue your ſleepe it may not bee, to
loue your ſleep it may not bee.

A S wanton Birds when day begins to peepe, With chirping notes, ſalute the

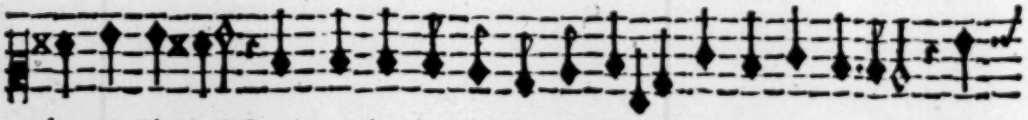
Suns a- riſe, ſalute the Suns ariſe, :‖: a- riſe, So I, whom loue had lately

lul'd a ſleep, lately lul'd a ſleep, do now with Ioy, :‖: pay tribute to hir eies, :‖:

hir eies, Whoſe faue bright beames, perſadge a happy day, happie day, a happy

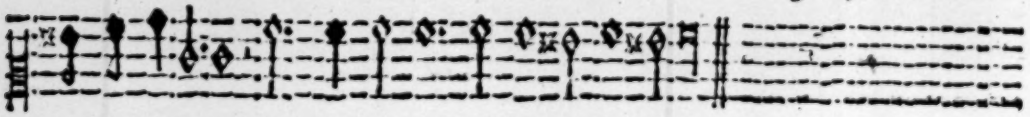
day, :‖: Long may he liue that honors *Phillida*. :‖: :‖:

Long may he liue that honors *Phillida*, :‖: that



honors *Phil-li-da*. Long may hee liue that honors *Phillida*, that honors *Phillida*, Long

may he liue that honors *Phill*, that honors *Phillida*, *Phillis- da*, Long may hee liue that



honors *Phillida*. Long may hee liue, that honors *Phil-lida*.

The end of the 5. parts.

TENORE.

MADRIGALS OF 5. and 6. parts, apt for the Viols and voices.

Made & newly publiſhed

BY

Thomas Weelkes of the Colledge at Winchester, Organiſt.

AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Eſte, the aſſigne of Thomas Morley.
1600.

TO THE TRVELY NOBLE

VERTVOVS AND HONORABLE, MY VERY

good Lord, *Henry* Lord Winſor, Baron *of Bradenham.*

MY Lord, in the Coledge at Wincheſter, where I liue, I haue heard learned men ſay, that ſome Philoſophers haue miſtaken the ſoule of man for an Harmonie: Let the preſident of their error be a priuiledge for mine. I ſee not, if ſoules doe not partly conſiſt of Muſicke, how it ſhould come to paſſe, that ſo noble a ſpirit as yours, ſo perfectly tuned to ſo perpetuall a Tenor of excellencies as it is, ſhould diſcend to the notice of a qualitie lying ſingle in ſo low a perſonage as my ſelfe. But in Muſicke the Baſe part is no diſgrace to the beſt eares attendaunce. I confeſſe my conſience is vntoucht with any other arts, and I hope, my confeſſion is vnſuſpected, many of vs Muſitians thinke it as much praiſe to be ſome what more then Muſitians, as it is for golde to bee ſome what more than golde, and, if Iack Cade were aliue, yet ſome of vs might liue: vnleſſe we ſhould think, as the Artiſans in the Vniuerſities in Poland, and Germany thinke, that the Latin tongue comes by reflection. I hope your Lordſhip will pardon this preſumption of mine, the rather, becauſe I know before Nobilitie I am to deale ſincearely; and this ſmall facultie of mine, becauſe it is alone in mee, and without the aſſiſtance of other more confi'ent ſcienees, is the more to bee fauored, and the rather to bee receiued into your honors protection, ſo ſhall I obſerue you with as humble and as true an heart, as hee, whoſe knowledge is as large as the worlds creation, and as earneſtly pray for you, to the worlds Creator.

Your honors in all
humble ſeruice

Thomas Weelkes.

THE TABLE.

COld winters Ice is fled and gone. I

Now let vs make a merry greeting. II

Take heere my heart, I giue it thee for euer. III

O care thou wilt diſpatch mee. *The firſt part.* IIII

Hence care, thou art too cruell. *The ſecond part.* V

See where the maides are ſinging, VI

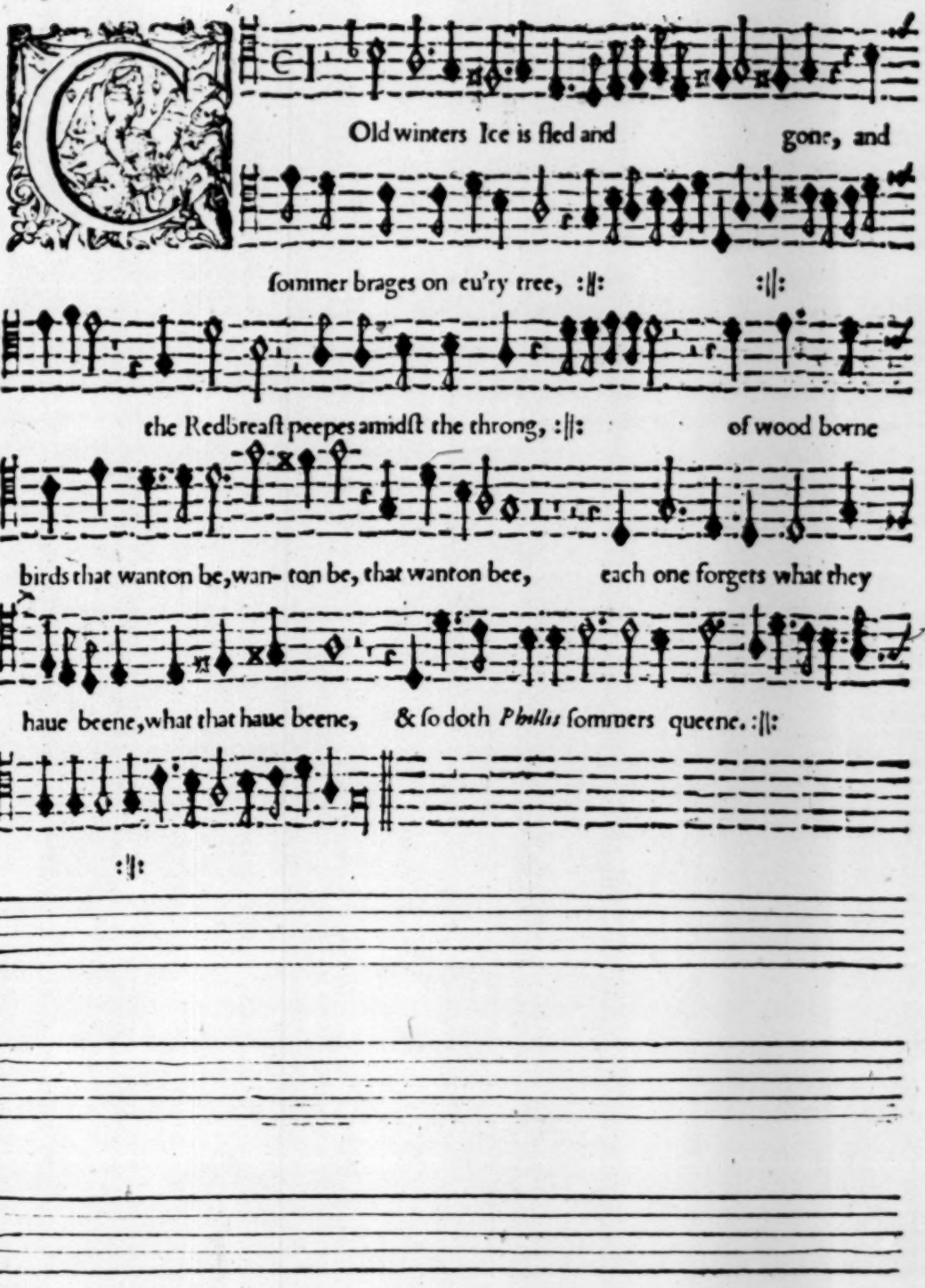
Why are you Ladyes ſtaying. *The firſt part.* VII

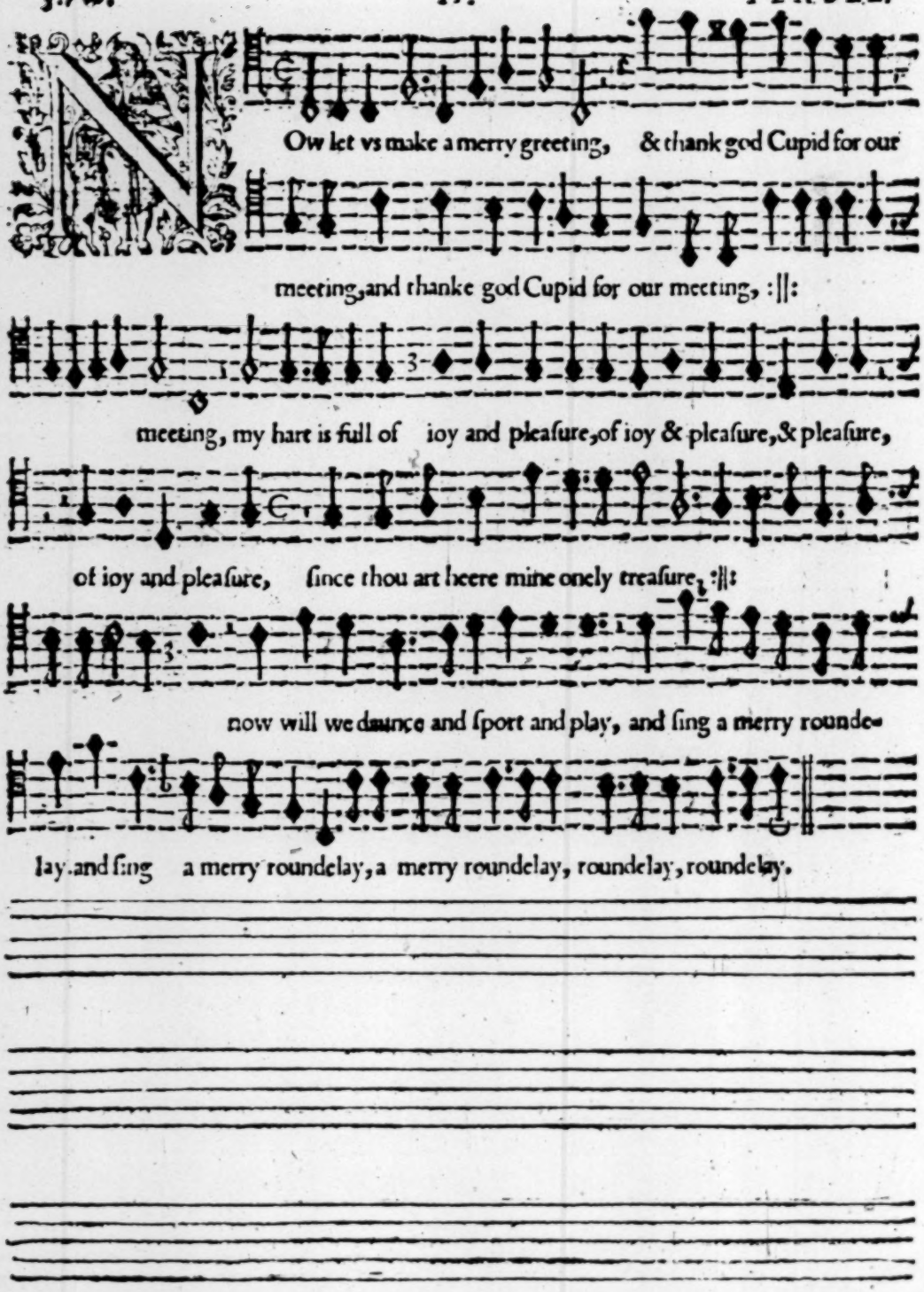
Harke, harke, I heare ſome dauncing. *The ſecond part.* VIII

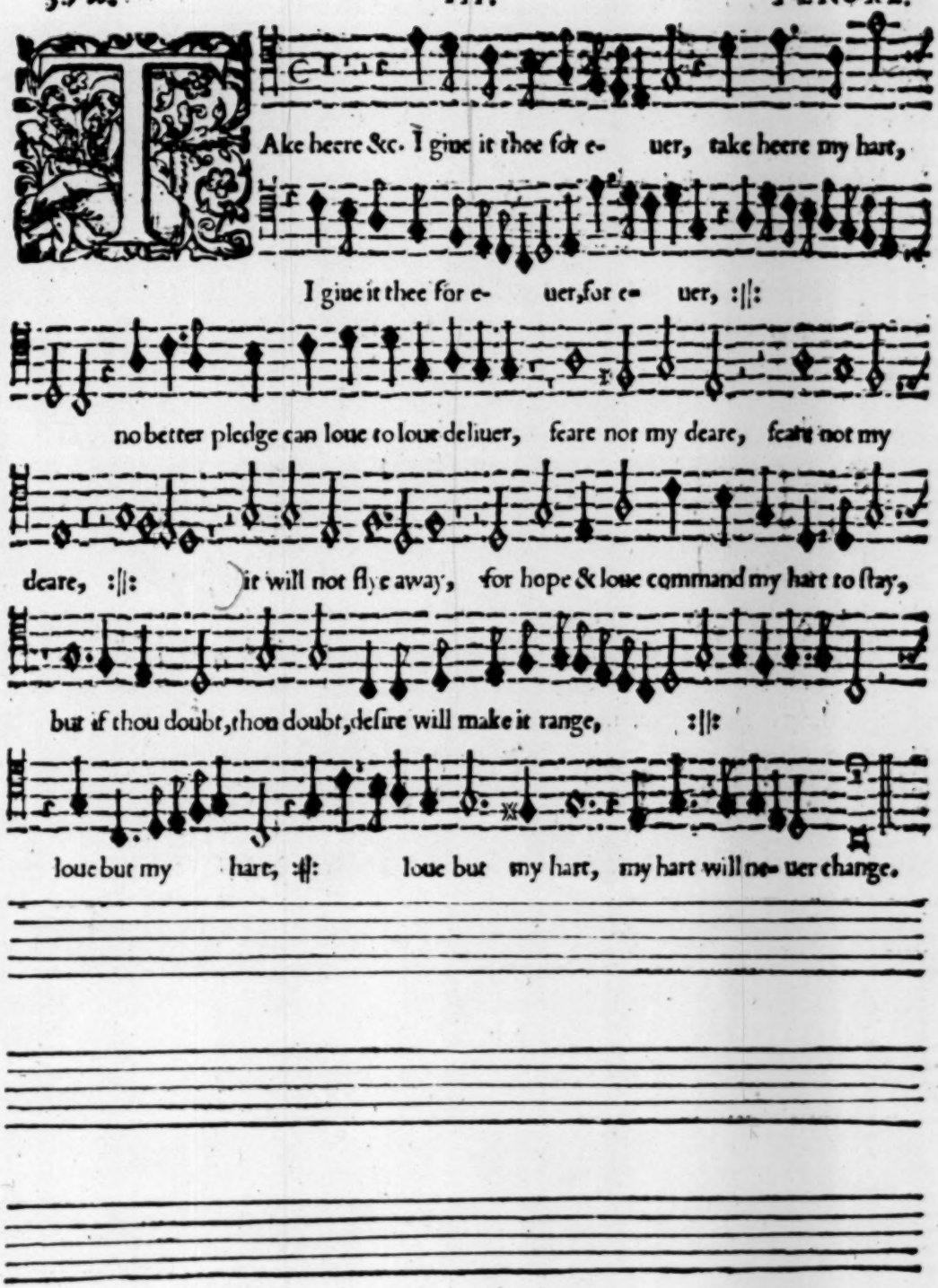
Lady the Birds right fairely, are ſinging euer early. IX

As wanton Birds, when day begins to peepe. X

FINIS.


Old winters Ice is fled and gone, and
ſommer brages on eu'ry tree, :||: :||:
the Redbreaſt peepes amidſt the throng, :||: of wood borne
birds that wanton be, wan- ton be, that wanton bee, each one forgets what they
haue beene, what that haue beene, & ſo doth Phillis ſommers queene. :||:
:||:


Ow let vs make a merry greeting, & thank god Cupid for our
meeting, and thanke god Cupid for our meeting, :||:
meeting, my hart is full of ioy and pleaſure, of ioy & pleaſure, & pleaſure,
of ioy and pleaſure, ſince thou art heere mine onely treaſure, :||:
now will we daunce and ſport and play, and ſing a merry rounde-
lay. and ſing a merry roundelay, a merry roundelay, roundelay, roundelay.


Take heere &c. I giue it thee for e- uer, take heere my hart,
I giue it thee for e- uer, for e- uer, :||:
no better pledge can loue to loue deliuer, feare not my deare, feare not my
deare, :||: it will not flye away, for hope & loue command my hart to stay,
but if thou doubt, thou doubt, desire will make it range, :||:
loue but my hart, :||: loue but my hart, my hart will ne- uer change.

Care thou wilt diſpatch mee, oh ô care thou wilt diſ-

patch, thou wilt diſpatch mee, if Muſicke doe not match

thee, :‖: Fa la la la la la la Fa la la la, ſo deadly, ſo

deadly doeſt thou ſting mee, :‖: doeſt thou ſting mee, mirth

onely help can bring mee, mirth onely help can bring mee, :‖: Fa

la la la la la Fa la la la la la la Fa la la la la la la la la.

Hence care, thou art too cru- ell, hence care thou

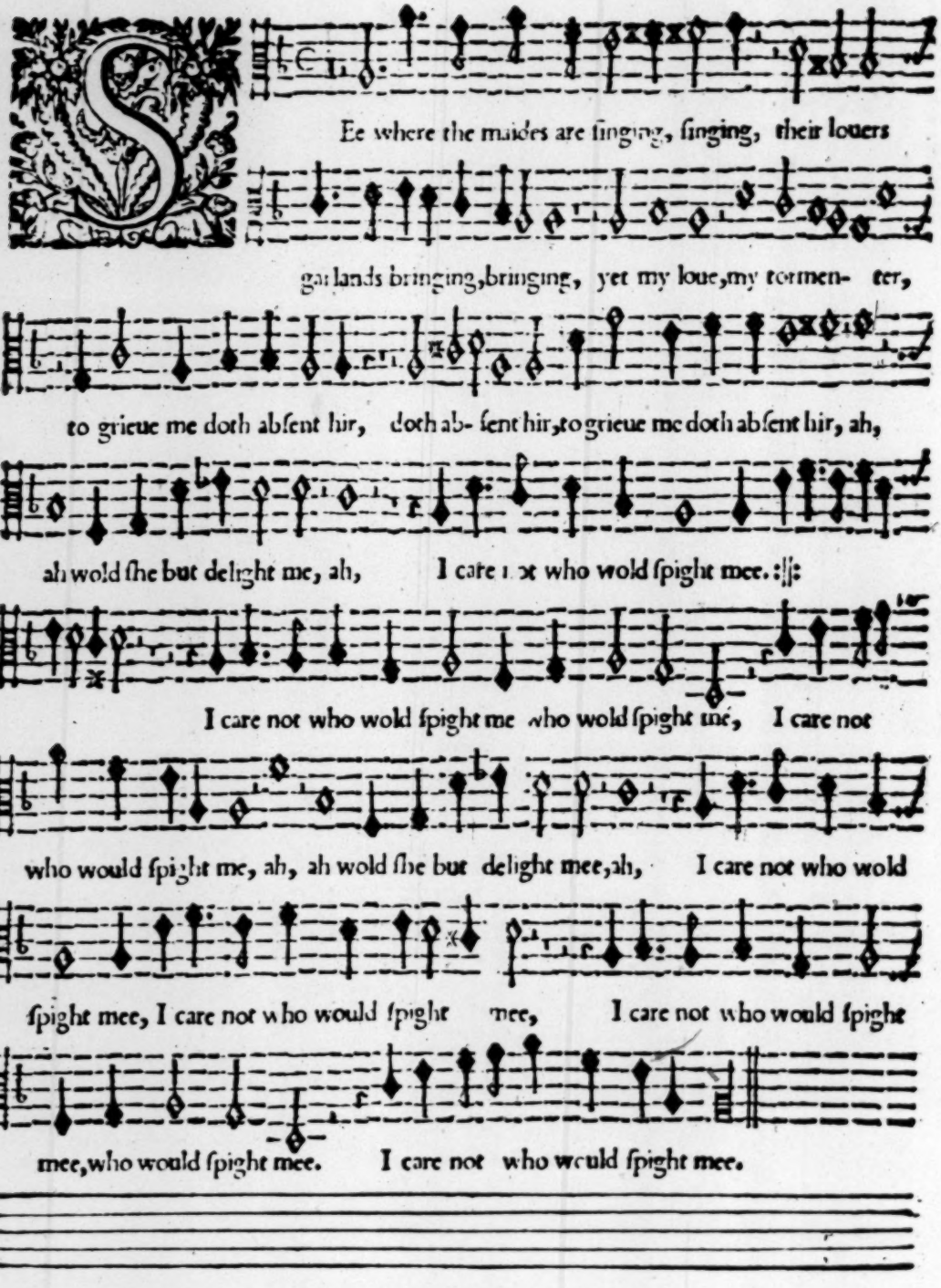
art too too cruell, thou art too cruell, Come Muſick, come

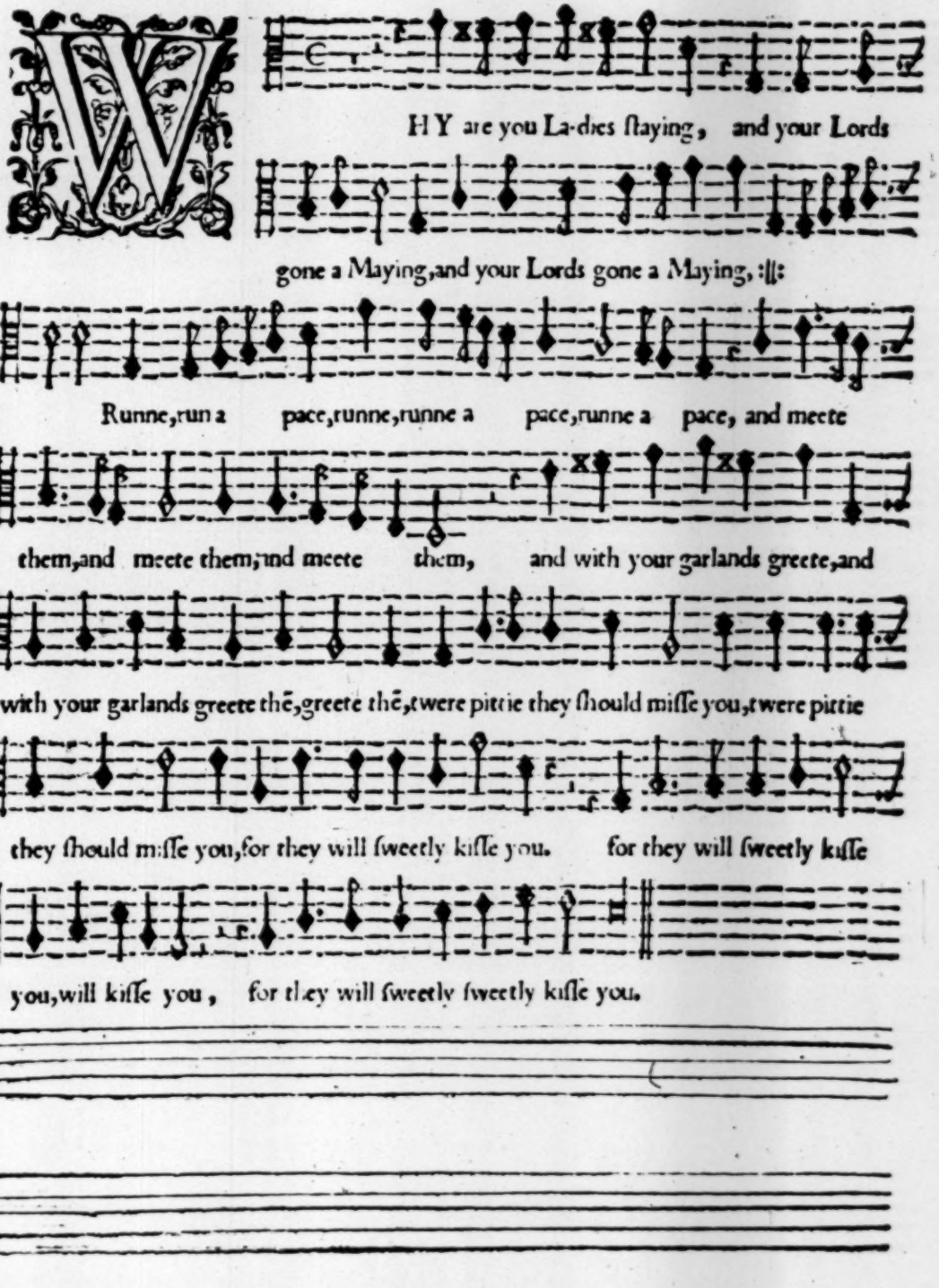
Come Muſick ſick mans Iewell, Fa la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la la

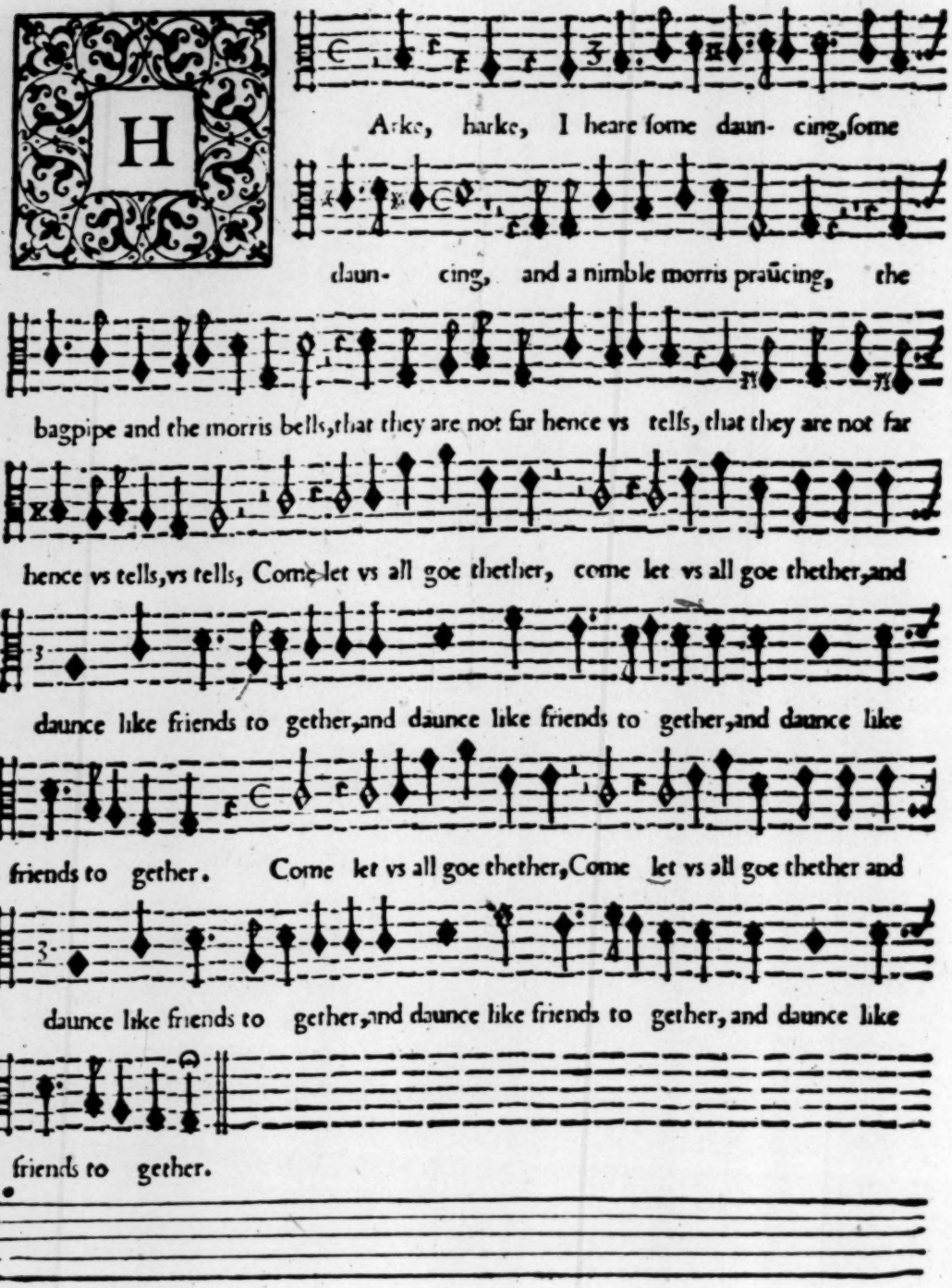
Fa la la la la la la, His force had well nigh ſlaine mee, ſlaine mee. :||:

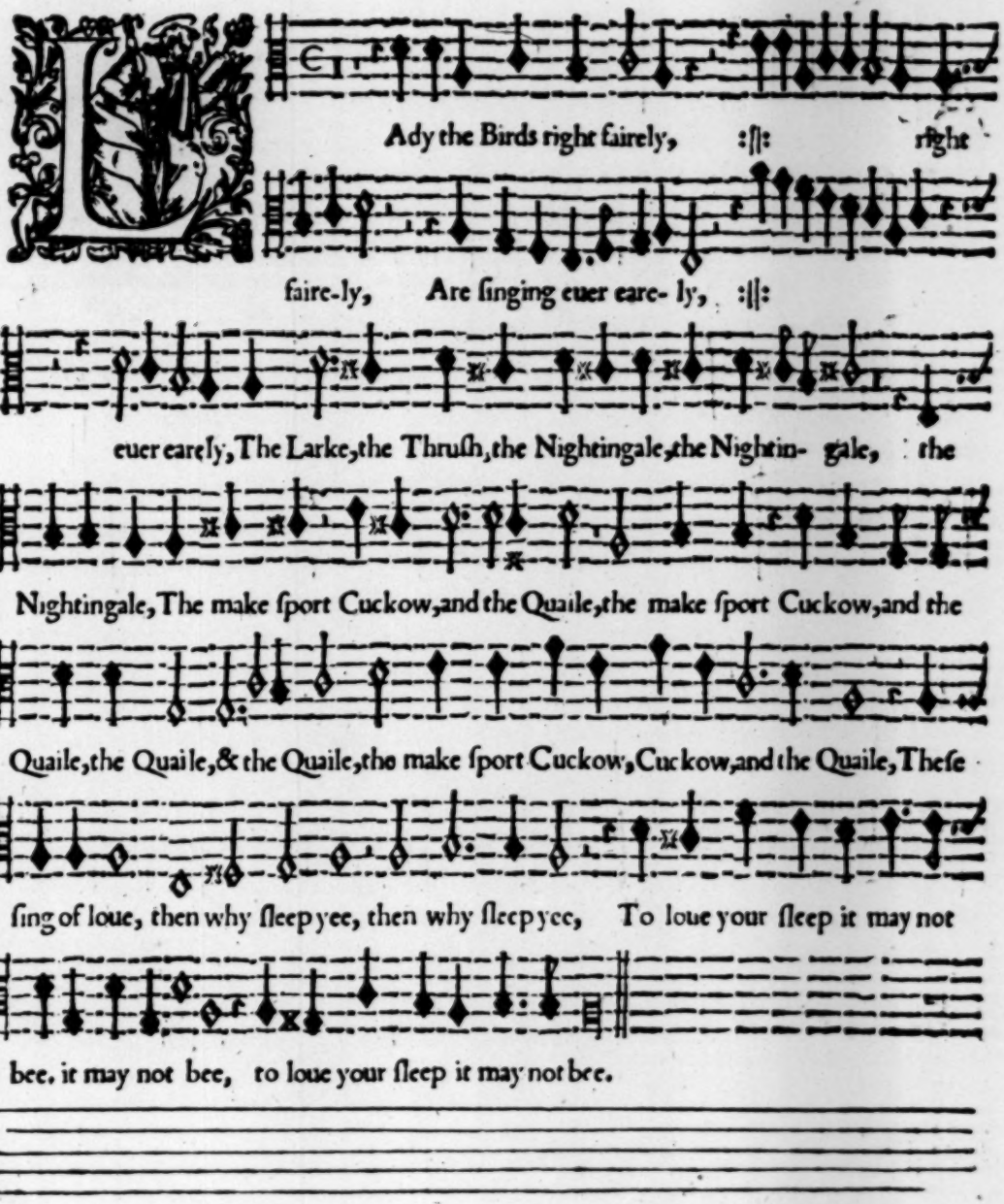
But thou muſt now ſuſtaine mee, ſuſtaine mee. But ỹ muſt now ſuſtaine

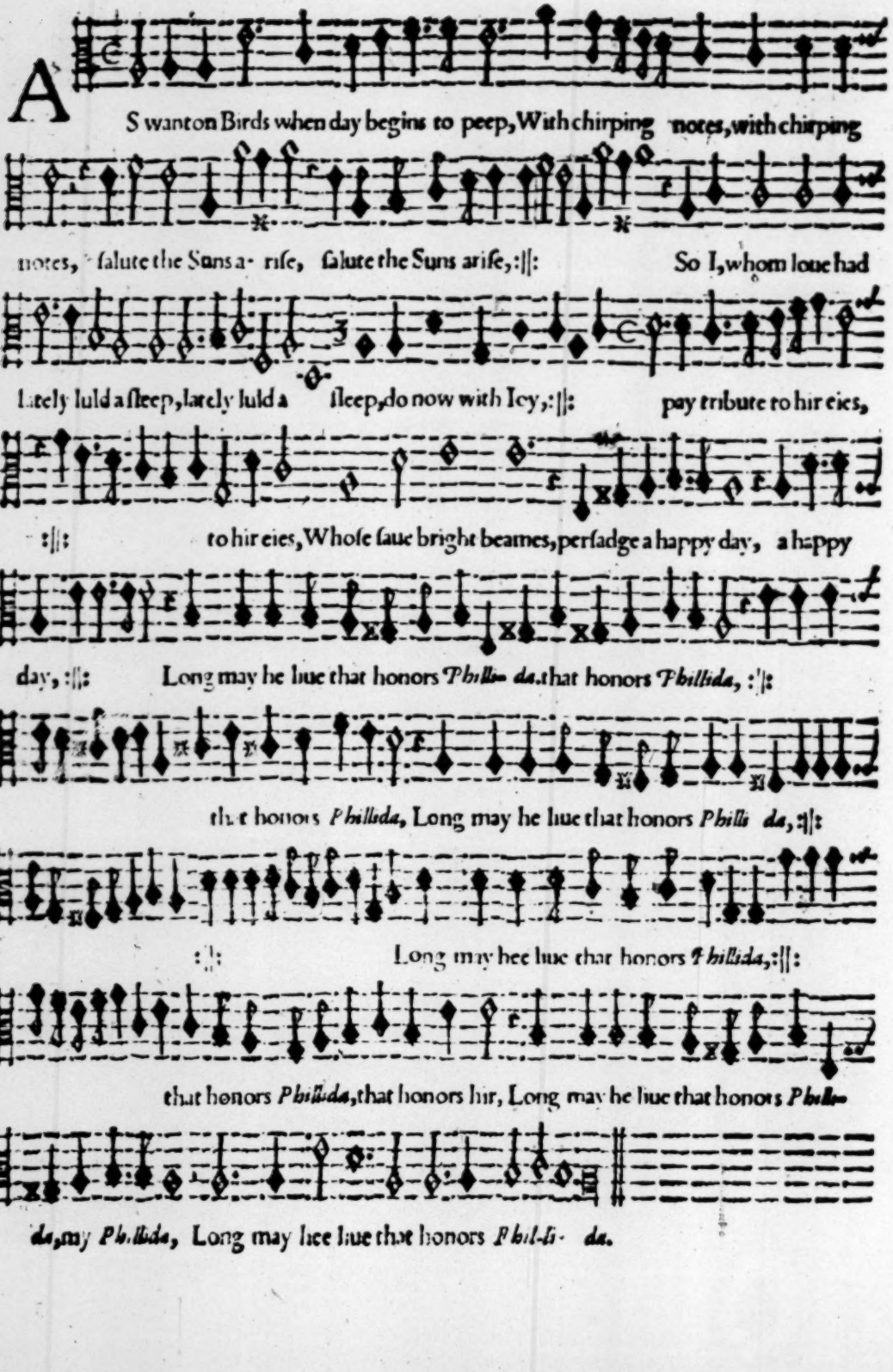
mee. Fa la la la la la la, Fa la la la.


See where the maides are singing, singing, their louers
garlands bringing, bringing, yet my loue, my tormen- ter,
to grieue me doth abſent hir, doth ab- ſent hir, to grieue me doth abſent hir, ah,
ah wold ſhe but delight me, ah, I care not who wold ſpight mee.
I care not who wold ſpight me who wold ſpight me, I care not
who would ſpight me, ah, ah wold ſhe but delight mee, ah, I care not who wold
ſpight mee, I care not who would ſpight mee, I care not who would ſpight
mee, who would ſpight mee. I care not who would ſpight mee.


WHY are you La-dies ſtaying, and your Lords
gone a Maying, and your Lords gone a Maying, :||:
Runne, run a pace, runne, runne a pace, runne a pace, and meete
them, and meete them, and meete them, and with your garlands greete, and
with your garlands greete thē, greete thē, twere pittie they ſhould miſſe you, twere pittie
they ſhould miſſe you, for they will ſweetly kiſſe you. for they will ſweetly kiſſe
you, will kiſſe you, for they will ſweetly ſweetly kiſſe you.


H
Arke, harke, I heare ſome daun- cing, ſome
daun- cing, and a nimble morris praũcing, the
bagpipe and the morris bells, that they are not far hence vs tells, that they are not far
hence vs tells, vs tells, Come let vs all goe thether, come let vs all goe thether, and
daunce like friends to gether, and daunce like friends to gether, and daunce like
friends to gether. Come let vs all goe thether, Come let vs all goe thether and
daunce like friends to gether, and daunce like friends to gether, and daunce like
friends to gether.


Ady the Birds right fairely, :||: right
faire-ly, Are ſinging euer eare- ly, :||:
euer eare ly, The Larke, the Thruſh, the Nightingale, the Nightin- gale, the
Nightingale, The make ſport Cuckow, and the Quaile, the make ſport Cuckow, and the
Quaile, the Quaile, & the Quaile, tho make ſport Cuckow, Cuckow, and the Quaile, Theſe
ſing of loue, then why ſleep yee, then why ſleep yee, To loue your ſleep it may not
bee. it may not bee, to loue your ſleep it may not bee.


AS wanton Birds when day begins to peep, With chirping notes, with chirping
notes, ſalute the Suns a- riſe, ſalute the Suns ariſe, :||: So I, whom loue had
lately luld a ſleep, lately luld a ſleep, do now with Icy, :||: pay tribute to hir eies,
:||: to hir eies, Whoſe ſaue bright beames, perſadge a happy day, a happy
day, :||: Long may he liue that honors Phillida, that honors Phillida, :||:
that honors Phillida, Long may he liue that honors Phillida, :||:
:||: Long may hee liue that honors Phillida, :||:
that honors Phillida, that honors hir, Long may he liue that honors Phillida,
da, my Phillida, Long may hee liue that honors Phil-li- da.

QVINTO.

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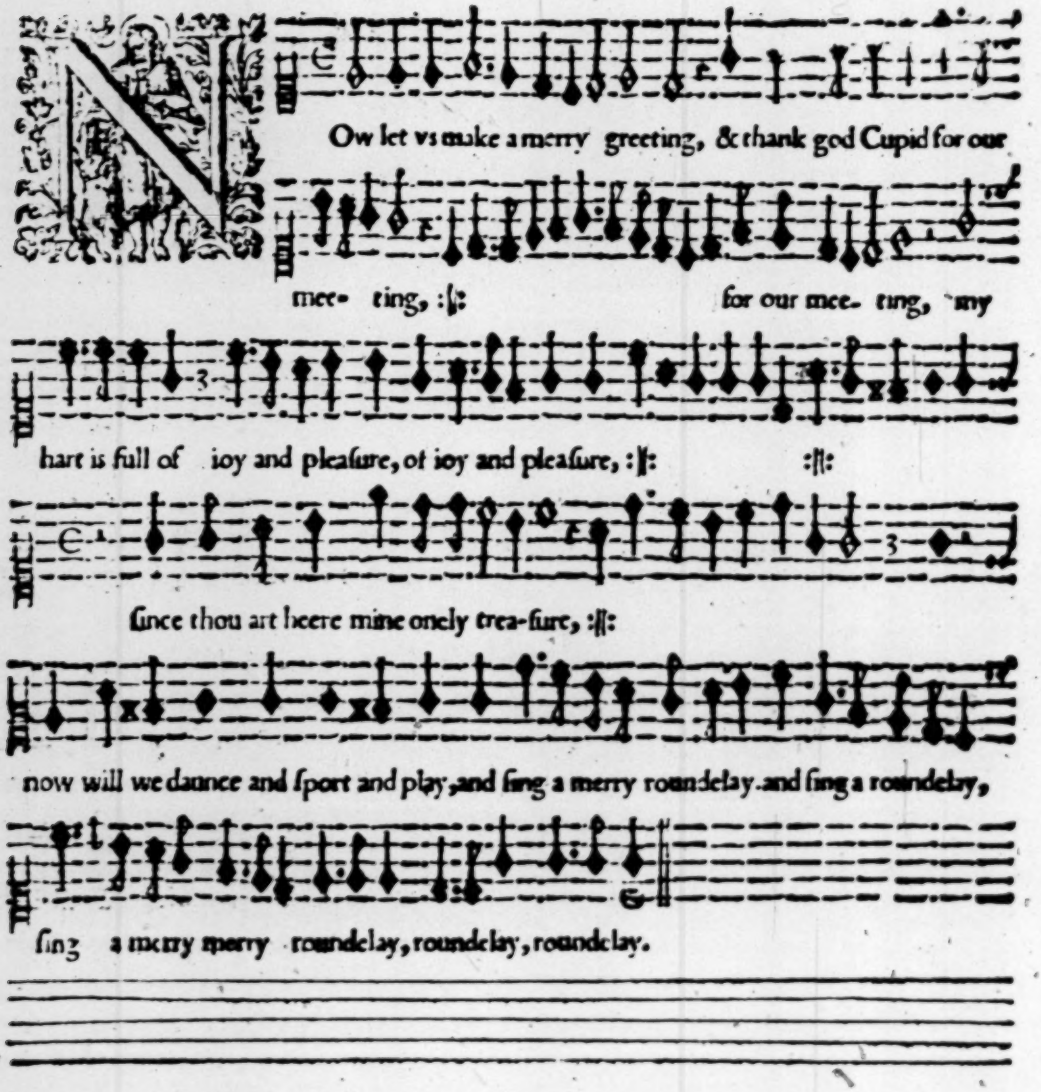
ſommer brages on eu'ry tree, :‖: :‖:

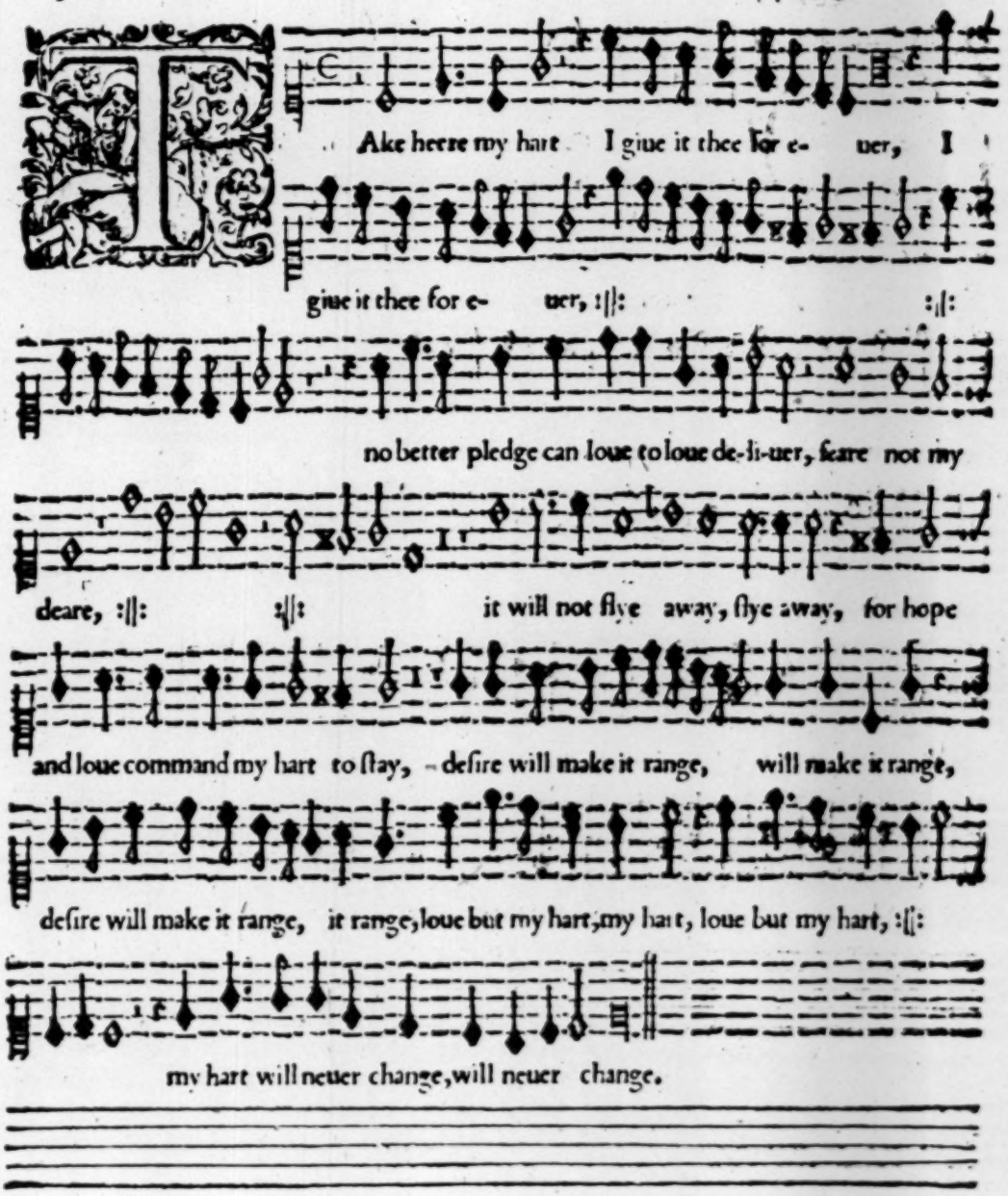
the Redbreaſt, :‖: peepes amidſt the throng, :‖:

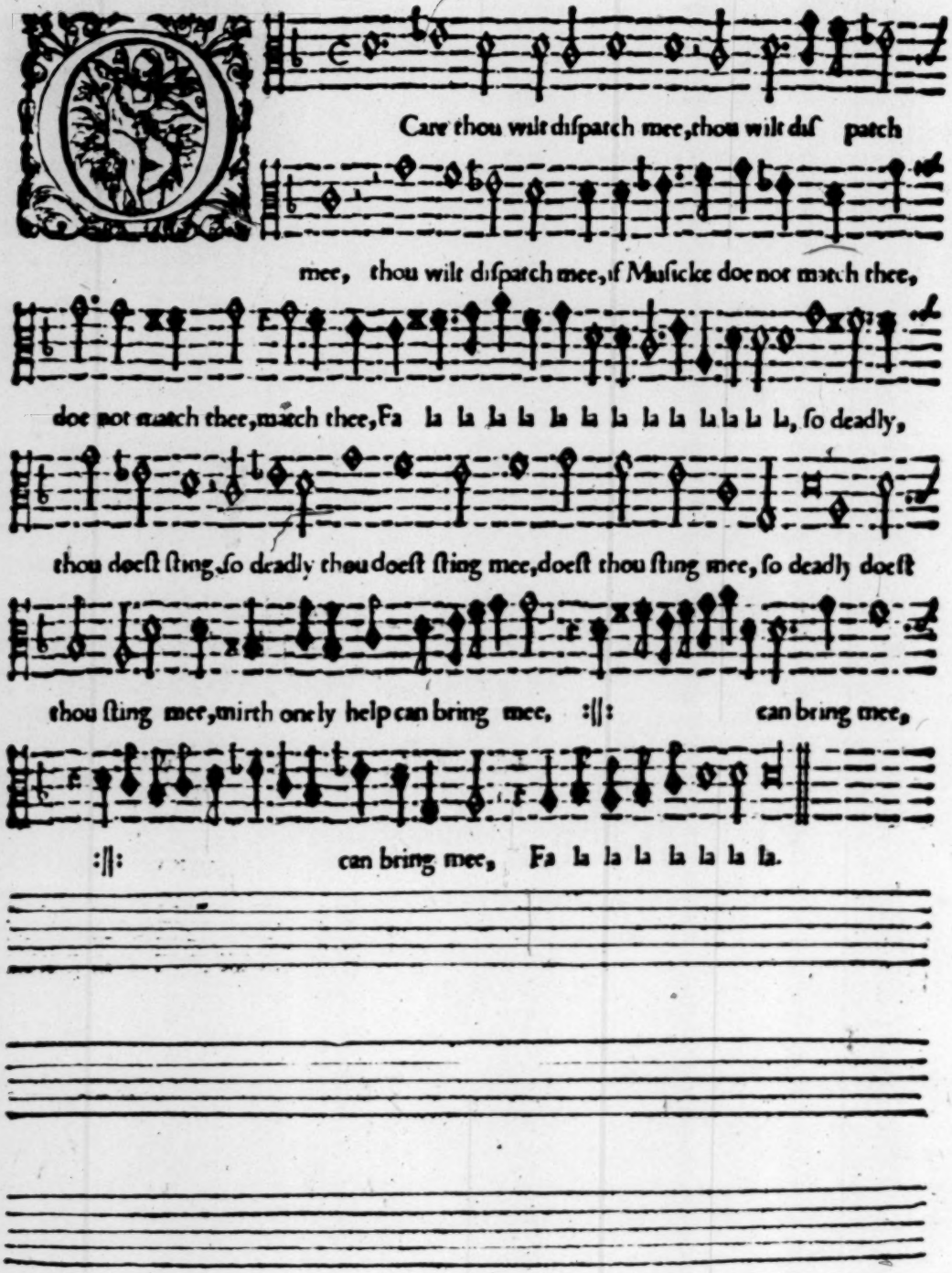
of wood borne birds that wanton be, that wanton be, :‖: each one

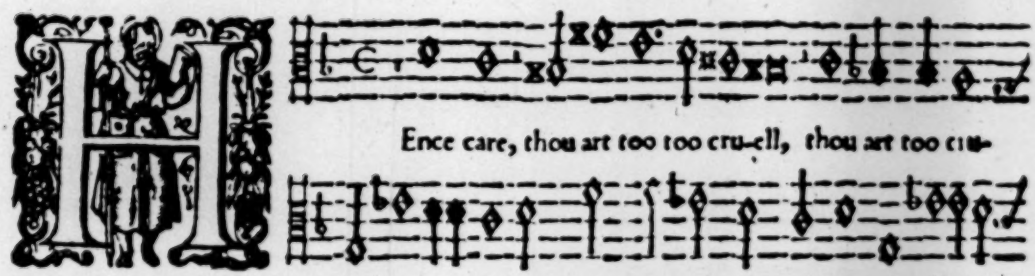
forgets what they haue beene, what they haue beene, & ſo doth *Phillis* ſommers

queene, ſommers queene, and ſo doth *Phillis*, doth *Phillis* ſommers queene.

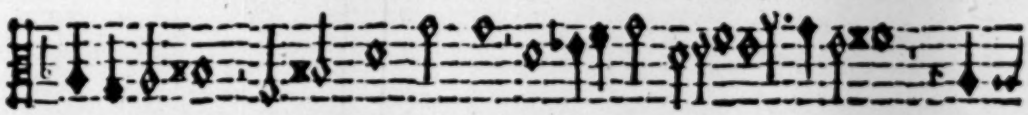

Ow let vs make a merry greeting, & thank god Cupid for our
mee- ting, :|: for our mee- ting, my
hart is full of ioy and pleasure, of ioy and pleasure, :|: :|:
since thou art heere mine onely trea-sure, :|:
now will we daunce and sport and play, and sing a merry roundelay. and sing a roundelay,
sing a merry merry roundelay, roundelay, roundelay.

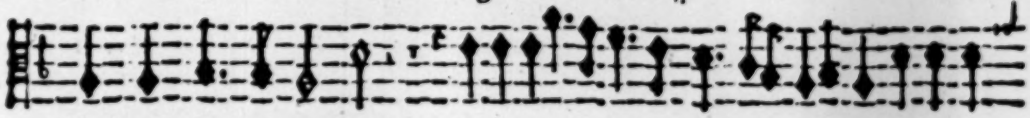

TAke heere my hart I giue it thee for e- uer, I
giue it thee for e- uer, :||: :||:
no better pledge can loue to loue de-li-uer, feare not my
deare, :||: :||: it will not flye away, flye away, for hope
and loue command my hart to ſtay, - deſire will make it range, will make it range,
deſire will make it range, it range, loue but my hart, my hart, loue but my hart, :||:
my hart will neuer change, will neuer change.

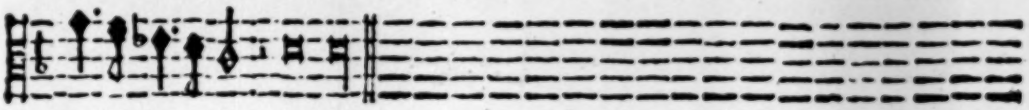

Care thou wilt diſpatch mee, thou wilt diſ patch
mee, thou wilt diſpatch mee, if Muſicke doe not match thee,
doe not match thee, match thee, Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la, ſo deadly,
thou doeſt ſting, ſo deadly thou doeſt ſting mee, doeſt thou ſting mee, ſo deadly doeſt
thou ſting mee, mirth onely help can bring mee, :||: can bring mee,
:||: can bring mee, Fa la la la la la la la.

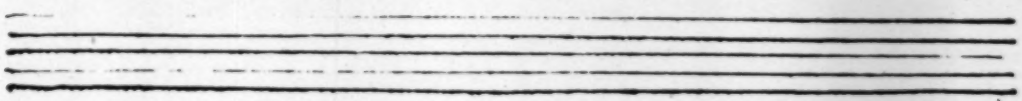

Hence care, thou art too too cru-ell, thou art too cru-
ell, :|: Come Muſick ſick mans Iewell, :|:

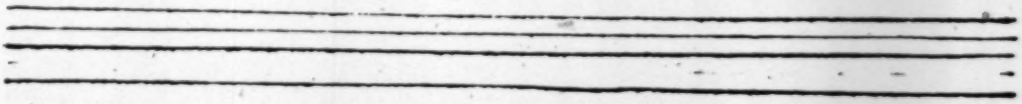
Fa la la la la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la la la la, Fa la la la la la

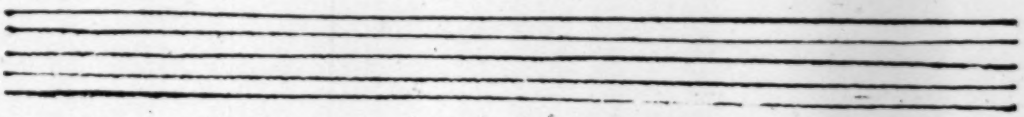

la la la la, His force had well nigh ſlaine mee. :|: But

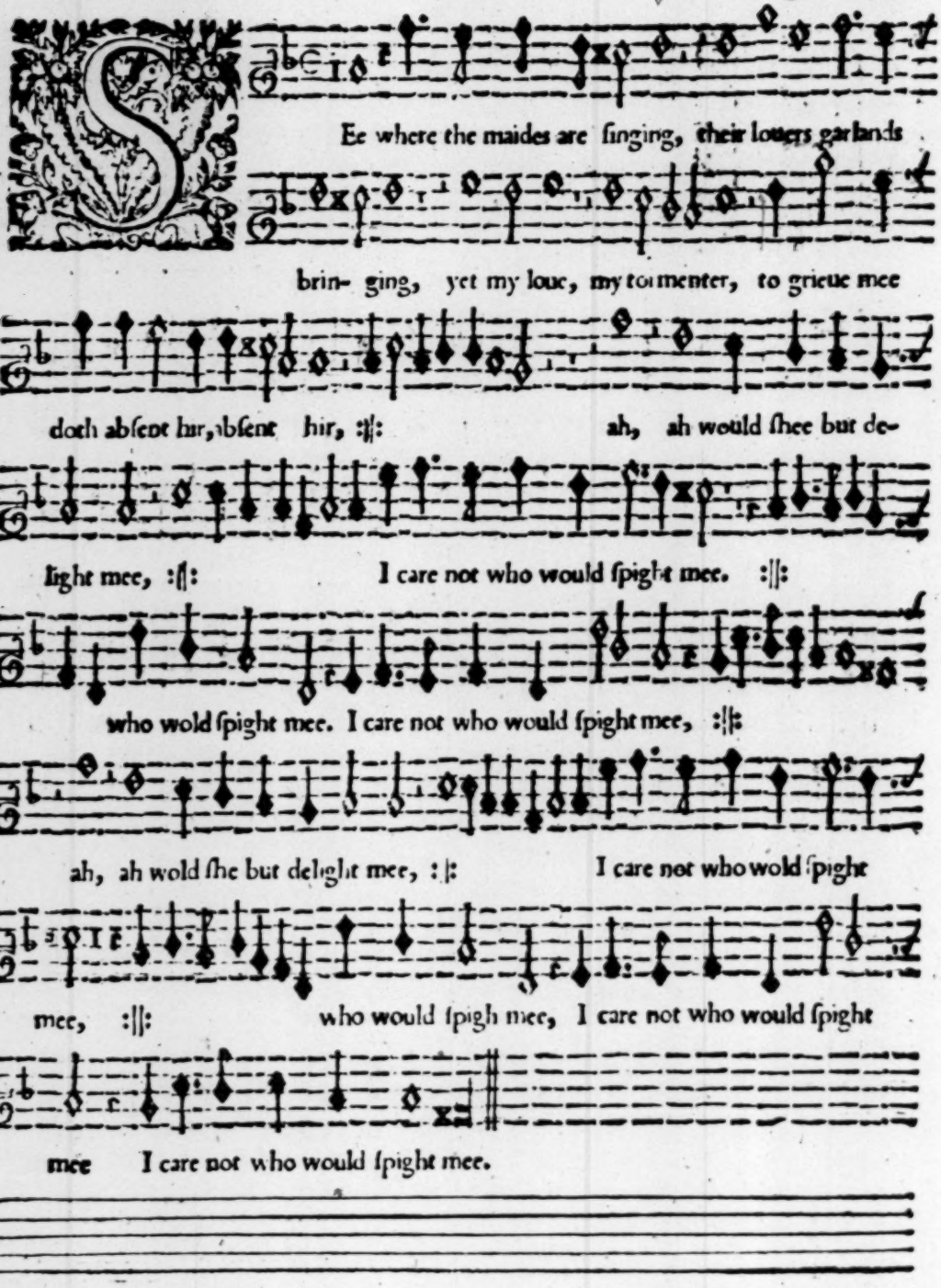

thou muſt now ſuſtaine mee, :|: now ſuſ- taine me. Fa la la

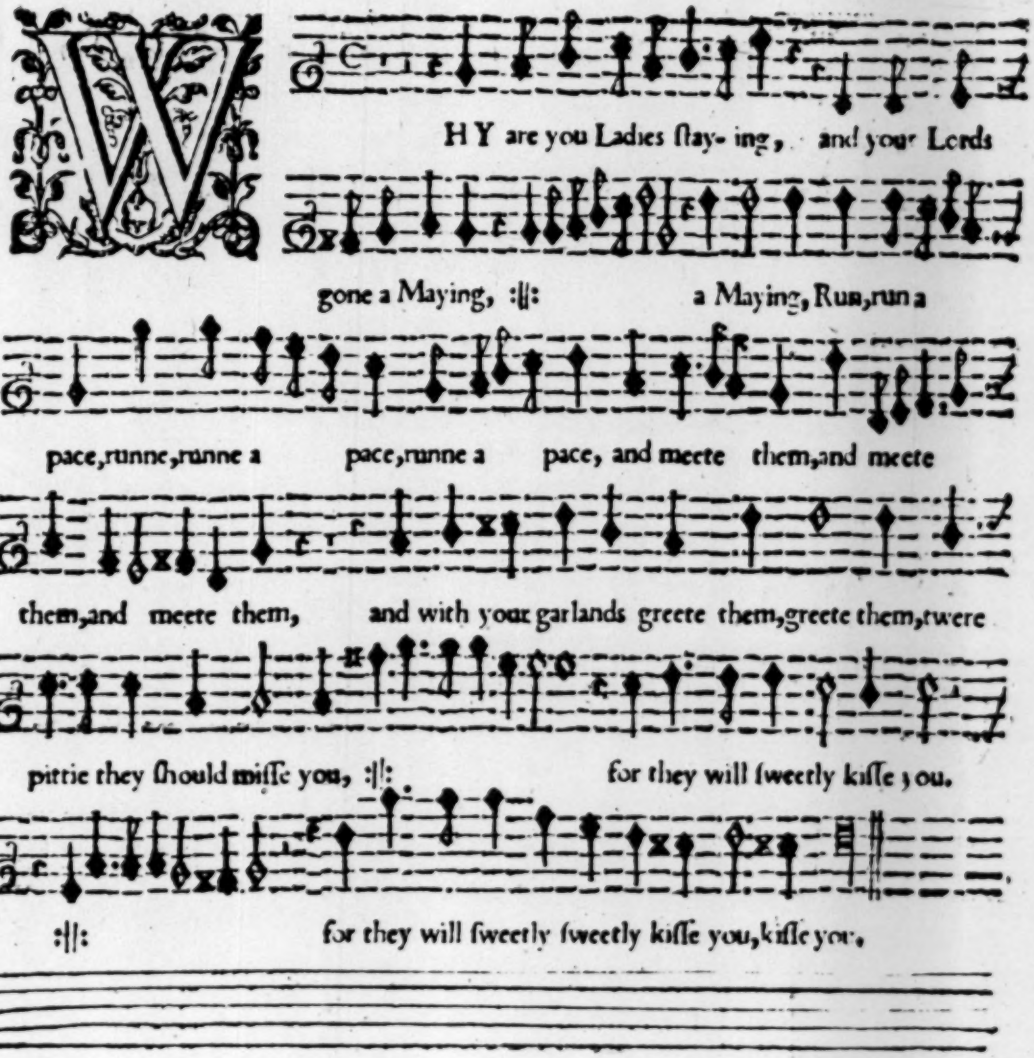

la la la la la, Fa la.

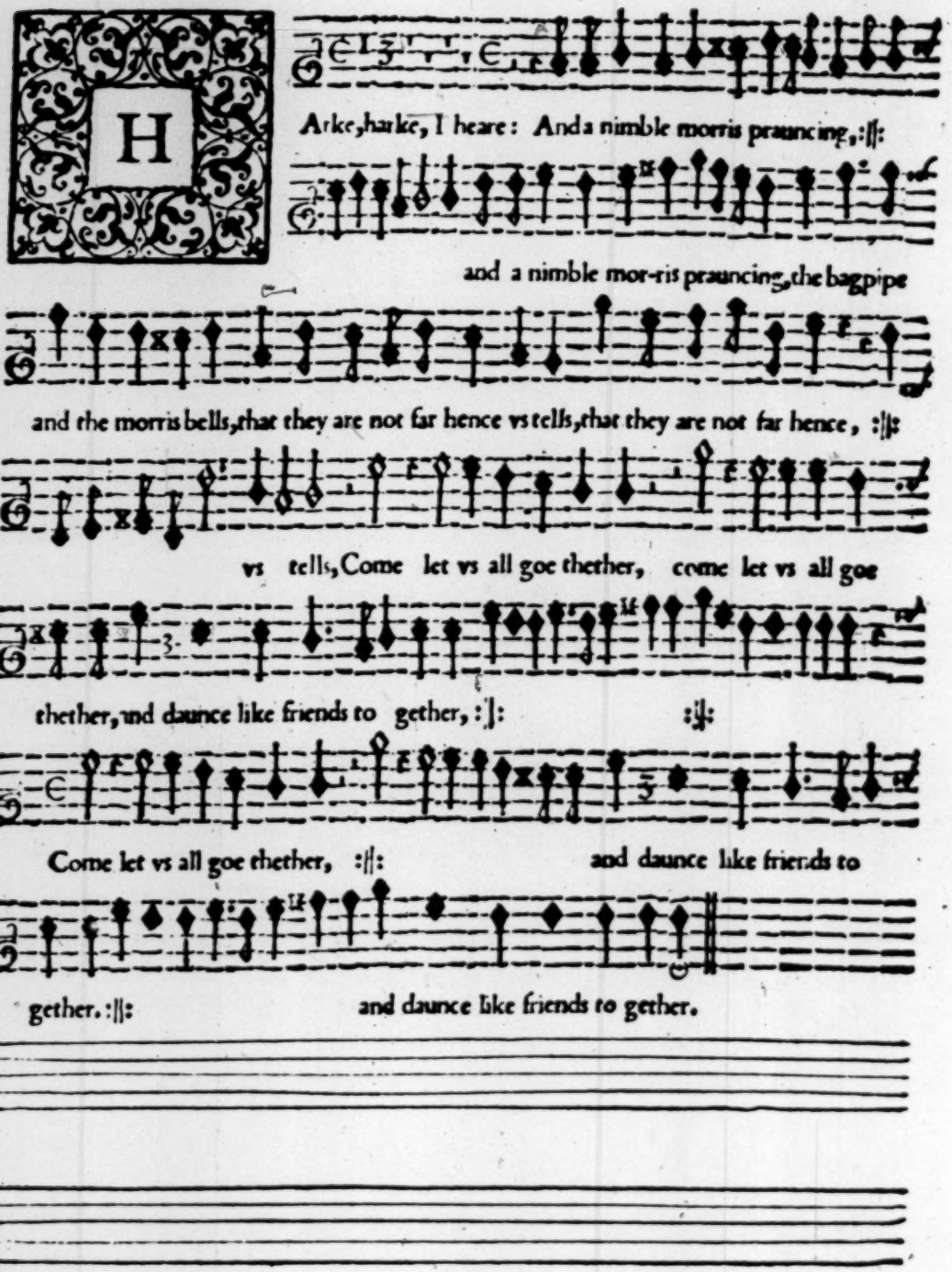


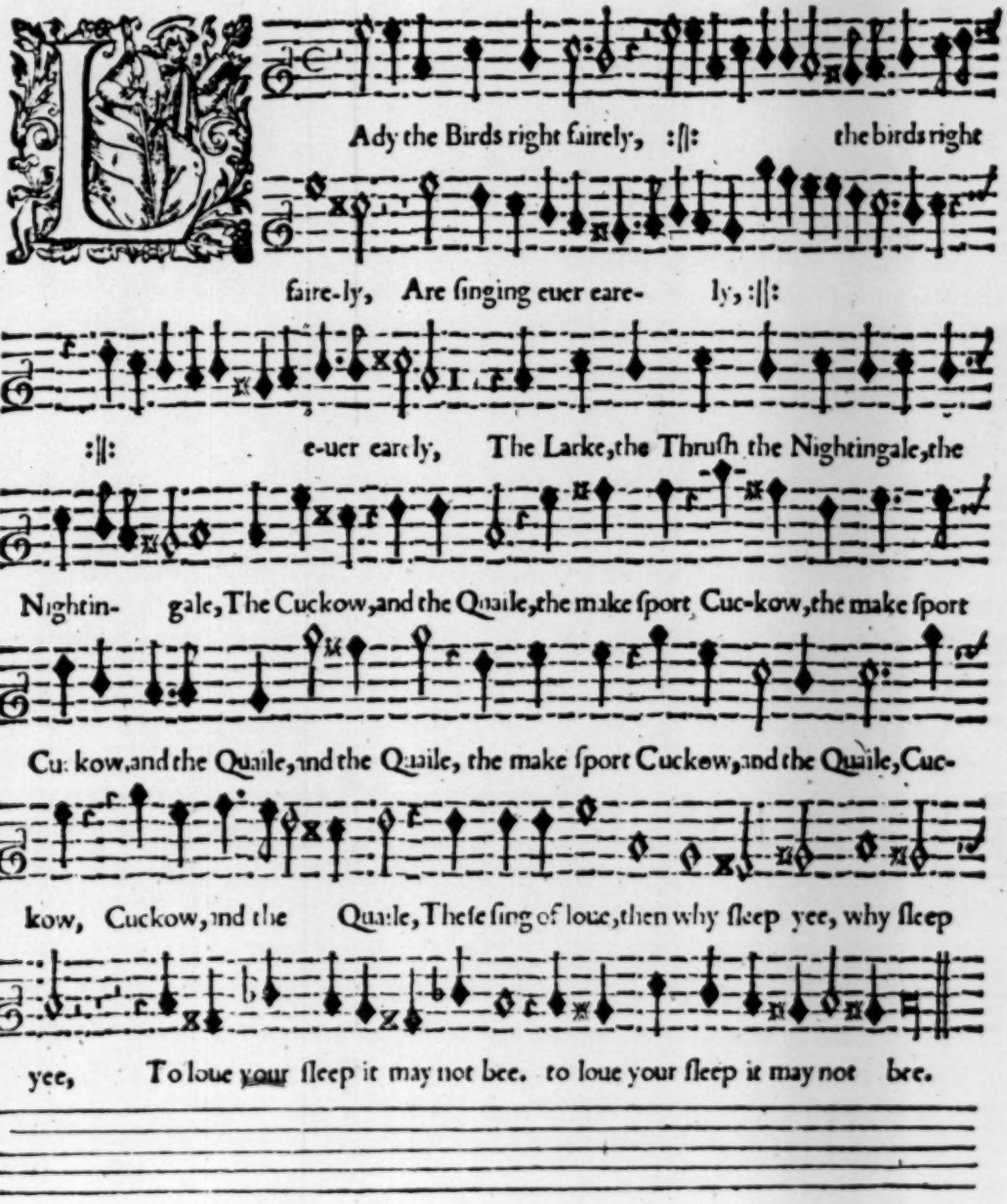


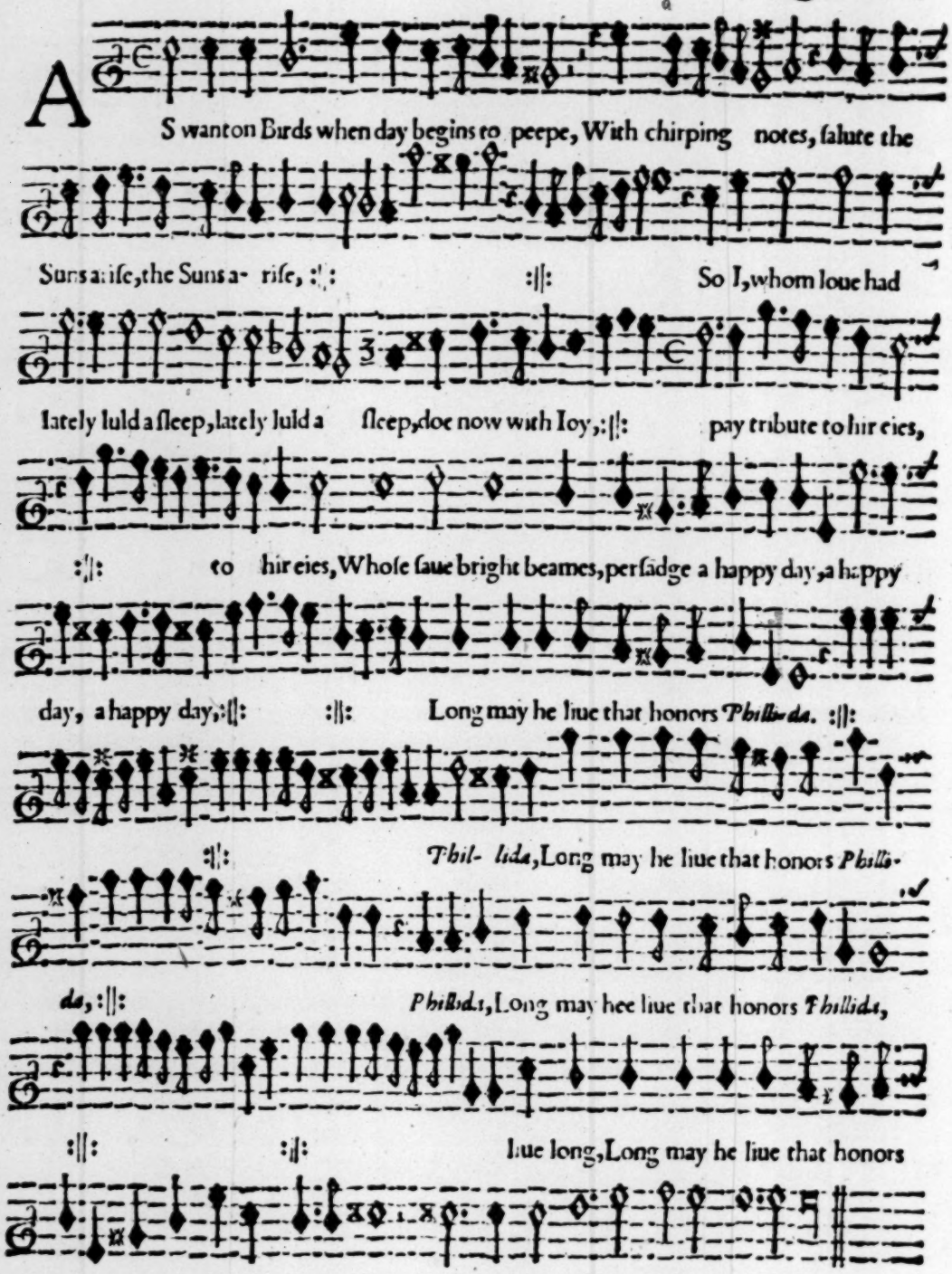



See where the maides are singing, their louers garlands
brin- ging, yet my loue, my tormenter, to grieue mee
doth absent hir, absent hir, :||: ah, ah would shee but de-
light mee, :||: I care not who would spight mee. :||:
who wold spight mee. I care not who would spight mee, :||:
ah, ah wold she but delight mee, :||: I care not who wold spight
mee, :||: who would spigh mee, I care not who would spight
mee I care not who would spight mee.


WHY are you Ladies staying, and your Lords
gone a Maying, :|: a Maying, Run, run a
pace, runne, runne a pace, runne a pace, and meete them, and meete
them, and meete them, and with your garlands greete them, greete them, twere
pittie they should misse you, :|: for they will sweetly kisse you.
:|: for they will sweetly sweetly kisse you, kisse you.


Arke, harke, I heare: And a nimble morris prauncing, :||:
and a nimble mor-ris prauncing, the bagpipe
and the morris bells, that they are not far hence vs tells, that they are not far hence, :||:
vs tells, Come let vs all goe thether, come let vs all goe
thether, and daunce like friends to gether, :|: :||:
Come let vs all goe thether, :||: and daunce like friends to
gether. :||: and daunce like friends to gether.


Ady the Birds right fairely, :||: the birds right
faire-ly, Are ſinging euer eare- ly, :||:
:||: e-uer earely, The Larke, the Thruſh the Nightingale, the
Nightin- gale, The Cuckow, and the Quaile, the make ſport Cuc-kow, the make ſport
Cuckow, and the Quaile, and the Quaile, the make ſport Cuckow, and the Quaile, Cuc-
kow, Cuckow, and the Quaile, Theſe ſing of loue, then why ſleep yee, why ſleep
yee, To loue your ſleep it may not bee. to loue your ſleep it may not bee.



The end of the 5. parts.

BASSO.

MADRIGALS OF 5. and 6. parts, apt for the Viols and voices.

Made & newly publiſhed

BY

Thomas Weelkes of the Coledge at Winchester,
Organiſt.

AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Eſte, the aſſigne of Thomas Morley.
1600.

TO THE TRVELY NOBLE

VERTVOVS AND HONORABLE, MY VERY, good Lord, *Henry* Lord Winſor, Baron *of Bradenham.*

MY Lord, in the Coledge at Wincheſter, where I liue, I haue heard learned men ſay, that ſome Philoſophers haue miſtaken the ſoule of man for an Harmonie: Let the preſident of their error be a priuiledge for mine. I ſee not, if ſoules doe not partly conſiſt of Muſicke, how it ſhould come to paſſe, that ſo noble a ſpirit as yours, ſo perfectly tuned to ſo perpetuall a Tenor of excellencies as it is, ſhould diſcend to the notice of a qualitie lying ſingle in ſo low a perſonage as my ſelfe. But in Muſicke the Baſe part is no diſgrace to the beſt eares attendauncie. I confeſſe my conſience is vntoucht with any other arts, and I hope, my confeſsion is vnſuſpected, many of vs Muſitians thinke it as much praiſe to be ſome what more then Muſitians, as it is for golde to bee ſome what more than golde, and, if Iack Cade were aliue, yet ſome of vs might liue: vnleſſe we ſhould think, as the Artiſans in the Vniuerſities in Poland, and Germany thinke, that the Latin tongue comes by reflection. I hope your Lordſhip will pardon this preſumption of mine, the rather, becauſe I know before Nobilitie I am to deale ſincearely; and this ſmall facultie of mine, becauſe it is alone in mee, and without the aſſiſtance of other more confident ſciences, is the more to bee fauored, and the rather to bee receiued into your honors protection, ſo ſhall I obſerue you with as humble and as true an heart, as hee, whoſe knowledge is as large as the worlds creation, and as earneſtly pray for you, to the worlds Creator.

Your honors in all
humble ſeruice

Thomas Weelkes.

THE TABLE.

COld winters Ice is fled and gone. I

Now let vs make a merry greeting. II

Take heere my heart, I giue it thee for euer. III

O care thou wilt diſpatch mee. *The firſt part.* IIII

Hence care, thou art too cruell. *The ſecond part.* V

See where the maides are ſinging, VI

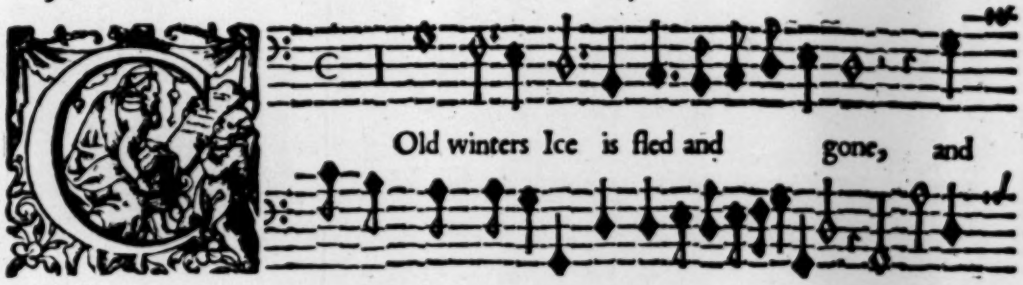
Why are you Ladyes ſtaying. *The firſt part.* VII

Harke, harke, I heare ſome dauncing. *The ſecond part.* VIII

Lady the Birds right fairely, are ſinging euer early. IX

As wanton Birds, when day begins to peepe. X

FINIS.

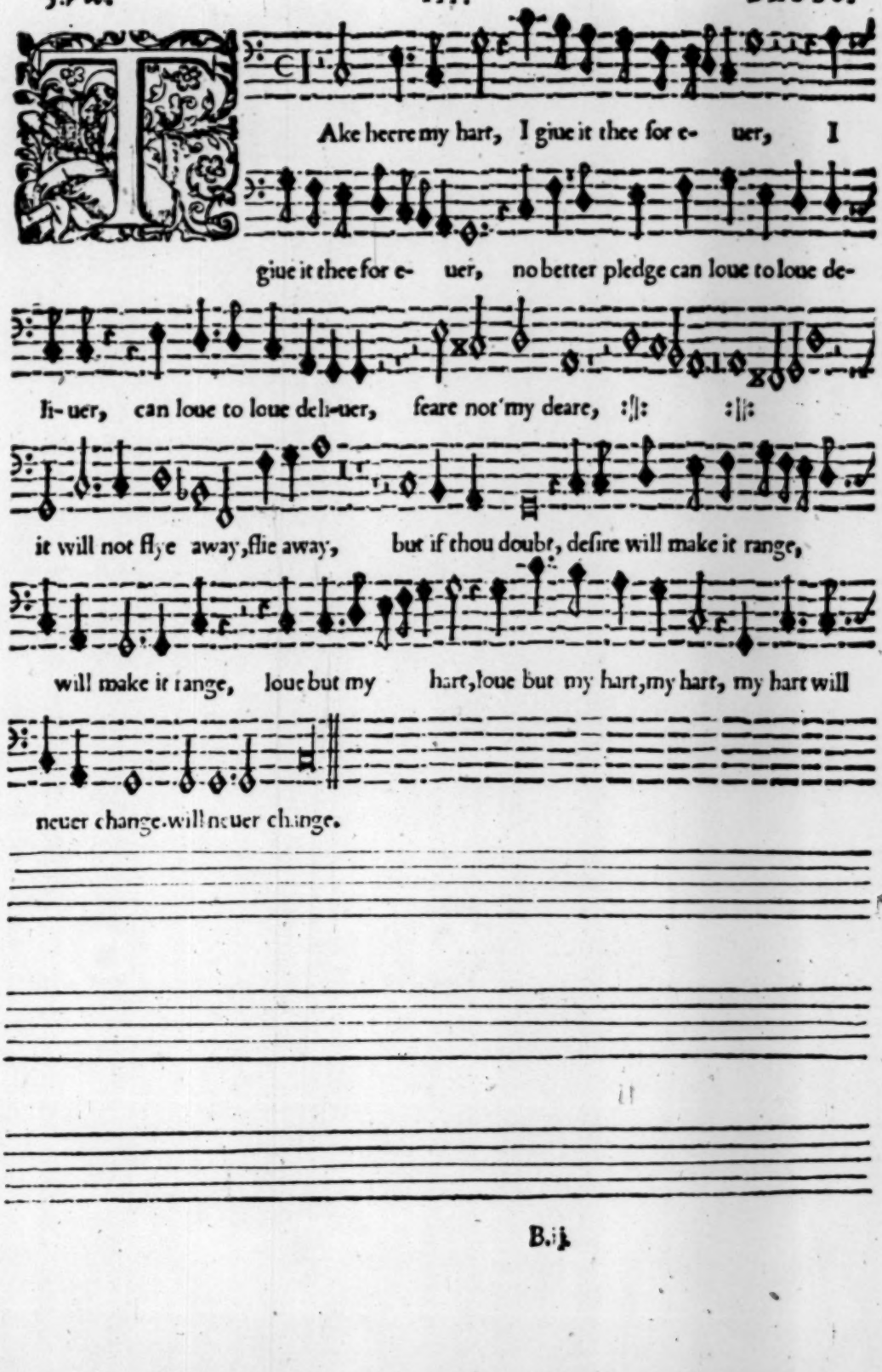

Old winters Ice is fled and gone, and
ſommer brages on eu'ry tree, :‖: on eu'ry
tree, the Redbreaſt peepes amidſt the throng, :‖: of
wood borne birds that wanton bee, :‖: each one forgets what
they haue beene, what that haue beene, and ſo doth Phillis ſommers queene.
and ſo doth Phillis ſommers queene.

Ow let vs &c. My hart is full of ioy and pleaſure, of ioy and

pleaſure, of ioy and pleaſure, ſince thou art heere mine

onely treaſure, :||: now let vs daunce and ſport and play, & ſing a

merry roundelay. a merry roundelay, a merry roundelay, roundelay, roundelay.


Take heere my hart, I giue it thee for e- uer, I
giue it thee for e- uer, no better pledge can loue to loue de-
li- uer, can loue to loue deli-uer, feare not my deare,
it will not flye away, flie away, but if thou doubt, desire will make it range,
will make it range, loue but my hart, loue but my hart, my hart, my hart will
neuer change. will neuer change.

Care thou wilt diſpatch mee, :||:

if Muſicke doe not match thee, Fa la la la la

la, Fa la la la la la la, ſo deadly, :||: doeſt thou ſting mee, mirth

one-ly help can bring mee, :|: mirth onely help can bring

mee, Fa la la la la la la la la la.

Ence care, thou art too cruell, :||:

Come Muſick ſick mans Iew- ell, ſick mans iewell, Fa la la

la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la, His force had well nigh ſlaine

me, had well nigh ſlaine mee. But thou muſt now ſuſtaine mee. Fa la la la la

la la la la la la.

Ee where the maides are ſinging, :‖: their

louers garlands bringing, yet my loue, my tormenter tor-

menter, to grieue mee doth abſent hir, :‖: ah, ah

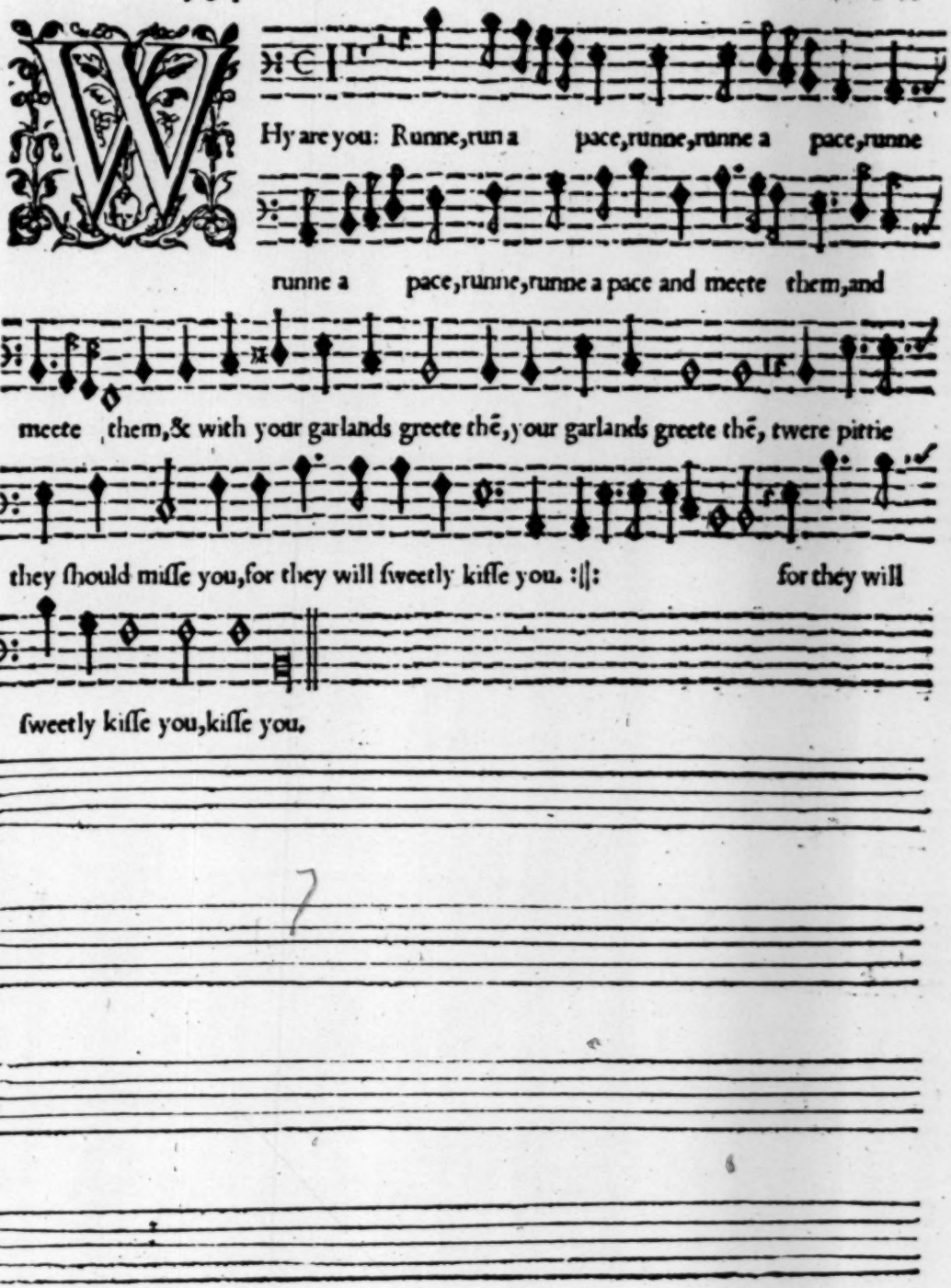
would ſhe but delight mee, I care not who would ſpight mee. :‖:

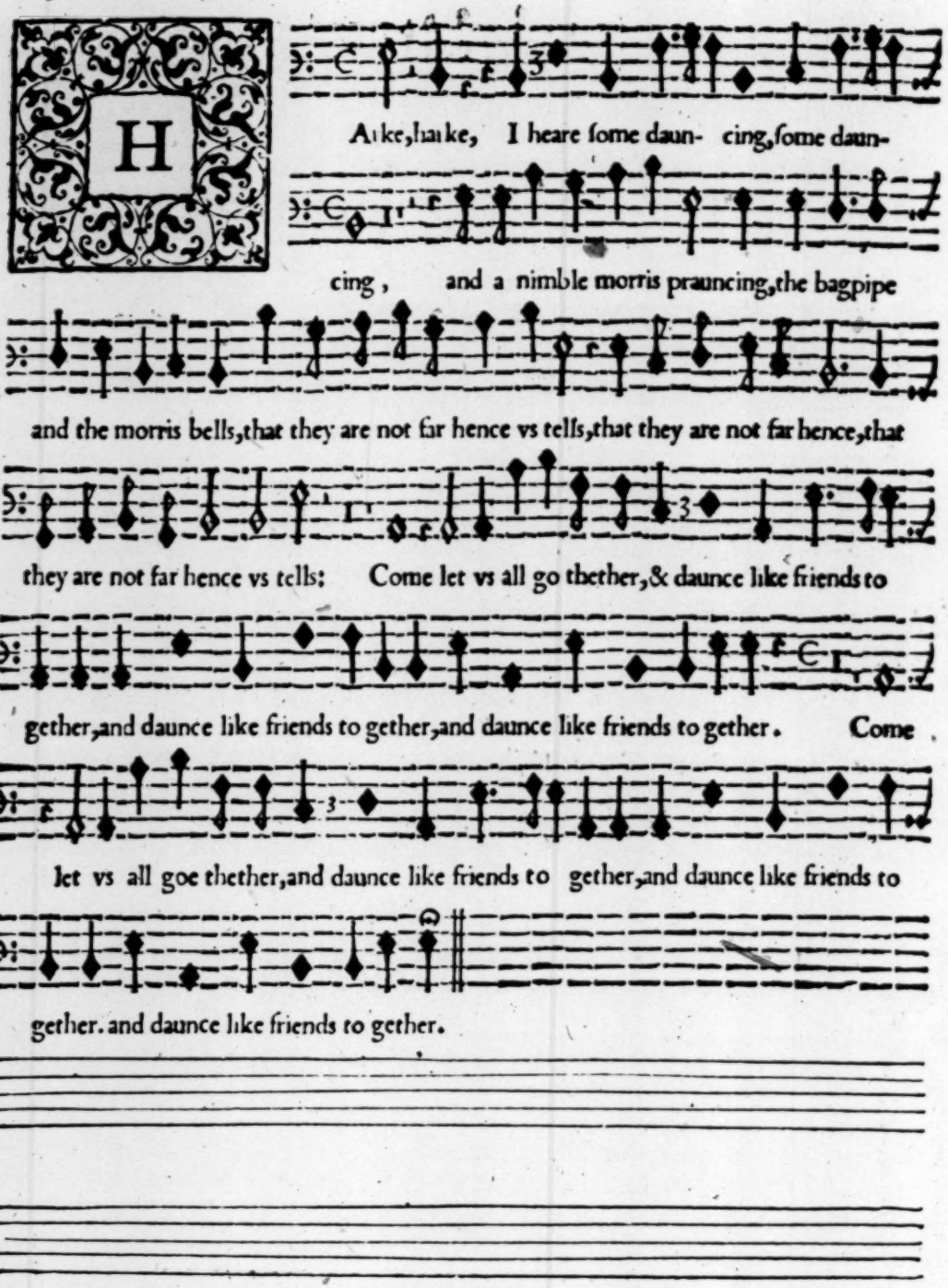
I care not who would ſpight mee, :‖: ſpight mee, ah,

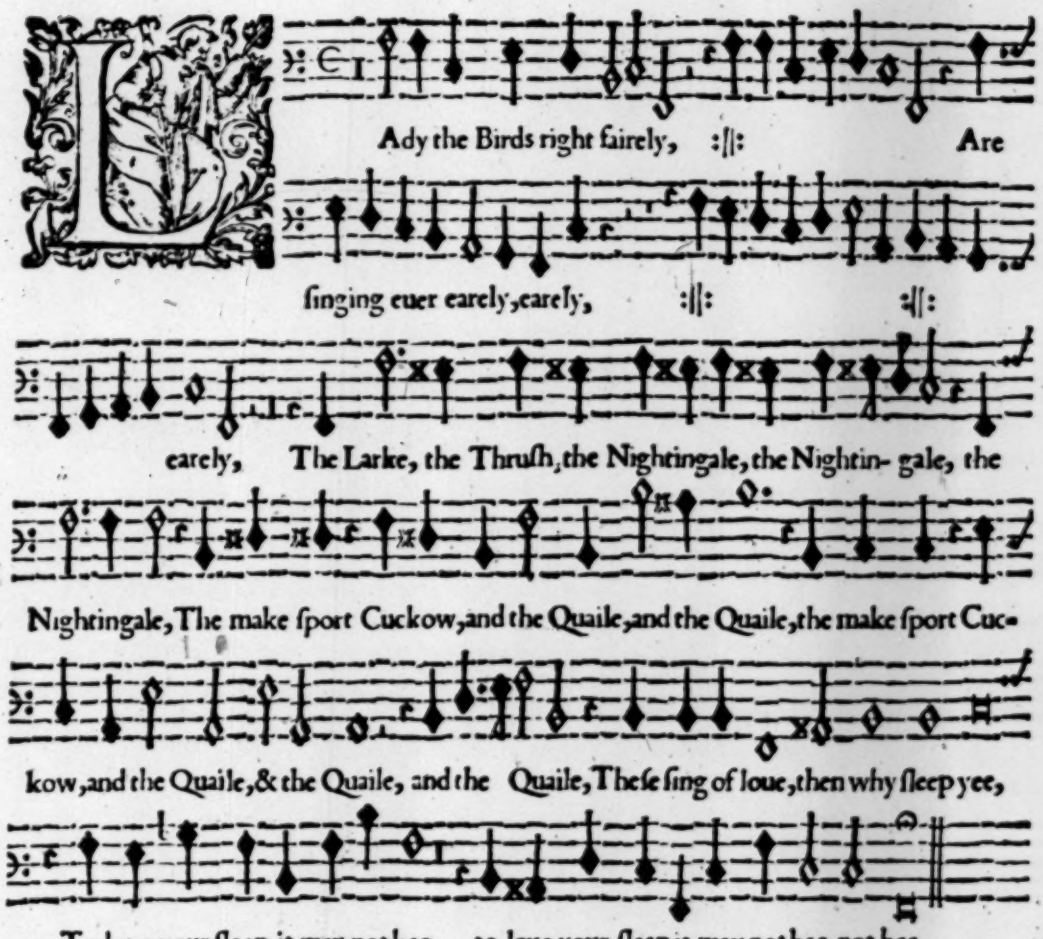
ah would ſhe but delight mee, I care not who would ſpight mee. :‖:

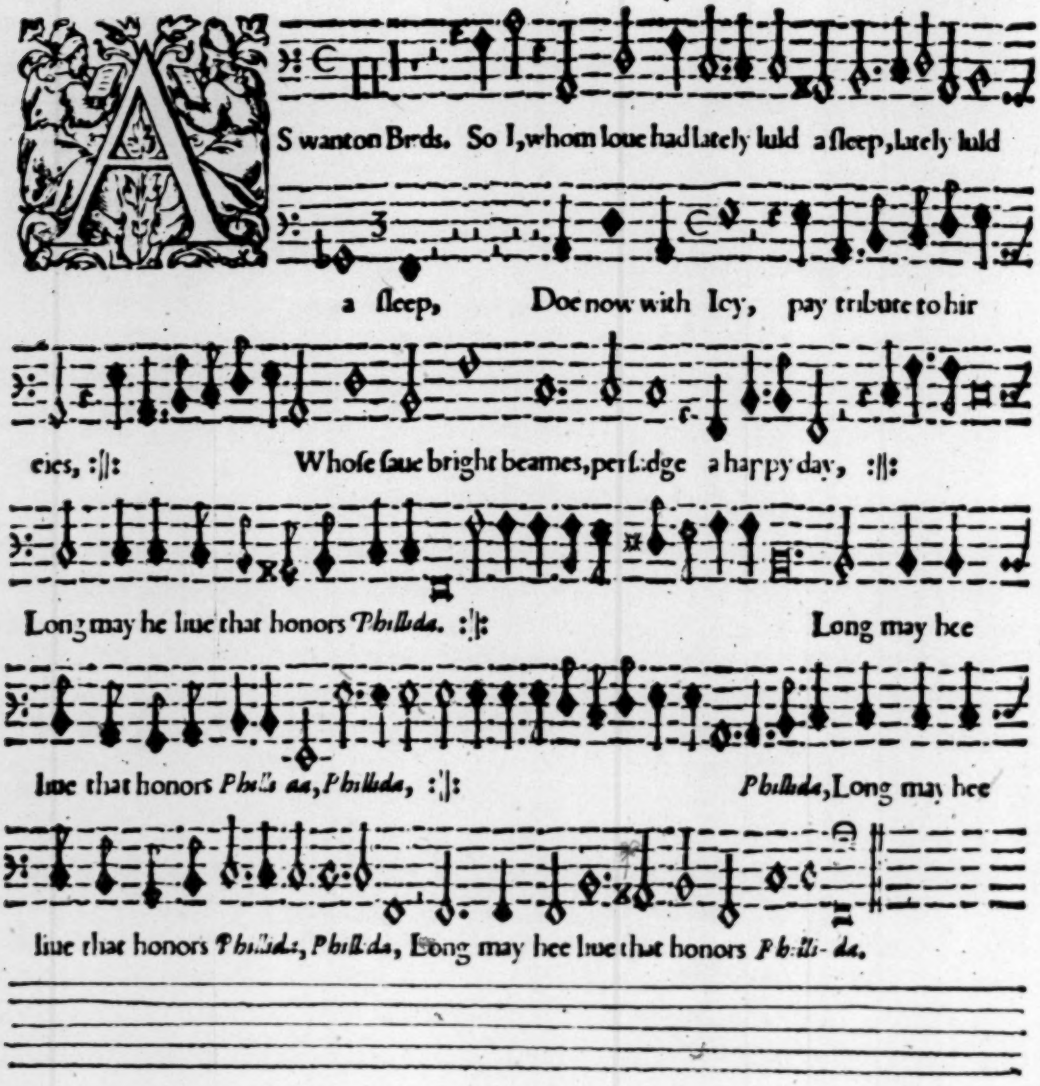
:‖: I care not who would ſpight mee.

ſpight mee.


Hy are you: Runne, run a pace, runne, runne a pace, runne
runne a pace, runne, runne a pace and meete them, and
meete them, & with your garlands greete thē, your garlands greete thē, twere pitie
they ſhould miſſe you, for they will ſweetly kiſſe you. :||: for they will
ſweetly kiſſe you, kiſſe you.


H
Aike, haike, I heare ſome daun- cing, ſome daun-
cing, and a nimble morris prauncing, the bagpipe
and the morris bells, that they are not far hence vs tells, that they are not far hence, that
they are not far hence vs tells: Come let vs all go thether, & daunce like friends to
gether, and daunce like friends to gether, and daunce like friends to gether. Come
let vs all goe thether, and daunce like friends to gether, and daunce like friends to
gether. and daunce like friends to gether.


Ady the Birds right fairely, :||: Are
singing euer earely, earely, :||: :||:
earely, The Larke, the Thruſh, the Nightingale, the Nightin- gale, the
Nightingale, The make ſport Cuckow, and the Quaile, and the Quaile, the make ſport Cuc-
kow, and the Quaile, & the Quaile, and the Quaile, Theſe ſing of loue, then why ſleep yee,
To loue your ſleep it may not bee. to loue your ſleep it may not bee, not bee.



The end of the 5. parts.

CANTO.

MADRIGALS OF 6. parts, apt for the Viols and voices.

Made & newly publiſhed

BY

Thomas Weelkes of the Coledge at Wincheſter,
Organiſt.

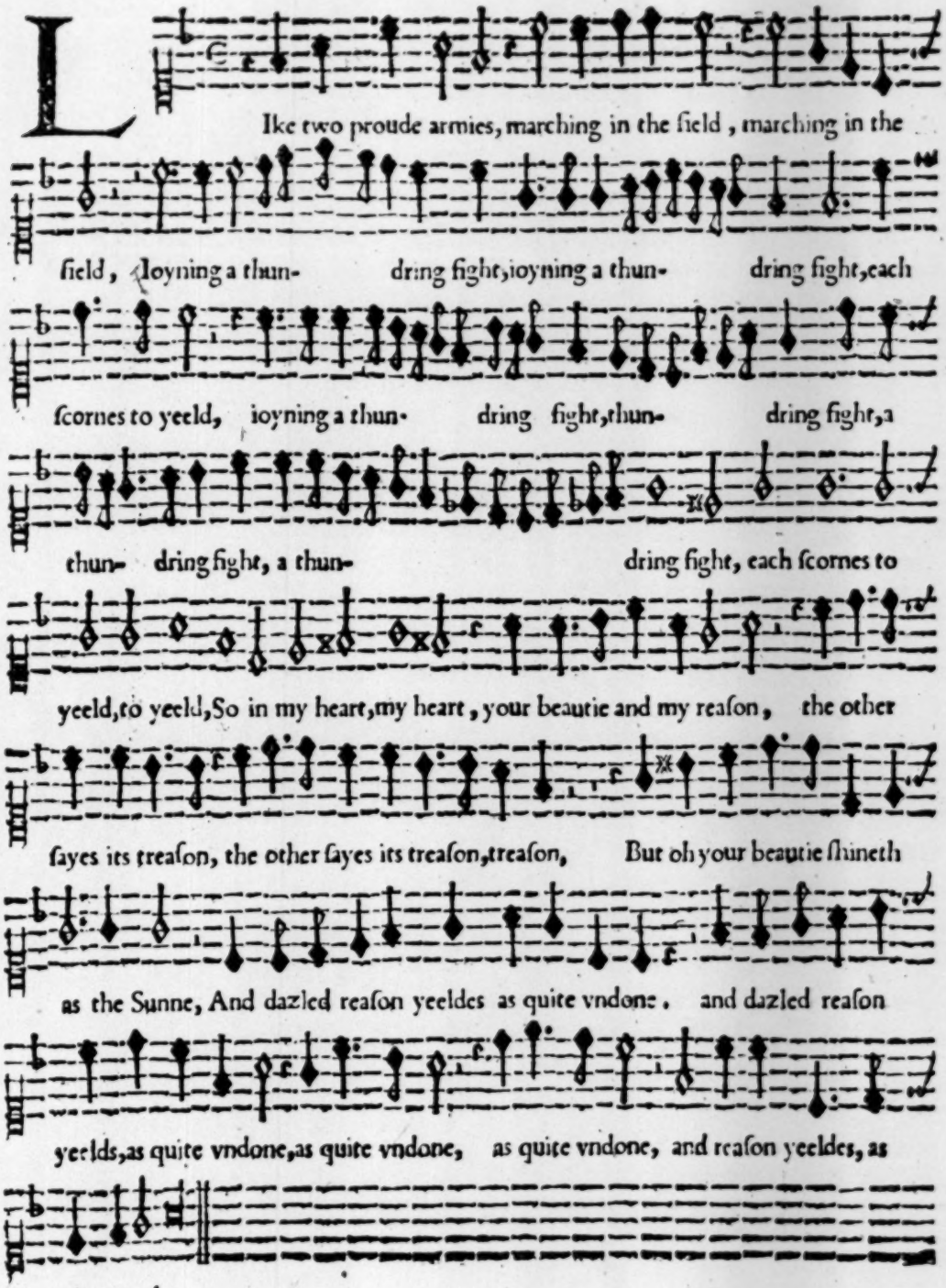
AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Eſte, the aſſigne of Thomas Morley.
1600.

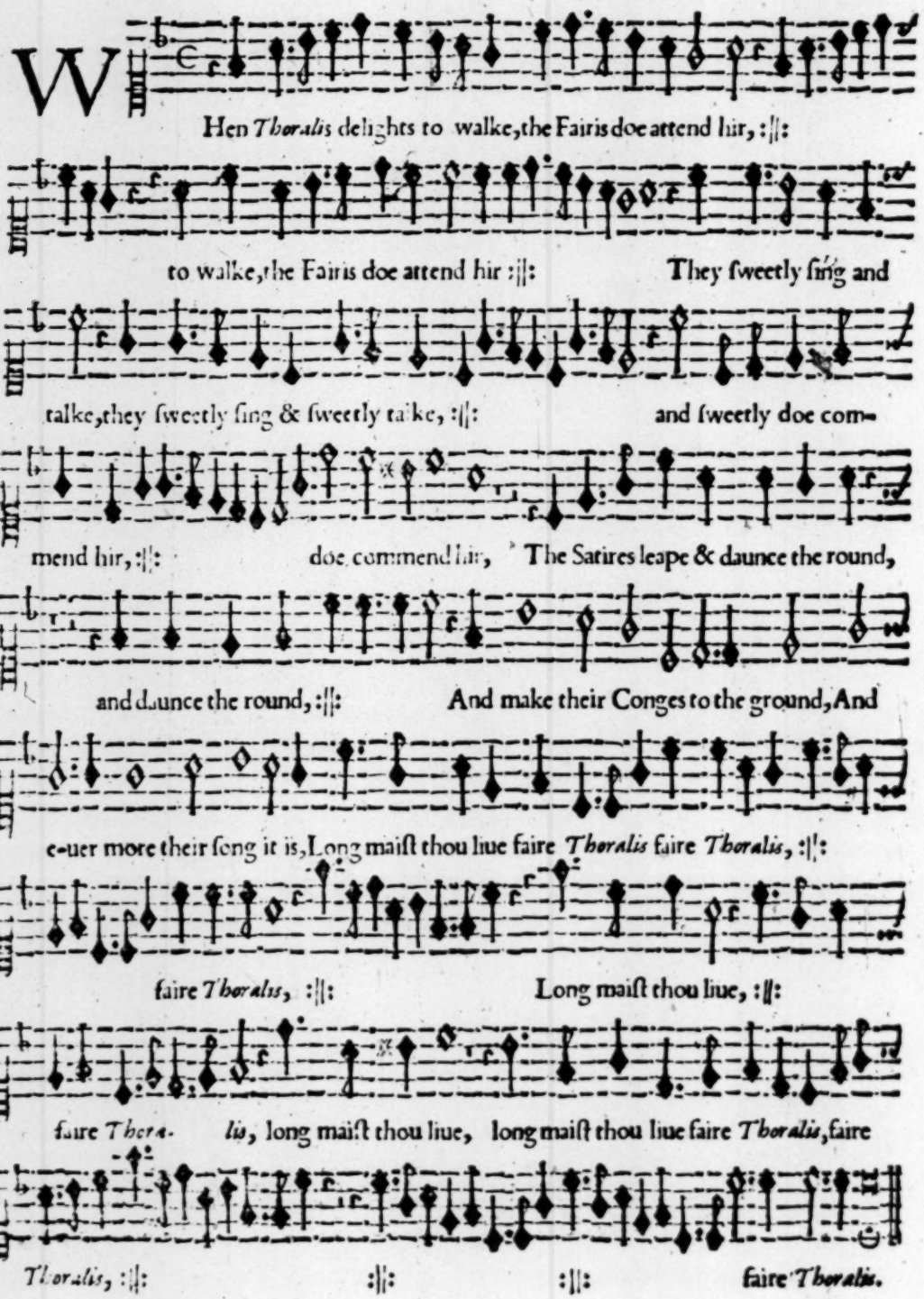
To the right noble minded, and moſt vertuous gentleman, Maiſter George Brooke Eſquier.

I Doe not doubt (moſt worthie Sir) but that, as well in a genarall opinion, as in your owne iudicious and approued cenſure, it may bee held for a part of little wit and leſſe manners, (vpon ſo weake a ground, neither my ſelfe, nor my poore deſeruings being knowne vnto you,) to preſent vnto you theſe ſlender labours, as the fruits of my affected ſtudies. But vnder the fauour of your grauer wiſedome, I humbly beſeech both your vertuous patience, and pardon heerein: for a generall worlds report both of honour and your delight in this kind, hath ſo thoroughly poſſeſſed my well pleaſed eares, as hath (forgetfully of my poore ſelfe) enboldned my ſpirits, to make your onely ſelfe, the true iudge, and patron of theſe my vndeſeruing papers. Humbly crauing heerein, your gracious acceptance, and in their litle worth to nouriſh them, as begotten for, and to your onely honorable ſelfe. Wherin, my heereafter times ſhall euer bind me to acknowledge it in all due & reuerent thankefulneſſe, & in my beſt wits, deſerue it as I may. Euer reſting, as beſt ſhall become mee.

Your Worſhips in all ſeruice

Thomas Weelkes.


Like two proude armies, marching in the field, marching in the
field, ioyning a thun- dring fight, ioyning a thun- dring fight, each
scornes to yeeld, ioyning a thun- dring fight, thun- dring fight, a
thun- dring fight, a thun- dring fight, each scornes to
yeeld, to yeeld, So in my heart, my heart, your beautie and my reason, the other
sayes its treason, the other sayes its treason, treason, But oh your beautie shineth
as the Sunne, And dazled reason yeeldes as quite vndone, and dazled reason
yeelds, as quite vndone, as quite vndone, as quite vndone, and reason yeeldes, as
quite vn- done,


When Thoralis delights to walke, the Fairis doe attend hir, :||:
to walke, the Fairis doe attend hir :||: They sweetly sing and
talke, they sweetly sing & sweetly talke, :||: and sweetly doe com-
mend hir, :||: doe commend hir, The Satires leape & daunce the round,
and daunce the round, :||: And make their Conges to the ground, And
e-uer more their song it is, Long maist thou liue faire Thoralis faire Thoralis, :||:
faire Thoralis, :||: Long maist thou liue, :||:
faire Thora- lis, long maist thou liue, long maist thou liue faire Thoralis, faire
Thoralis, :||: :||: :||: faire Thoralis.

Hat haue the Gods, their comfort

sent from heauen, :||:

sent from heauen, To charme my sences,

with heauens harmony, :||: harmony, Care they for mee, :||: of all

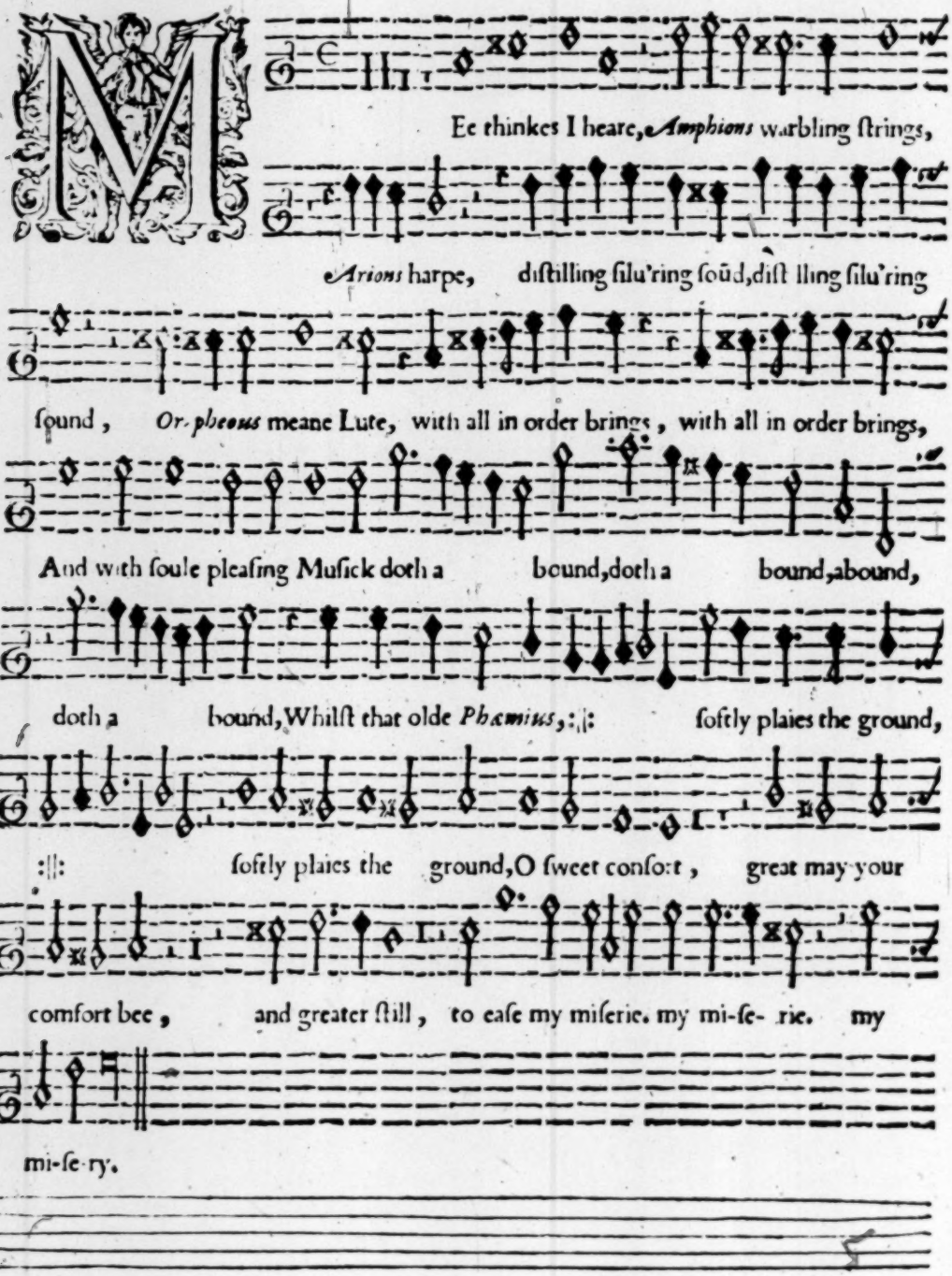
my ioyes bereauen, Send they heauens quire, to make mee melo-dy, :||:

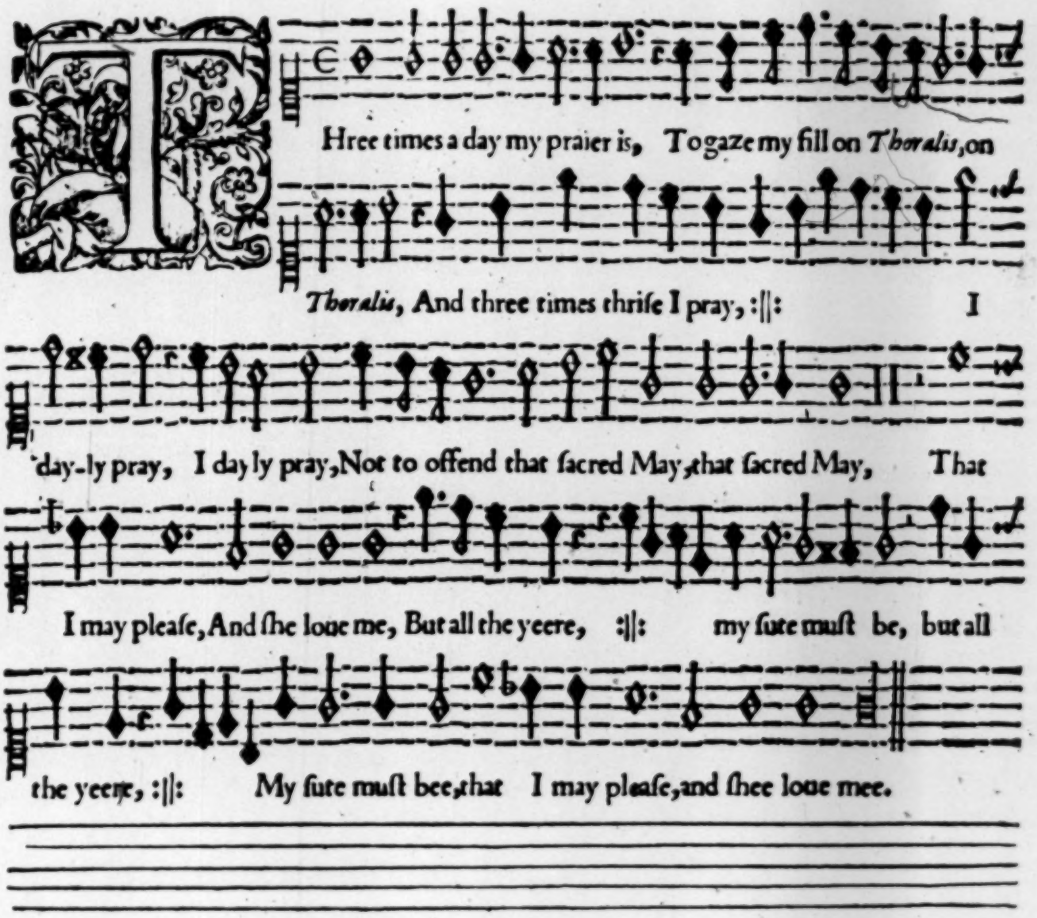
melo- dy, Send they heauens quire, :||: heauens quire, to make mee

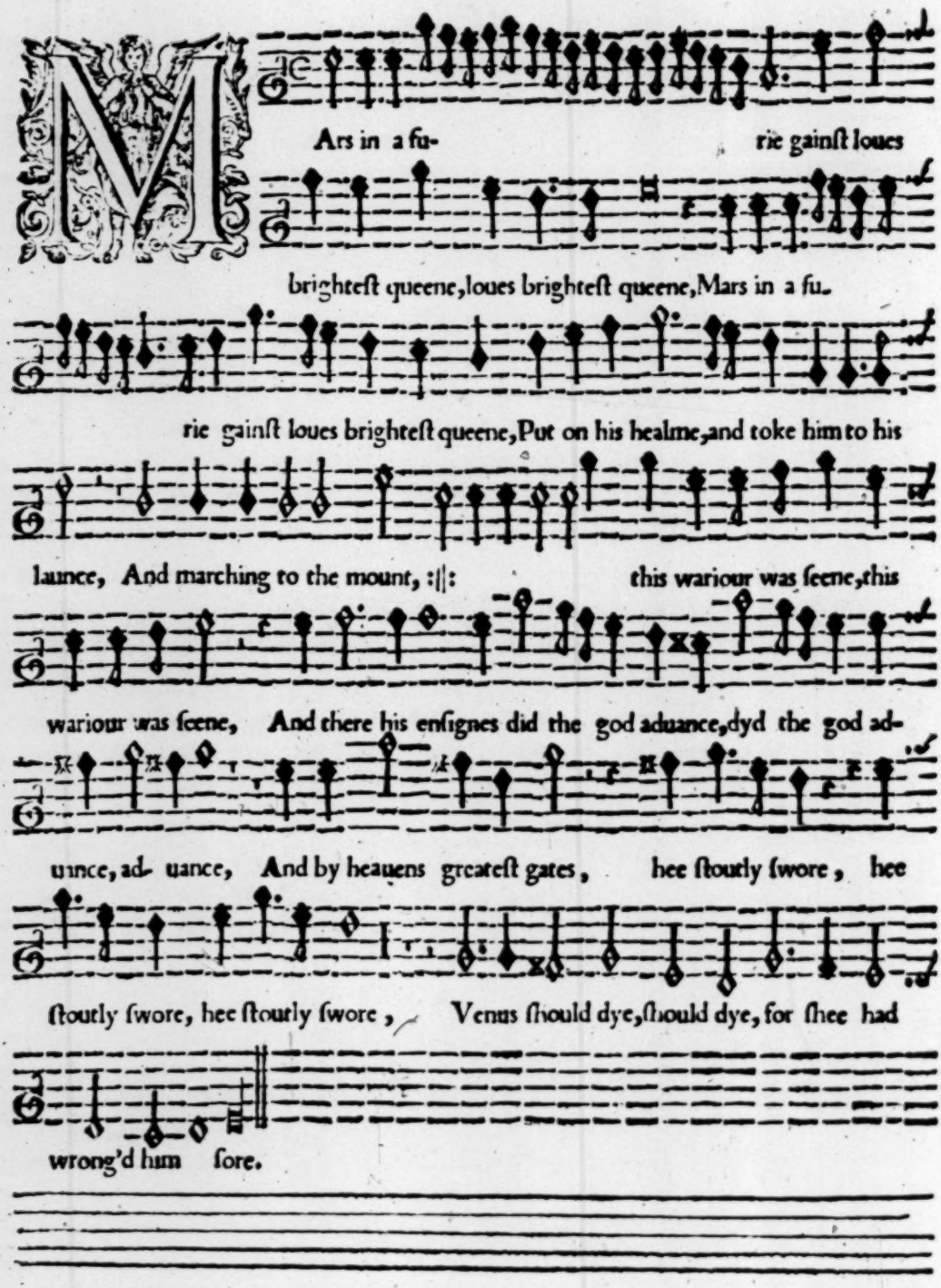
melody, :||: :||: melo-dy, Blessing, blessing me, with Musickes

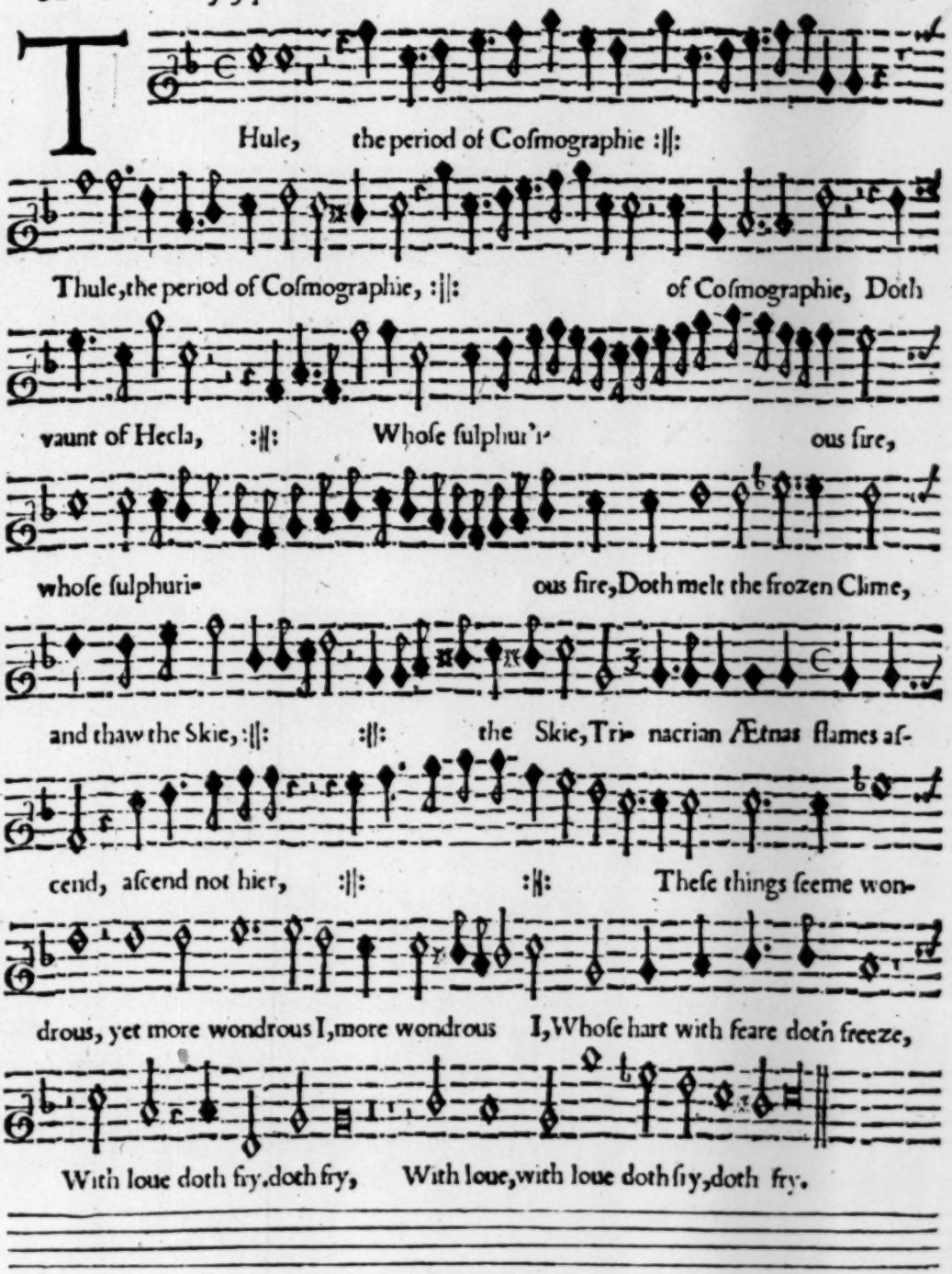
fe-li-ci-tie, If it bee so, great may your god-heads be, :||: and greater

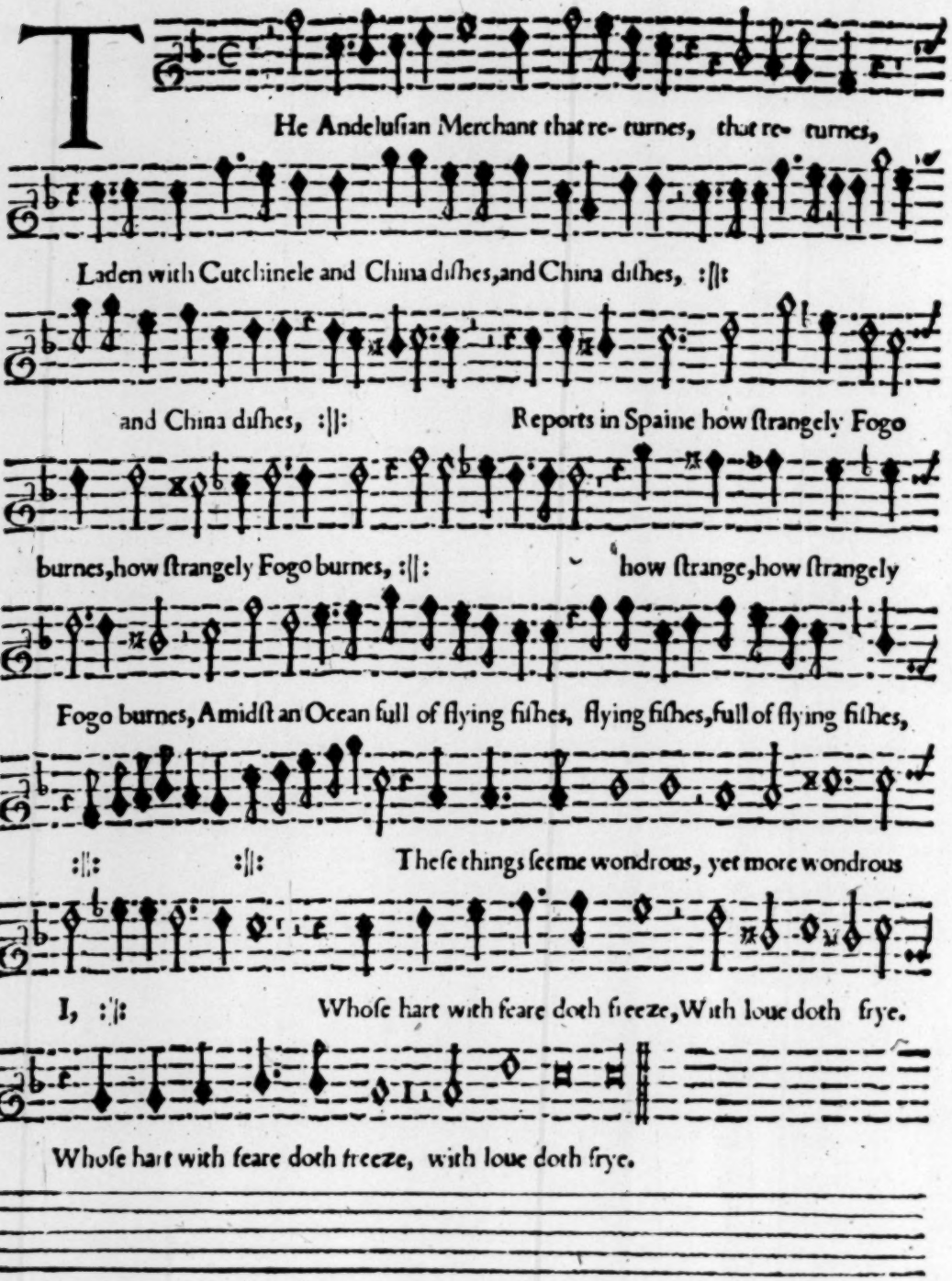
still to ease my misе- ry, to ease my misе- ry, to ease my misе- rie.


Me thinkes I heare, e Amphions warbling ſtrings,
e Arions harpe, diſtilling ſilu'ring ſoũd, diſt illing ſilu'ring
ſound, Or-pheous meane Lute, with all in order brings, with all in order brings,
And with ſoule pleaſing Muſick doth a bound, doth a bound, a bound,
doth a bound, Whilſt that olde Phœnius, :|: ſoftly plaies the ground,
:|: ſoftly plaies the ground, O ſweet conſort, great may your
comfort bee, and greater ſtill, to eaſe my miſerie. my mi-ſe- rie. my
mi-ſe-ry.


THree times a day my praier is, To gaze my fill on Thoralis, on
Thoralis, And three times thrise I pray, :||: I
day-ly pray, I day ly pray, Not to offend that sacred May, that sacred May, That
I may please, And she loue me, But all the yeere, :||: my sute must be, but all
the yeere, :||: My sute must bee, that I may please, and shee loue mee.


Mars in a fu- rie gainſt loues
brighteſt queene, loues brighteſt queene, Mars in a fu-
rie gainſt loues brighteſt queene, Put on his healme, and toke him to his
launce, And marching to the mount, :||: this wariour was ſeene, this
wariour was ſeene, And there his enſignes did the god aduance, dyd the god ad-
uance, ad- uance, And by heauens greateſt gates, hee ſtoutly ſwore, hee
ſtoutly ſwore, hee ſtoutly ſwore, Venus ſhould dye, ſhould dye, for ſhee had
wrong'd him ſore.


THule, the period of Coſmographie :||:
Thule, the period of Coſmographie, :||: of Coſmographie, Doth
vaunt of Hecla, :||: Whoſe ſulphuri- ous fire,
whoſe ſulphuri- ous fire, Doth melt the frozen Clime,
and thaw the Skie, :||: :||: the Skie, Tri- nacrian Ætnas flames aſ-
cend, aſcend not hier, :||: :||: Theſe things ſeeme won-
drous, yet more wondrous I, more wondrous I, Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze,
With loue doth fry, doth fry, With loue, with loue doth fry, doth fry.


The Andeluſian Merchant that re- turnes, that re- turnes,
Laden with Cutchinele and China diſhes, and China diſhes, :||:
and China diſhes, :||: Reports in Spaine how ſtrangely Fogo
burnes, how ſtrangely Fogo burnes, :||: how ſtrange, how ſtrangely
Fogo burnes, Amidſt an Ocean full of flying fiſhes, flying fiſhes, full of flying fiſhes,
:||: :||: Theſe things ſeeme wondrous, yet more wondrous
I, :||: Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, With loue doth frye.
Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, with loue doth frye.

A Sparow Hauke proude did hold in wicked Layle, in wicked Layle, A Sparow hauke proud did hold in wicked Layle, did hold in wicked Layle, Muſickes ſweet Choriſter, The Nightingale, Muſicks ſweet, ſweet Choriſter, the Nightingale, To whom with ſighes ſhe ſaid, oh ſet mee free, :||: and in my ſong, my ſong :|: :||: Ile praiſe, ile praiſe no bird but thee: The Hauke re- plide, :||: I will not looſe my dyet, the Hauke replide, I will not looſe my dyet, To let a thouſand ſuch enioy, to let a thouſand ſuch enioy, to let a thouſand ſuch, to let a thouſand ſuch enioy their quiet.

OELL, adew thou Courts delight, adew, a-

dew thou Courts delight, thou Courts delight, adew, a-

dew thou Courts delight, de- light, adew, adew thou Courts delight, delight, Vpon

whose locks, the graces sweetly pla de, sweetly plaide, the graces sweetly, sweetly

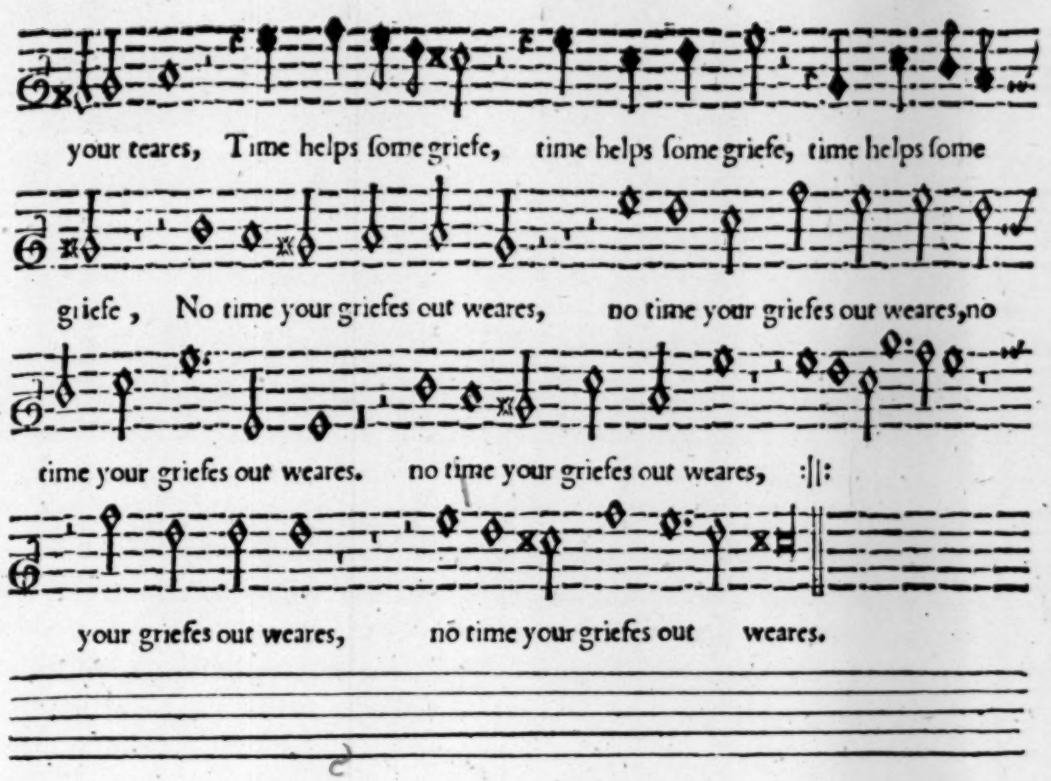
plaide, sweetly plaide, the graces plaide, the graces sweetly plaide, Now thou art

dead, now thou art dead, now thou art dead, art dead, our pleasure dies out

right, out right, For who can Ioy, when thou in dust art layde, art

laide, when thou in dust art laide, Bedew my notes, my notes, his death-bed

with your teares, with your teares, his death-bed with your teares, his death-bed with


your teares, Time helps ſome griefe, time helps ſome griefe, time helps ſome
griefe, No time your griefes out weares, no time your griefes out weares, no
time your griefes out weares. no time your griefes out weares, :||:
your griefes out weares, no time your griefes out weares.

FINIS.

THE TABLE.

Like two proud Armies,marching in the field. I

When *Thoralis* delights to walke,the Faires doe attend hir. II

What haue the Gods,their conſort ſent from heauen.*The firſt part.* III

Mee thinkes I heare,*Amphions* warbling ſtrings.*The ſecond part.* IIII

Three times a day my prayer is,to gaze my fill on *Thoralis.* V

Mars in a furie,gainſt loues brighteſt Queene. VI

Thule the period of Coſmographie. *The firſt part.* VII

The *Andeluſian* Merchant,that returnes. *The ſecond part.* VIII

A Sparow-hauck proud,did hold in wicked Iayle. IX

Noell, adew thou Courts delight. X

FINIS.

TENORE.

MADRIGALS OF 6. parts, apt for the Viols and voices.

Made & newly publiſhed

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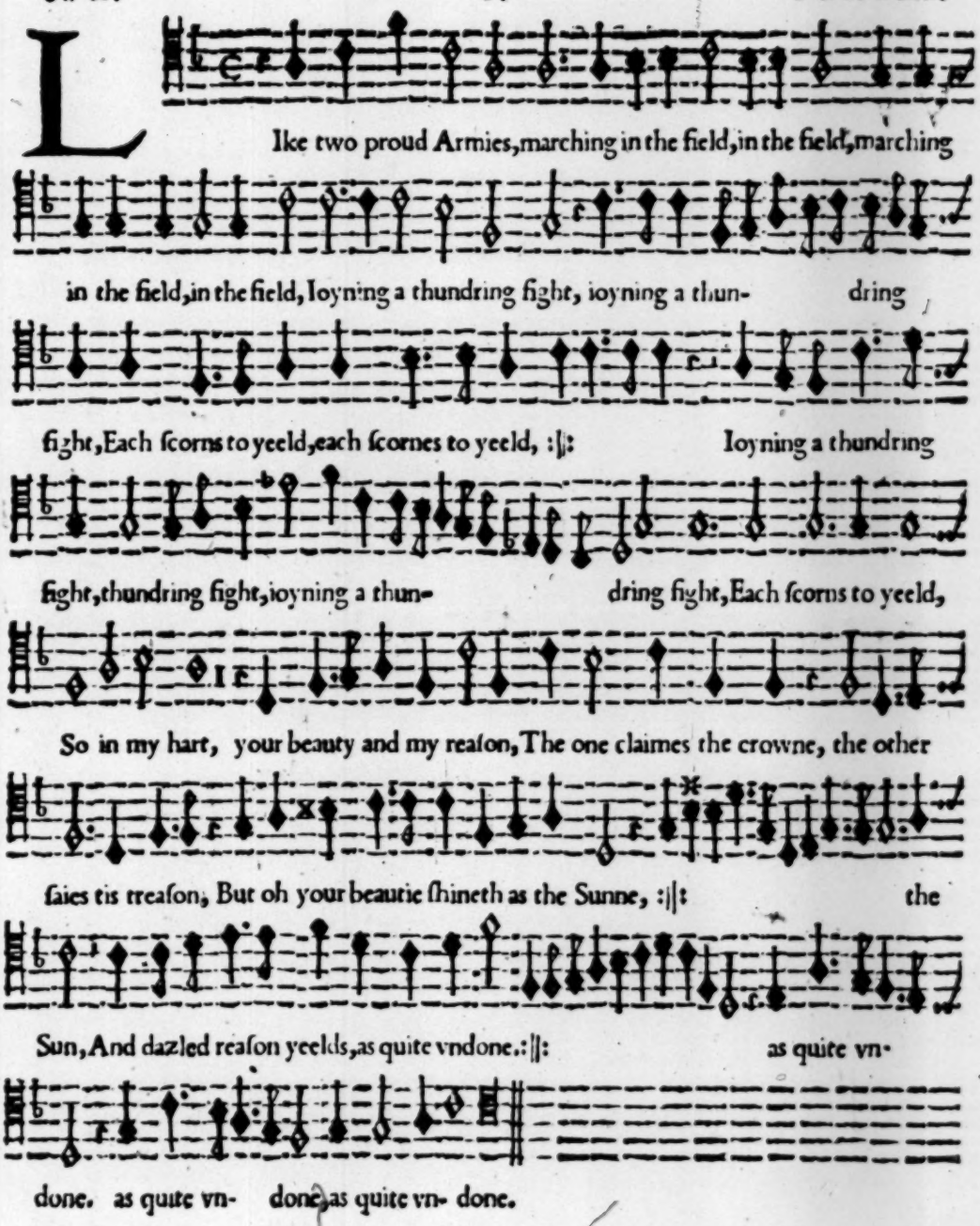
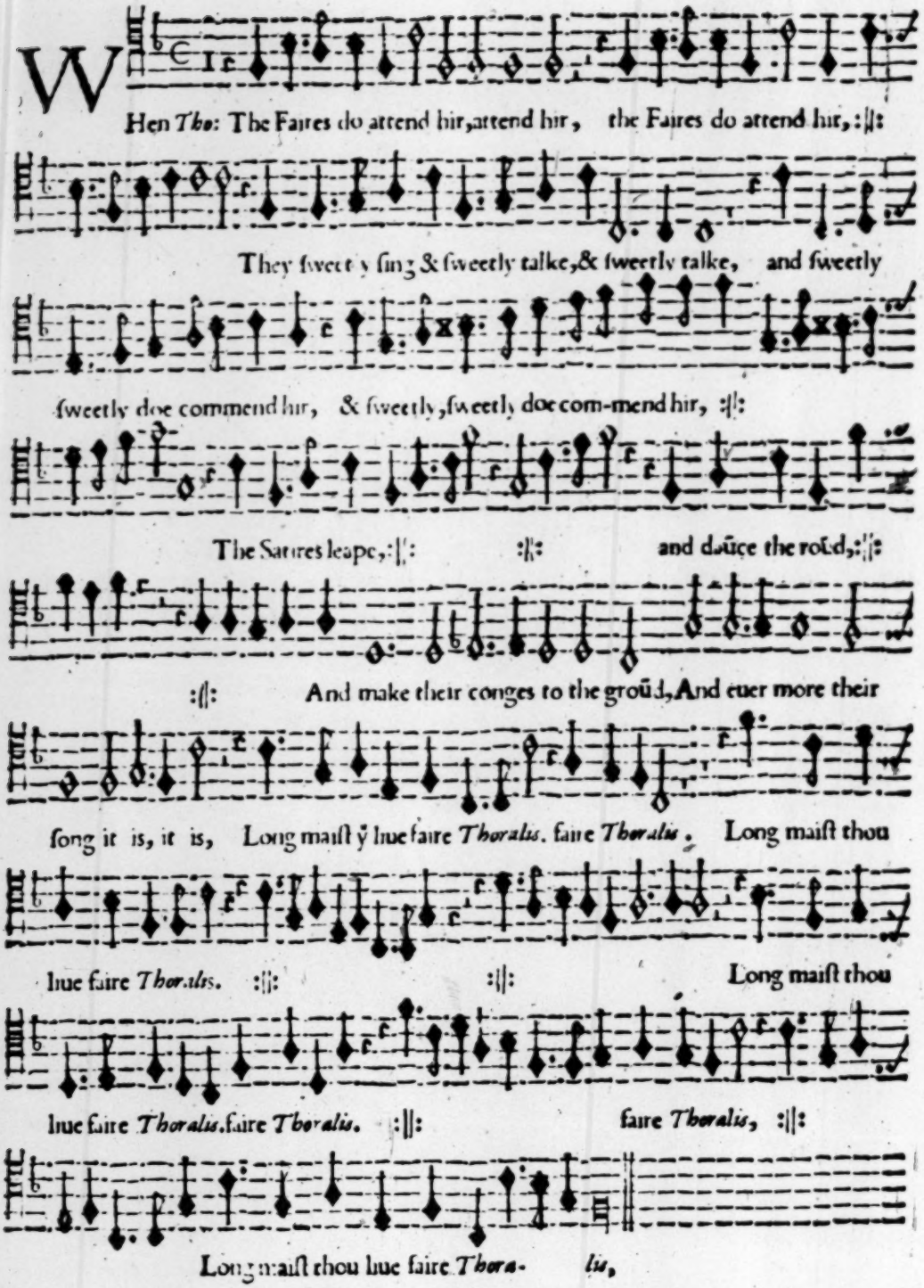
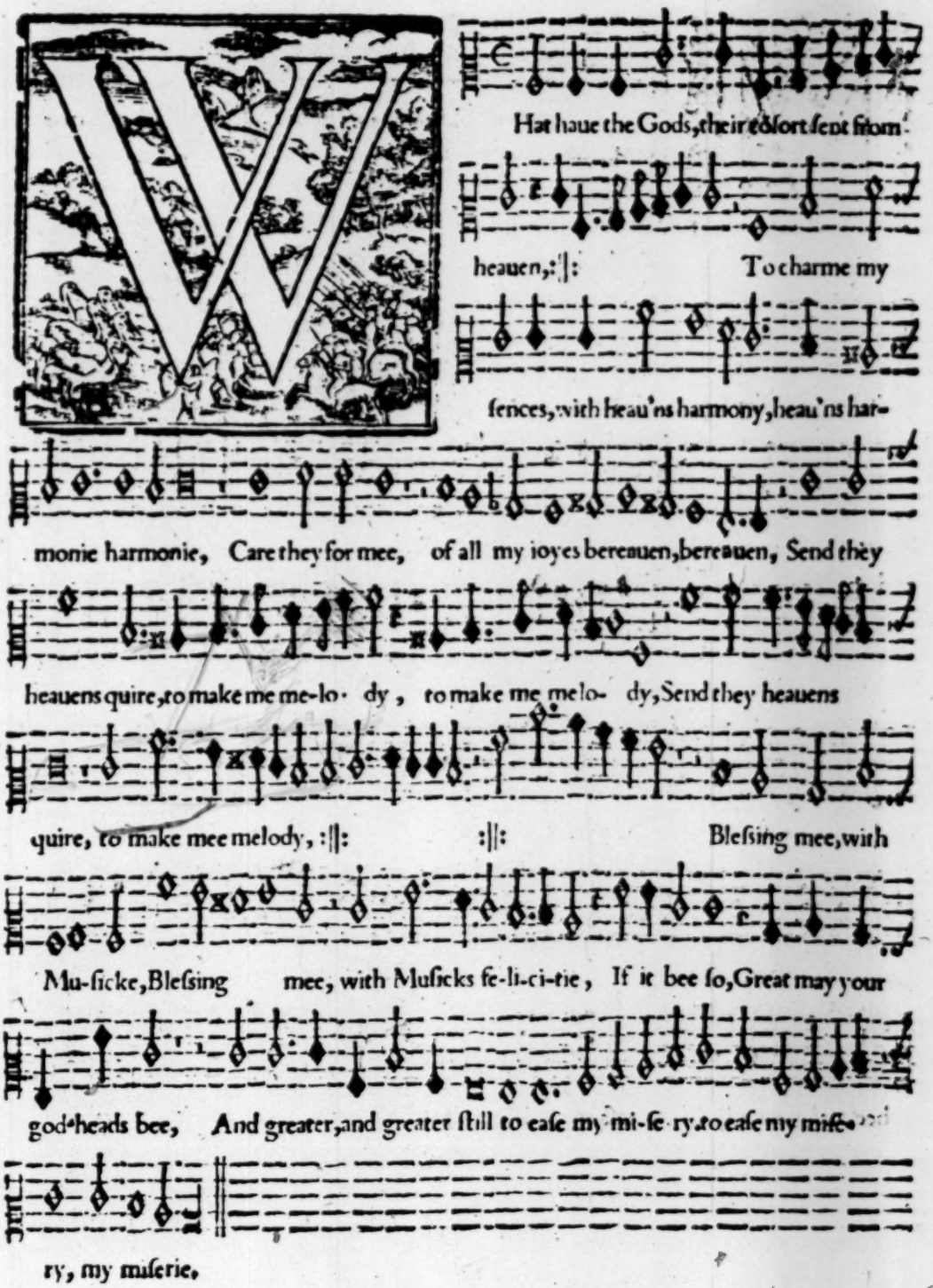
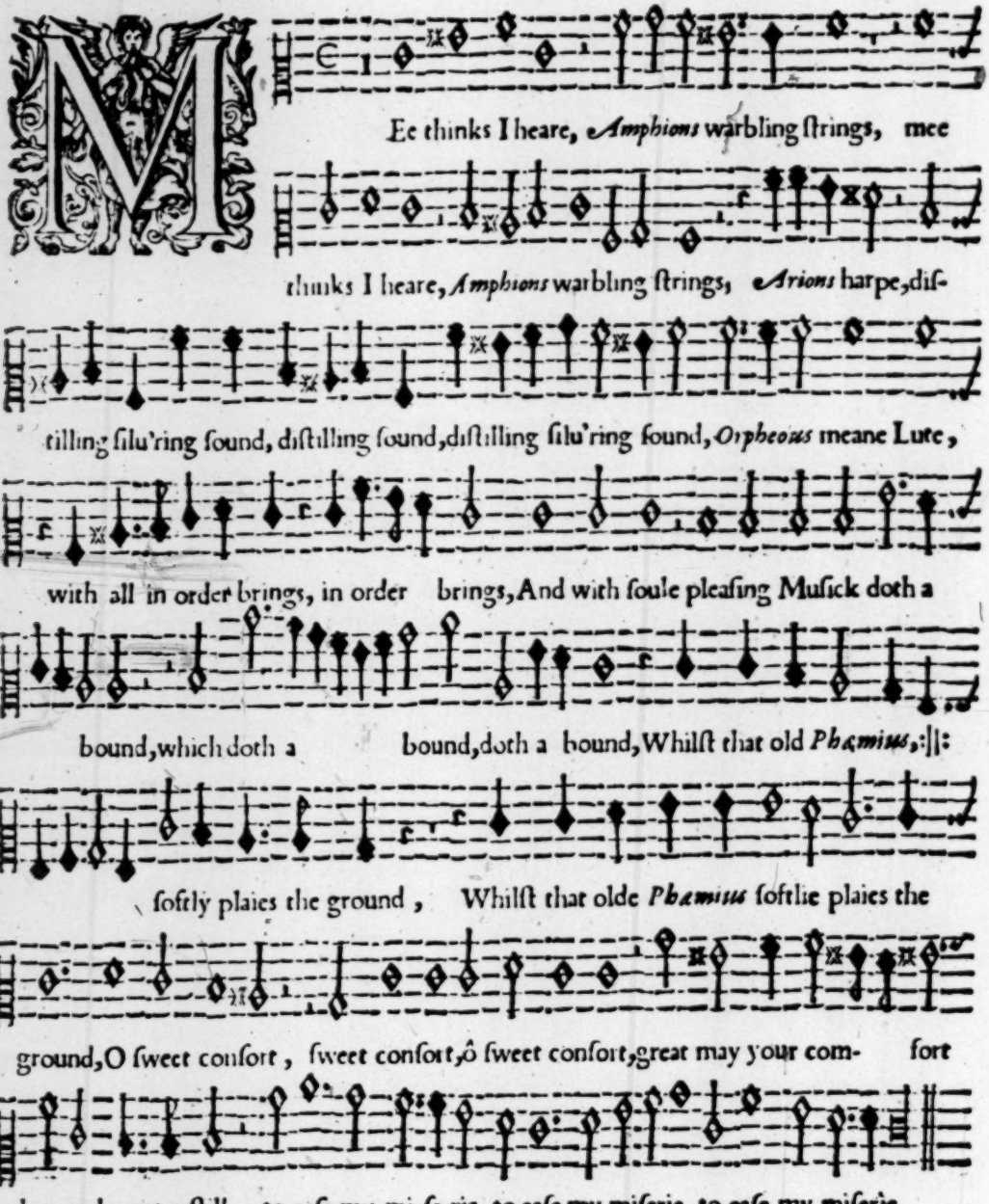
Your Worſhips in all ſeruice

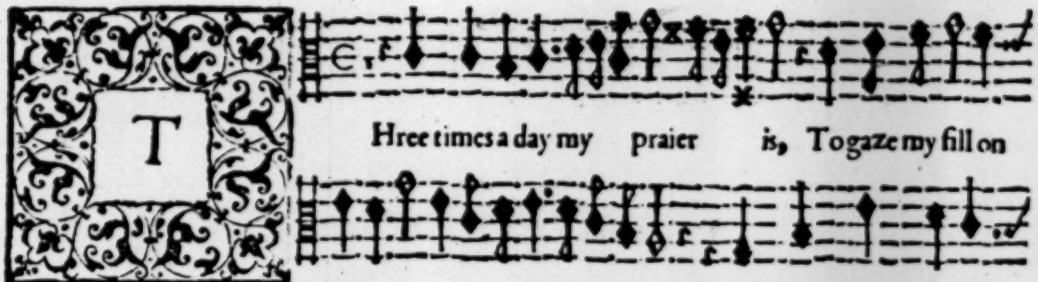
Thomas Weelkes.

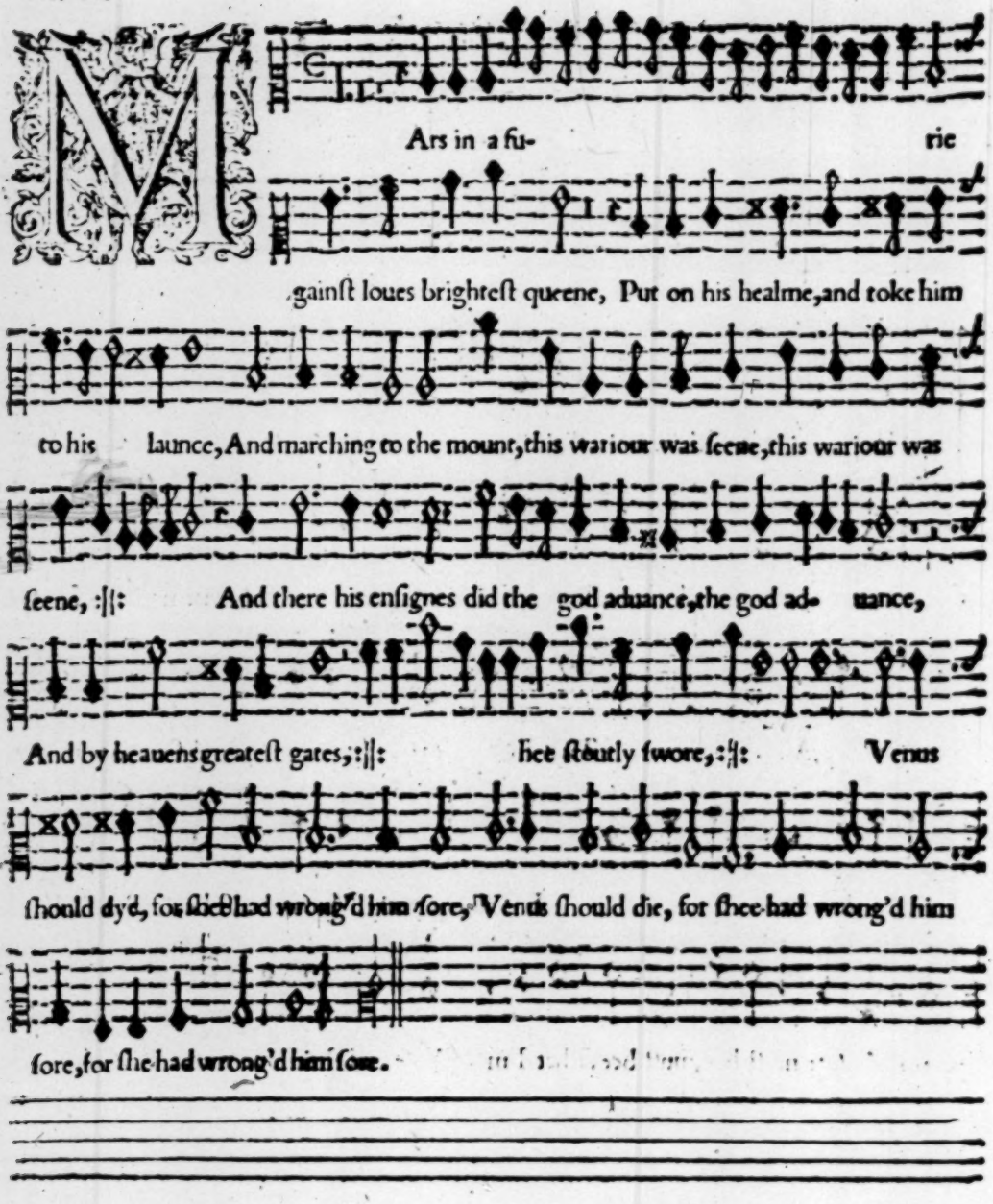

Like two proud Armies, marching in the field, in the field, marching
in the field, in the field, Ioyning a thundring fight, ioyning a thun- dring
fight, Each ſcorns to yeeld, each ſcornes to yeeld, :||: Ioyning a thundring
fight, thundring fight, ioyning a thun- dring fight, Each ſcorns to yeeld,
So in my hart, your beauty and my reaſon, The one claimes the crowne, the other
ſaies tis treaſon, But oh your beautie ſhineth as the Sunne, :||: the
Sun, And dazled reaſon yeelds, as quite vndone. :||: as quite vn-
done. as quite vn- done, as quite vn- done.

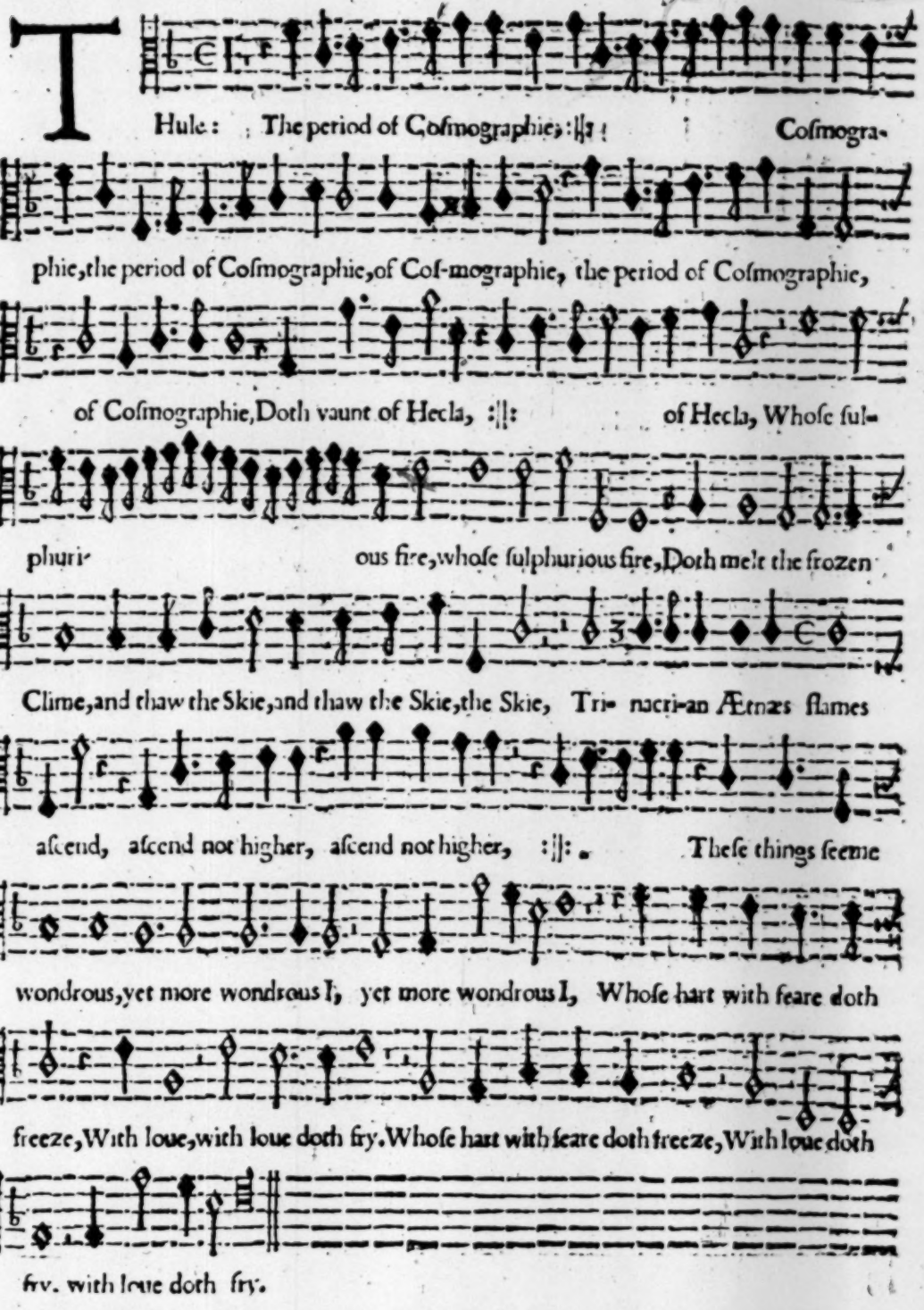

When Tho: The Faires do attend hir, attend hir, the Faires do attend hir, :||:
They sweet ly sing & sweetly talke, & sweetly talke, and sweetly
sweetly doe commend hir, & sweetly, sweetly doe com-mend hir, :||:
The Satires leape, :||: :||: and dauce the rownd, :||:
:||: And make their conges to the grownd, And euer more their
song it is, it is, Long maist ÿ liue faire Thoralis. faire Thoralis, Long maist thou
liue faire Thoralis. :||: :||: Long maist thou
liue faire Thoralis. faire Thoralis. :||: faire Thoralis, :||:
Long maist thou liue faire Thora- lis,

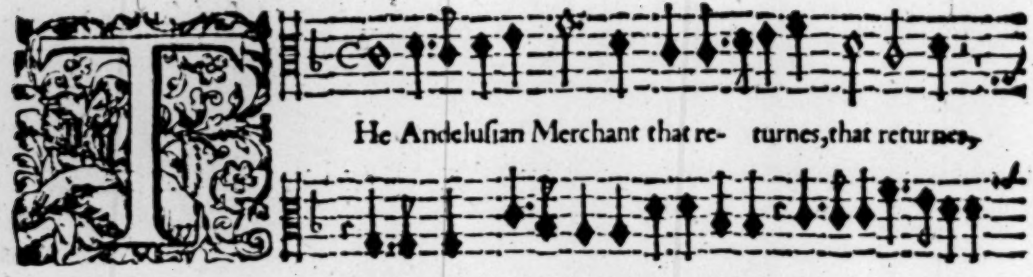

Hat haue the Gods, their cõsort sent from
heauen, :||: To charme my
sences, with heau'ns harmony, heau'ns har-
monie harmonie, Care they for mee, of all my ioyes bereauen, bereauen, Send they
heauens quire, to make me me-lo- dy, to make me melo- dy, Send they heauens
quire, to make mee melody, :||: :||: Blessing mee, with
Mu-sicke, Blessing mee, with Musicks fe-li-ci-tie, If it bee so, Great may your
god-heads bee, And greater, and greater still to ease my mi-se-ry, to ease my mise-
ry, my miserie.

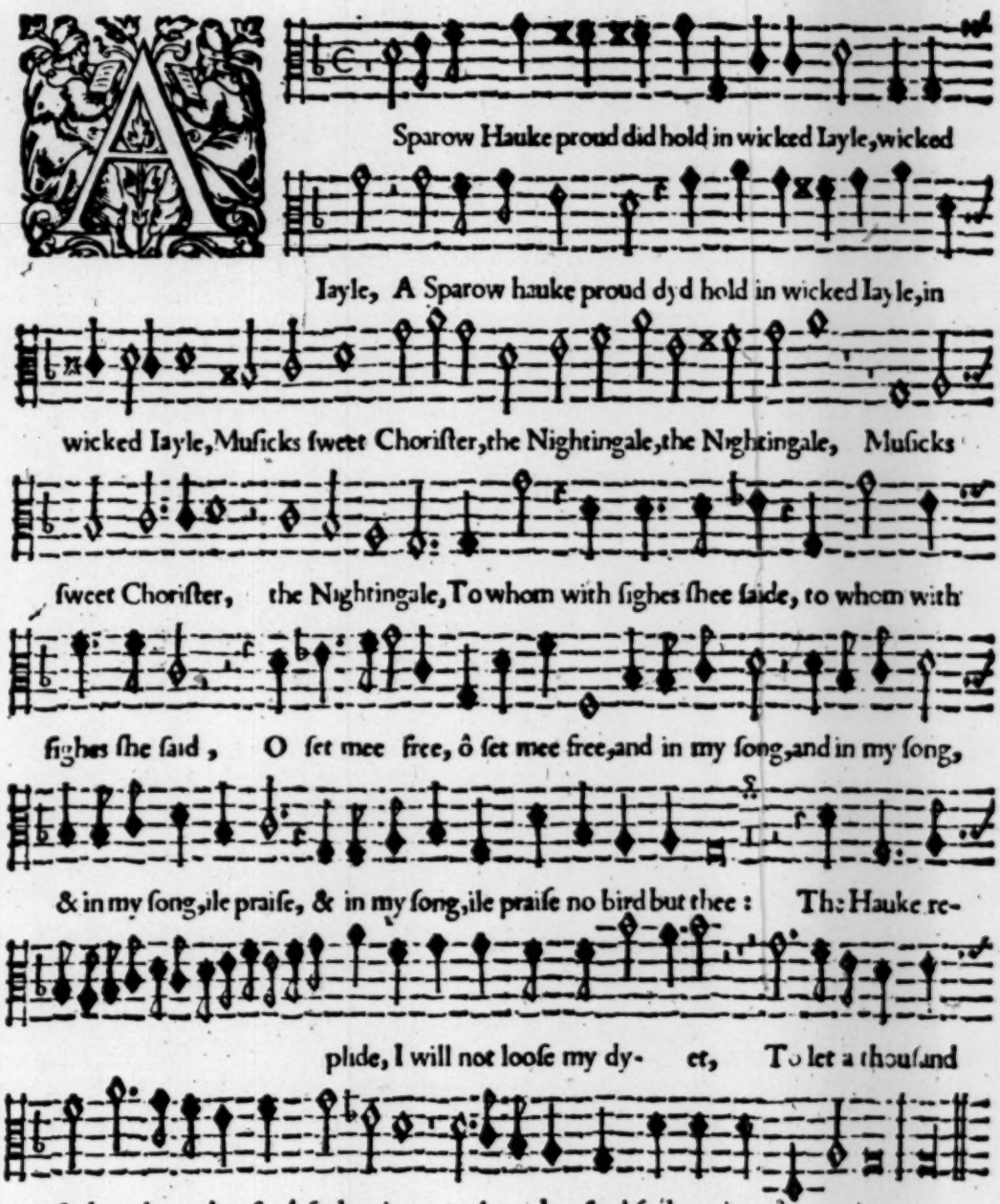

Me thinks I heare, Amphions warbling ſtrings, mee
thinks I heare, Amphions warbling ſtrings, Arions harpe, diſ-
tilling ſilu'ring ſound, diſtilling ſound, diſtilling ſilu'ring ſound, Orpheous meane Lute,
with all in order brings, in order brings, And with ſoule pleaſing Muſick doth a
bound, which doth a bound, doth a bound, Whilſt that old Phamius, :||:
ſoftly plaies the ground, Whilſt that olde Phamius ſoftlie plaies the
ground, O ſweet conſort, ſweet conſort, ô ſweet conſort, great may your com- fort
bee, and greater ſtill, to eaſe my mi-ſe-rie. to eaſe my miſerie. to eaſe my miſerie.

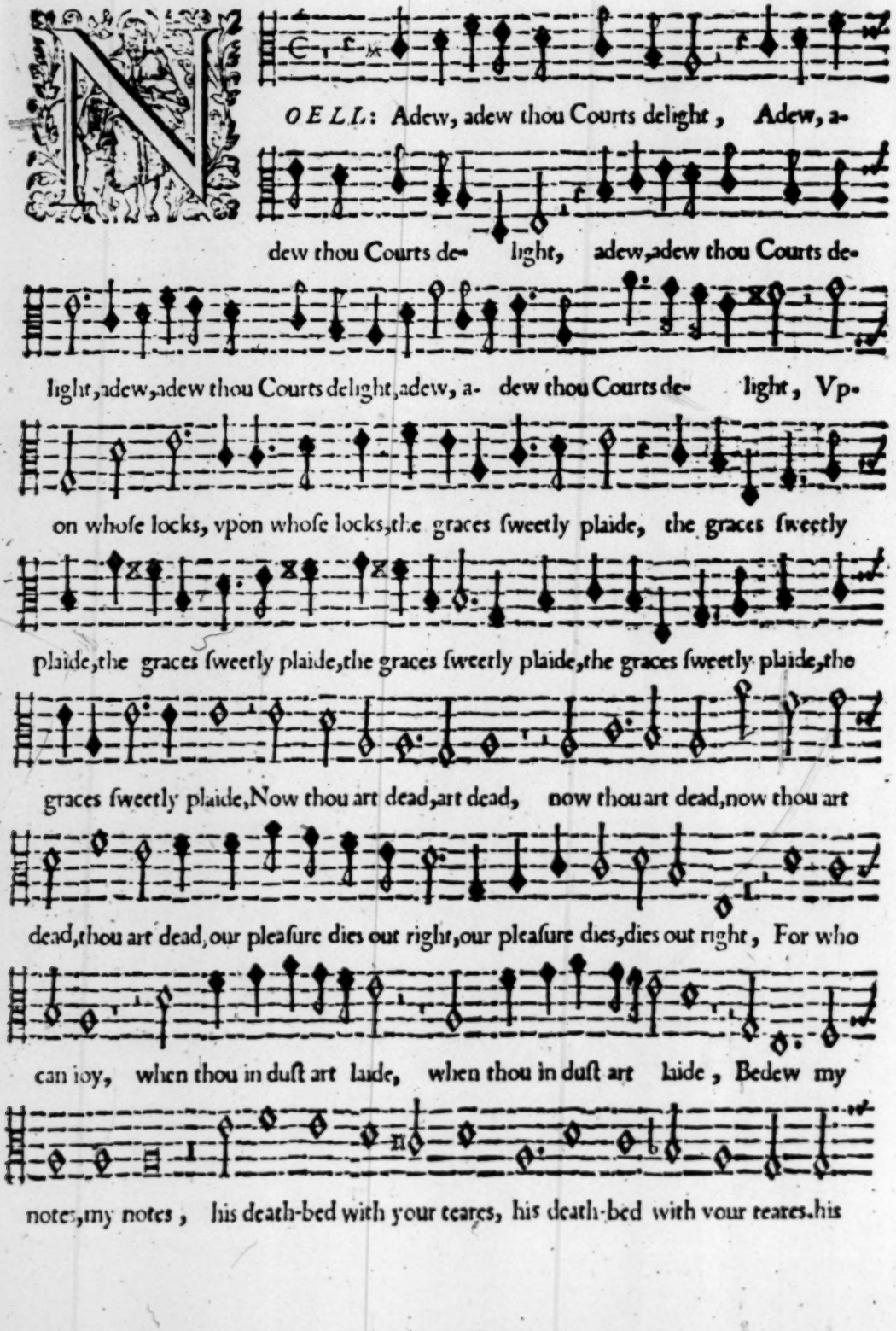

THree times a day my praier is, To gaze my fill on
Thoralis, :||: And three times thrise I
pray, :||: And three times thrise I dayly pray, I dayly pray, Not to offend
that sacred May, that sacred May, But all the yeere, :||: My sure must be, That
I may please, And she loue me, That I may please, :||: And shee loue mee,
But all the yeere, :||: But all the yeere, My sute must bee, But all the
yeere, My sute must bee, must bee, That I may please, and shee loue mee.


Mars in a fu- rie
gainſt loues brighteſt queene, Put on his healme, and toke him
to his launce, And marching to the mount, this wariour was ſeene, this wariour was
ſeene, :||: And there his enſignes did the god aduance, the god ad- uance,
And by heauens greateſt gates, :||: hee ſtoutly ſwore, :||: Venus
ſhould dy'd, for ſhee had wrong'd him ſore, Venus ſhould die, for ſhee had wrong'd him
ſore, for ſhe had wrong'd him ſore.

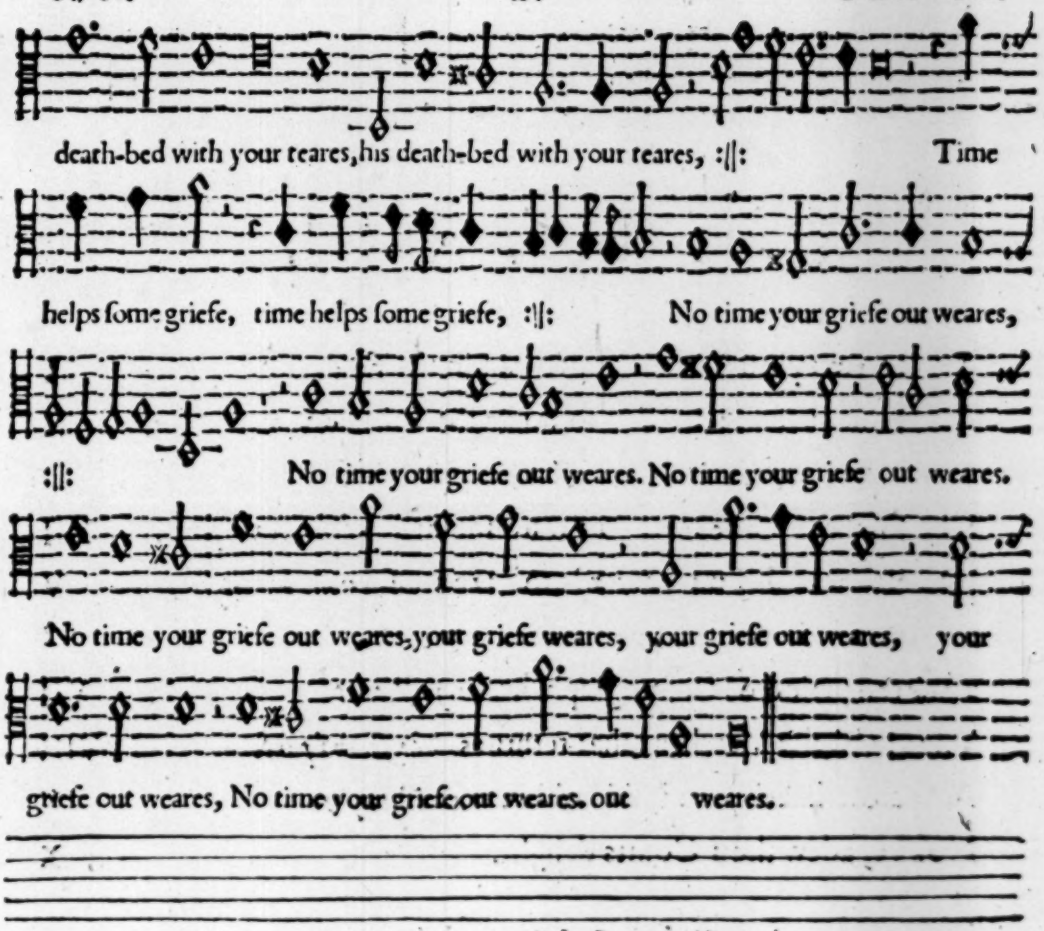

THule: The period of Cosmographie, Cosmogra-
phie, the period of Cosmographie, of Cos-mographie, the period of Cosmographie,
of Cosmographie, Doth vaunt of Hecla, of Hecla, Whose sul-
phuri- ous fire, whose sulphurious fire, Doth melt the frozen
Clime, and thaw the Skie, and thaw the Skie, the Skie, Tri- nacri-an Ætnæs flames
ascend, ascend not higher, ascend not higher, These things seeme
wondrous, yet more wondrous I, yet more wondrous I, Whose hart with feare doth
freeze, With loue, with loue doth fry. Whose hart with feare doth freeze, With loue doth
fry. with loue doth fry.


THe Andeluſian Merchant that re- turnes, that returnes,
Laden with Cutchinele & China diſhes, :||:
Laden with Cutchinele & China diſhes, :||: Reports in
Spaine, how ſtrangely Fogo burnes, :||: how ſtrangely Fogo burnes, :||:
:||: Amidſt an Ocean full of fly-ing fiſhes, full of
flying fiſhes, of flying fiſhes, Theſe things ſeeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
yet more wondrous I, Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, With loue, with loue doth
frye. Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, with loue, with loue doth frye.


Sparow Hauke proud did hold in wicked Iayle, wicked
Iayle, A Sparow hauke proud dyd hold in wicked Iayle, in
wicked Iayle, Muſicks ſweet Choriſter, the Nightingale, the Nightingale, Muſicks
ſweet Choriſter, the Nightingale, To whom with ſighes ſhee ſaide, to whom with
ſighes ſhe ſaid, O ſet mee free, ô ſet mee free, and in my ſong, and in my ſong,
& in my ſong, ile praiſe, & in my ſong, ile praiſe no bird but thee: The Hauke re-
plide, I will not looſe my dy- et, To let a thouſand
ſuch to let a thouſand ſuch enioy, to let a thouſand ſuch en-ioy their quiet.



NOELL: Adew, adew thou Courts delight, Adew, a-
dew thou Courts de- light, adew, adew thou Courts de-
light, adew, adew thou Courts delight, adew, a- dew thou Courts de- light, Vp-
on whoſe locks, vpon whoſe locks, the graces ſweetly plaide, the graces ſweetly
plaide, the graces ſweetly plaide, the graces ſweetly plaide, the graces ſweetly plaide, the
graces ſweetly plaide, Now thou art dead, art dead, now thou art dead, now thou art
dead, thou art dead, our pleaſure dies out right, our pleaſure dies, dies out right, For who
can ioy, when thou in duſt art laide, when thou in duſt art laide, Bedew my
notes, my notes, his death-bed with your teares, his death-bed with your teares. his


death-bed with your teares, his death-bed with your teares, :||: Time
helps ſome griefe, time helps ſome griefe, :||: No time your griefe out weares,
:||: No time your griefe out weares. No time your griefe out weares.
No time your griefe out weares, your griefe weares, your griefe out weares, your
griefe out weares, No time your griefe out weares. out weares.

FINIS.

THE TABLE.

Like two proud Armies, marching in the field, I

When *Thoralis* delights to walke, the Faires doe attend hir. II

What haue the Gods, their consort sent from heauen. *The first part.* III

Mee thinkes I heare, *Amphions* warbling strings. *The second part.* IIII

Three times a day my prayer is, to gaze my fill on *Thoralis.* V

Mars in a furie, gainst loues brighteſt Queene. VI

Thule the period of Cosmographie. *The first part.* VII

The *Andeluſian* Merchant, that returnes. *The second part.* VIII

A Sparow-hauck proud, did hold in wicked layle. IX

Nozzi, adew thou Courts delight. X

FINIS.

ALTO.

MADRIGALS OF 6. parts, apt for the Viols and voices.

Made & newly publiſhed

BY

Thomas Weelkes of the Coledge at Wincheſter,
Organiſt.

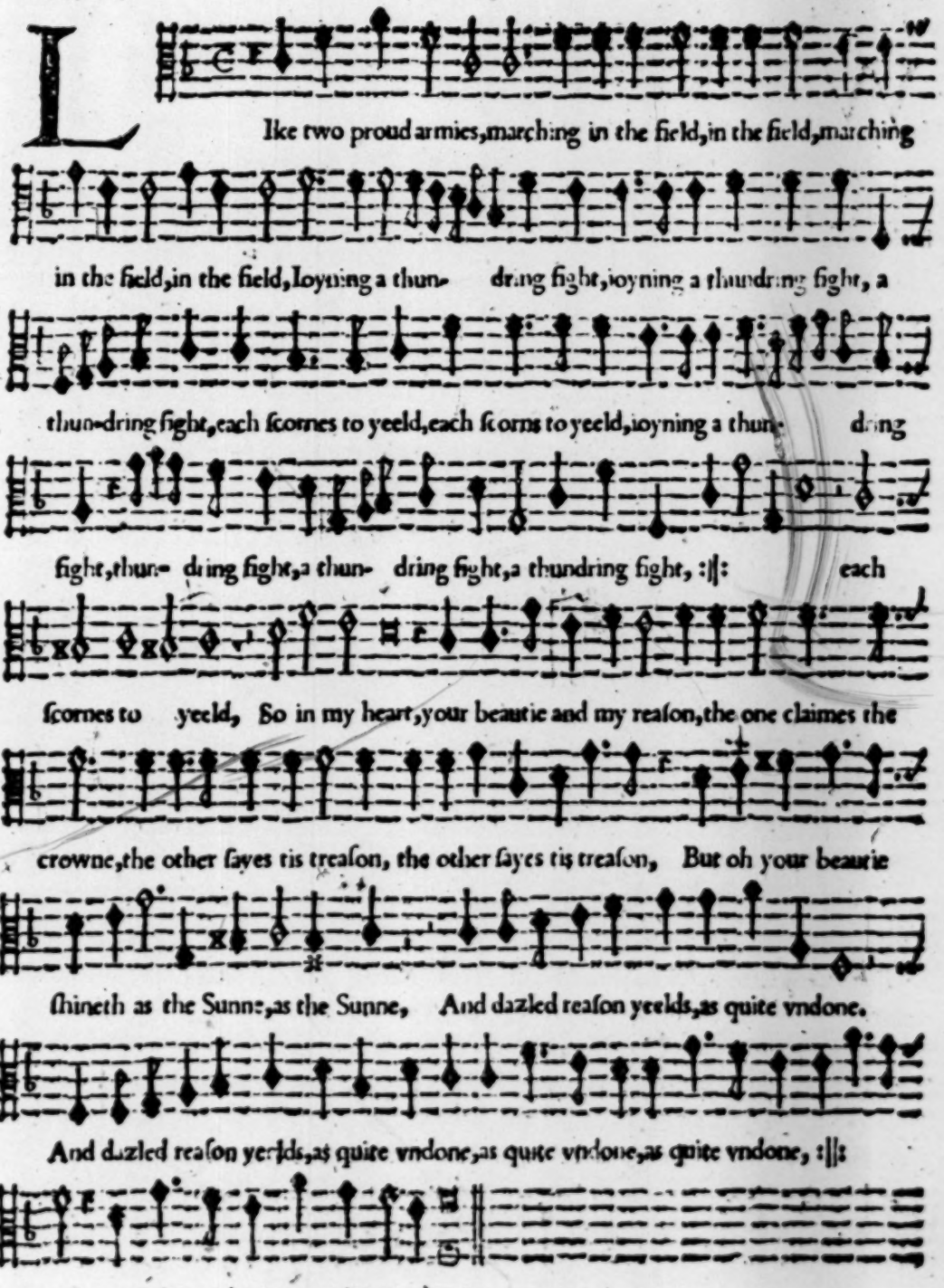
AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Eſte, the aſſigne of Thomas Morley.
1600.

To the right noble minded, and moſt vertuous gentleman, Maiſter George Brooke Eſquier.

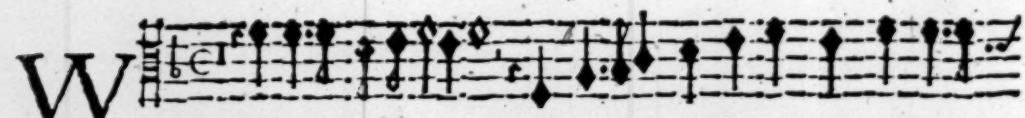
I Doe not doubt (moſt worthie Sir) but that, as well in a genarall opinion, as in your owne iudicious and approued cenſure, it may bee held for a part of little wit and leſſe manners, (vpon ſo weake a ground neither my ſelfe, nor my poore deſeruings being knowne vnto you,) to preſent vnto you theſe ſlender labours, as the fruits of my affected ſtudies. But vnder the fauour of your grauer wiſedome, I humbly beſeech both your vertuous patience, and pardon heerein: for a generall worlds report both of honour and your delight in this kind, hath ſo thoroughly poſſeſſed my well pleaſed eares, as hath (forgetfully of my poore ſelfe) enboldned my ſpirits, to make your onely ſelfe, the true iudge, and patron of theſe my vndeſeruing papers. Humbly crauing heerein. your gracious acceptance, and in their litle worth to nouriſh them, as begotten for, and to your onely honorable ſelfe. Wherin, my heereafter times ſhall euer bind me to acknowledge it in all due & reuerent thankefulneſſe, & in my beſt wits, deſerue it as I may. Euer reſting, as beſt ſhall become mee,

Your Worſhips in all ſeruice

Thomas Weelkes.


Like two proud armies, marching in the field, in the field, marching
in the field, in the field, loyning a thun- dring fight, ioyning a thundring fight, a
thun-dring fight, each scornes to yeeld, each scorns to yeeld, ioyning a thun- dring
fight, thun- dring fight, a thun- dring fight, a thundring fight, :||: each
scornes to yeeld, So in my heart, your beautie and my reason, the one claimes the
crowne, the other sayes tis treason, the other sayes tis treason, But oh your beautie
shineth as the Sunne, as the Sunne, And dazled reason yeelds, as quite vndone.
And dazled reason yeelds, as quite vndone, as quite vndone, as quite vndone, :||:
as quite vndone, as quite vn- done.

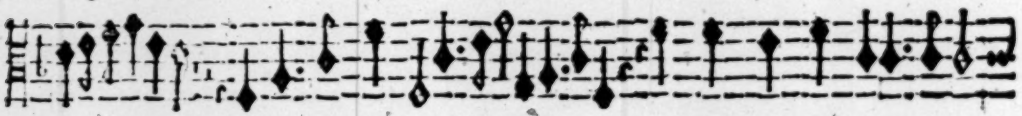
Cum



When The Faires doe attend hir, When *Thoralis* delights to walke, the Faires

do attend hir, :‖: They ſweetly ſing & ſweetly talke, they ſweetly

ſing & ſweetly, ſweetly talke, and ſweetly, ſweetly doe commend hir, :‖:



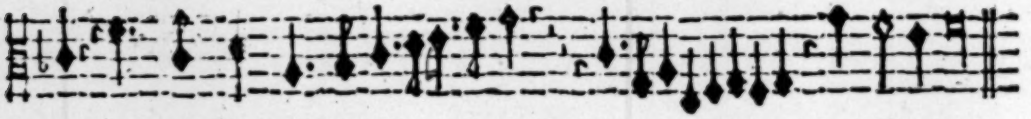
The Satires leape, :‖: :‖: and dauce the round, :‖:

and dance the round, and make their Conges to the ground, And euer more their

ſong it is, euer their ſong it is, Long maiſt thou liue faire *Thoralis* :‖:

Long maiſt thou liue faire *Thoralis*. :‖: :‖:

Long maiſt thou liue faire *Thoralis*, faire *Thoralis*, :‖:



Long maiſt thou liue faire *Thora-* *lis*, :‖: faire *Thoralis*.

Hat haue the Gods, the gods their cõfort
sent from heauen, :||: To charme
my sences, with heauens harmony, with
heauens harmony, :||: Care they for mee, of all my ioyes bee-
reau'n, Send they heauens quire, to make mee melo- dy, mee melo- dy, Send they
heauens quire, :||: to make mee melody, :||: :||:
Blessing mee, with Musickes fe-li-ci-tie, Great may your god-heads bee,
your god-heads bee, And greater still to ease my misery, to ease my misery,
to ease my miserie.

Ee thinkes I heare, *Amphions* warbling

ſtrings, warbling ſtrings, *Arions* harpe, :||: diſ-

tilling ſil'ring ſound, diſtilling ſilu'ring ſound, *Orpheans* meane Lute, with all in

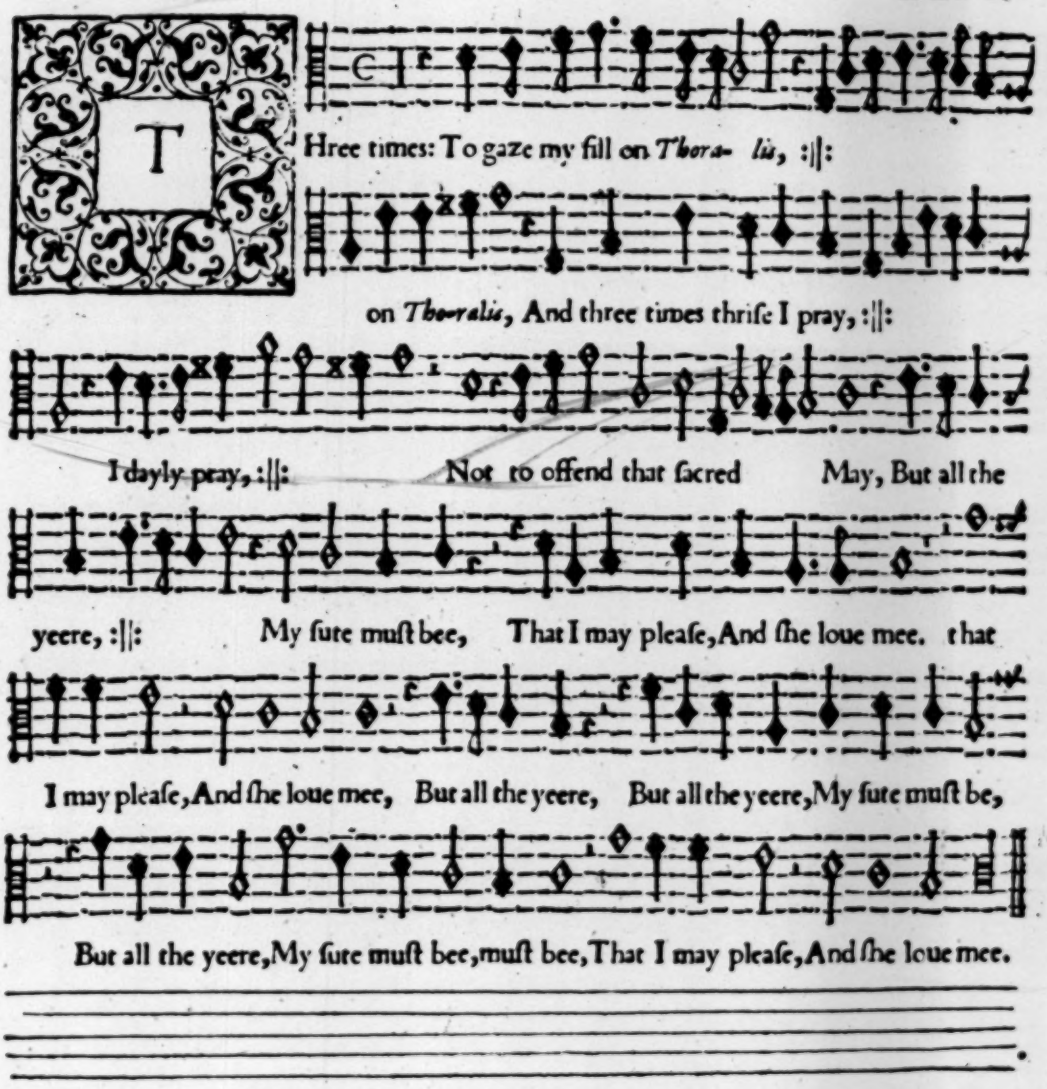
order brings, in order brings, And with ſoule pleaſing Muſick doth a bound,

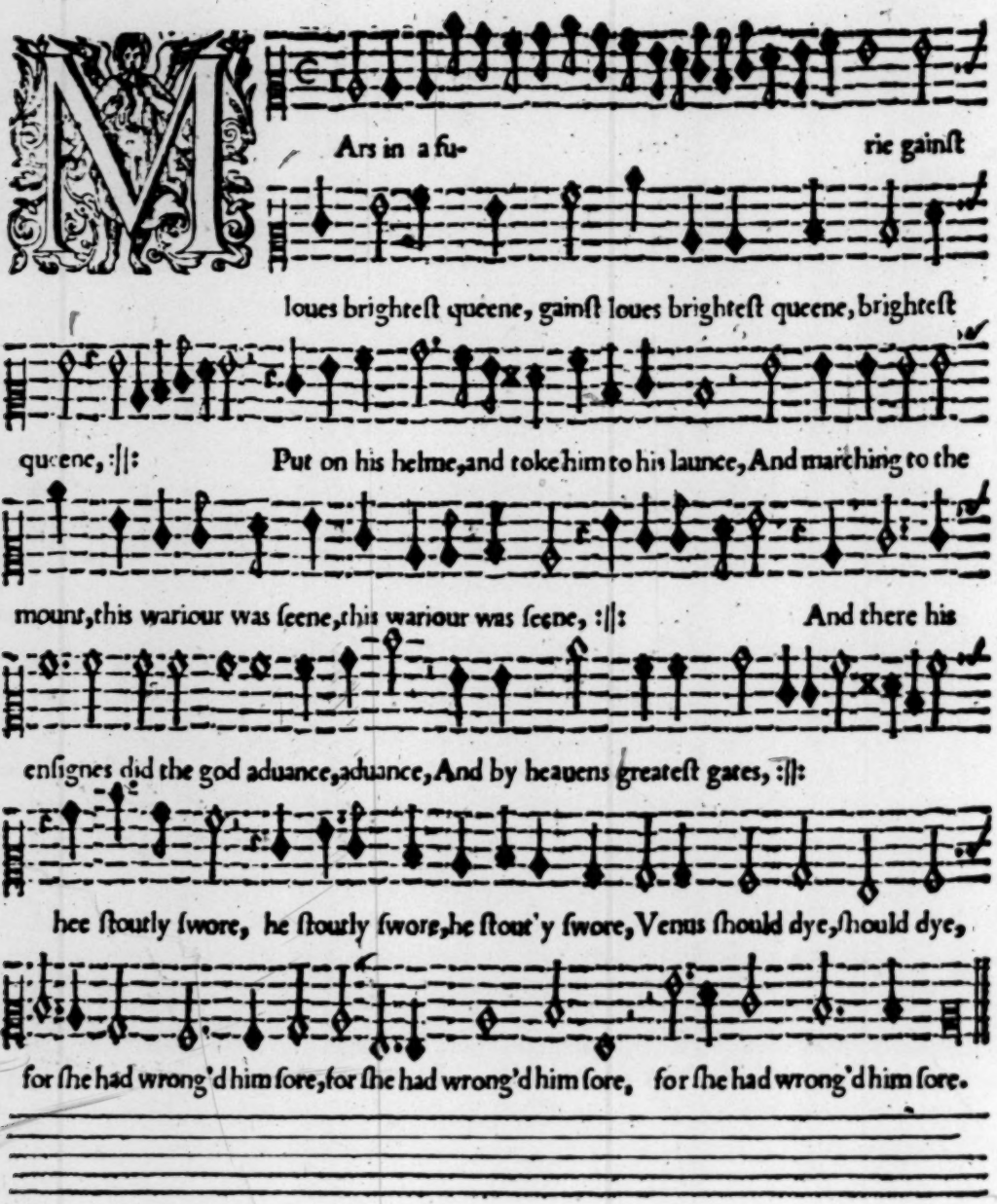
doth a- bound, doth a bound, a bound, Whilſt that olde *Phœmius*, ſoftly

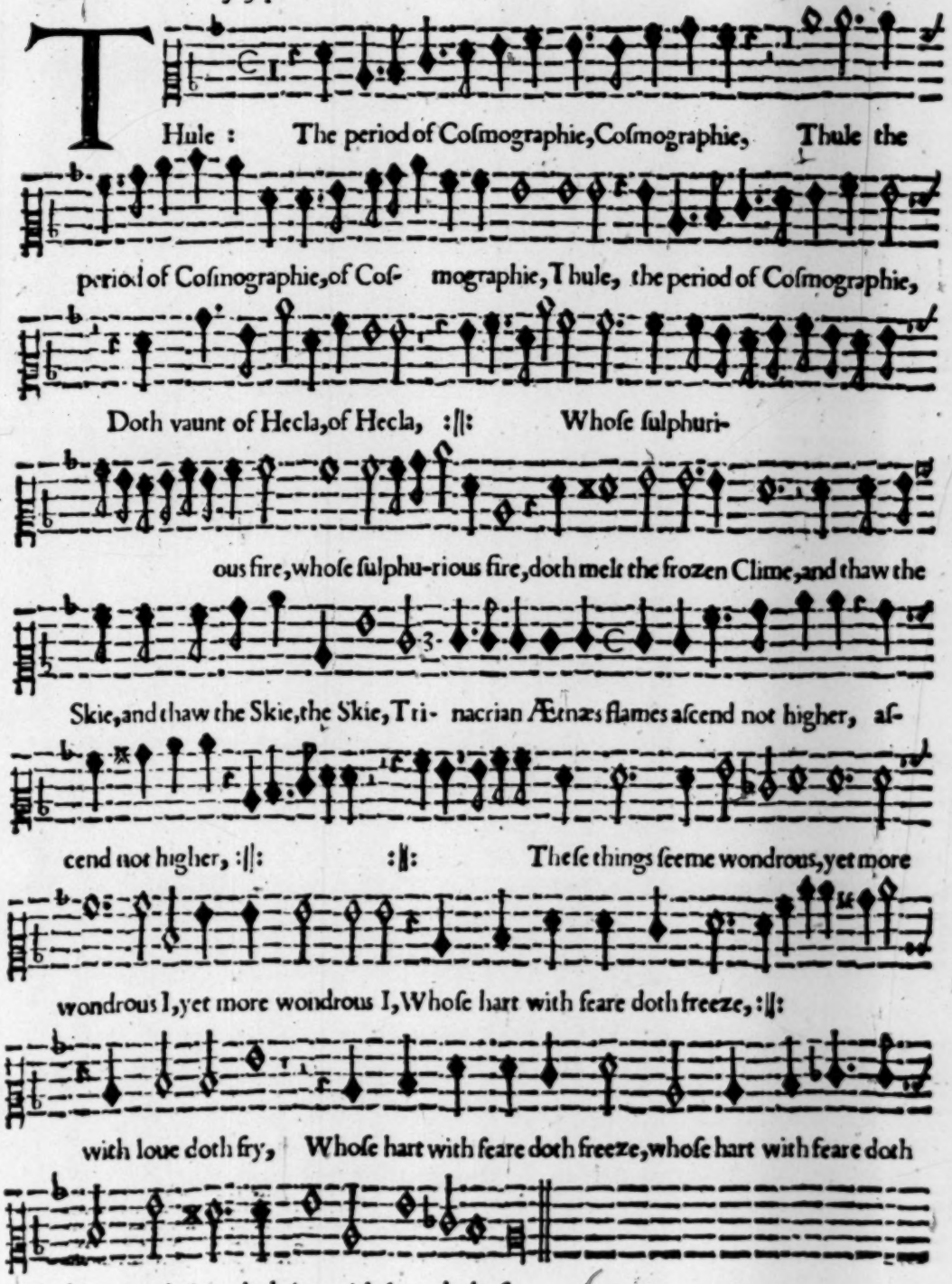
plaies the ground, :|: the ground, ſoftly plaies the ground, O ſweet

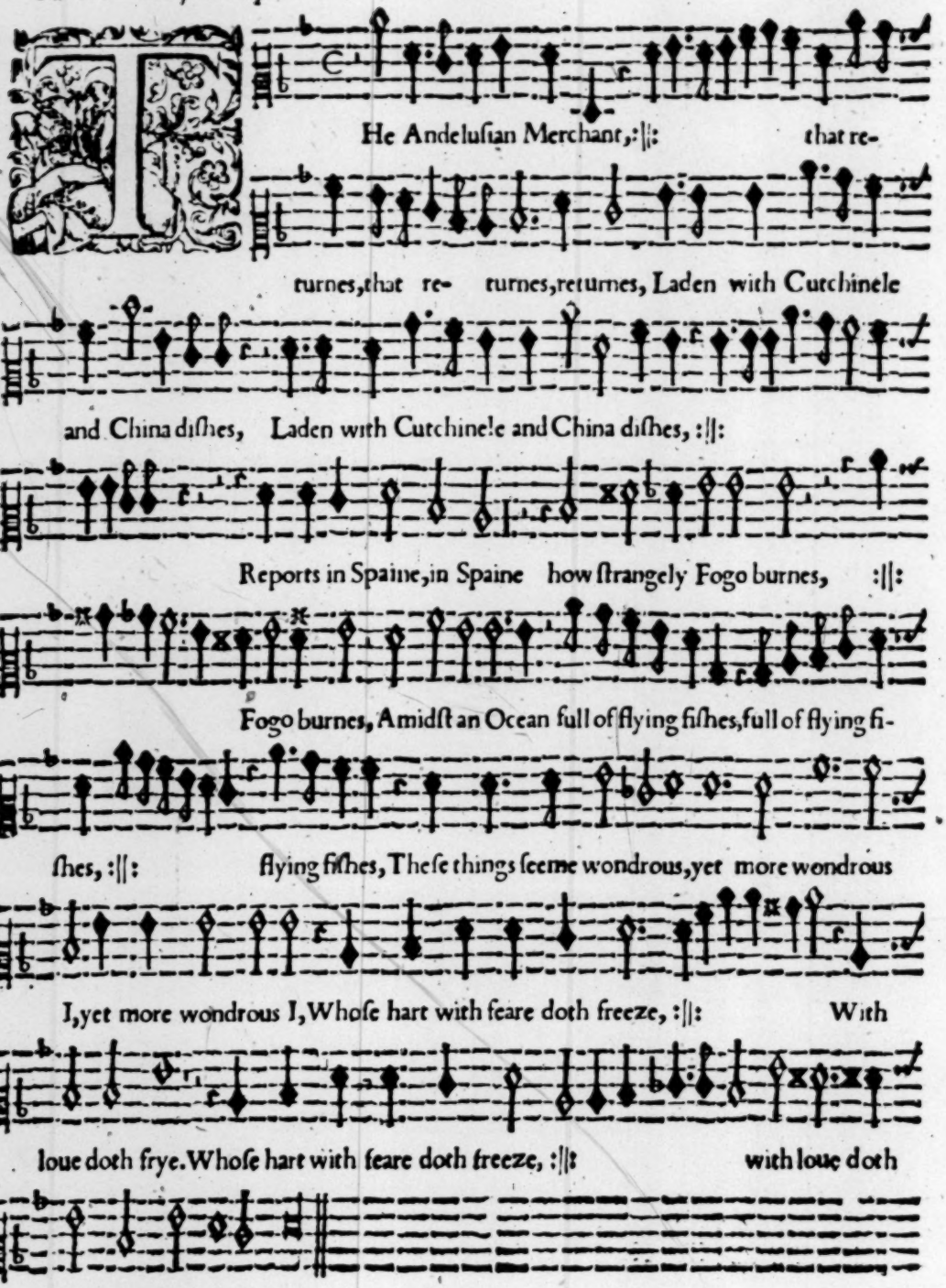
con ſo.t, great may your comfort bee, and greater ſtill, :||: to eaſe my

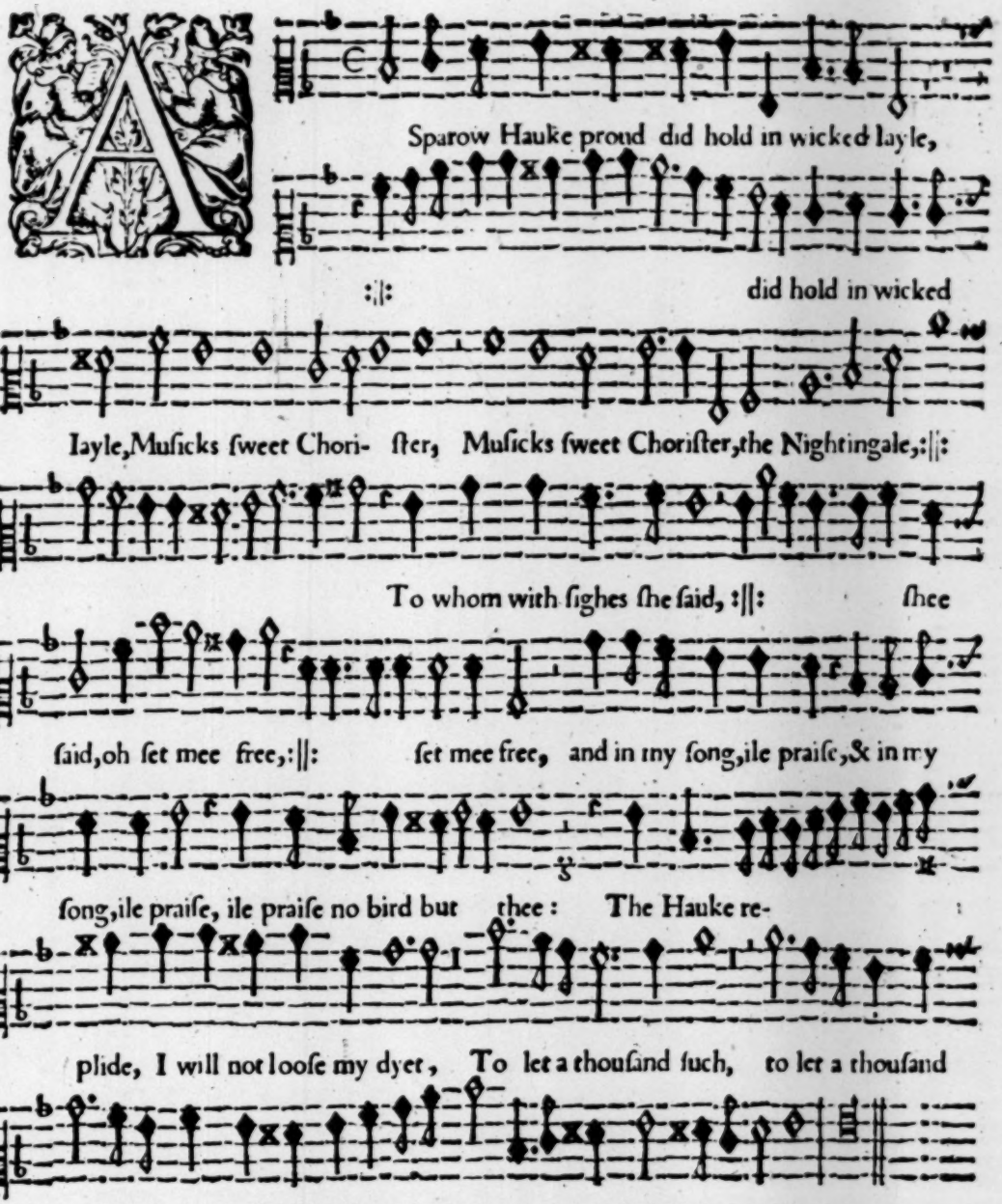
mi-ſe-rie, to eaſe my mi- ſe- rie.

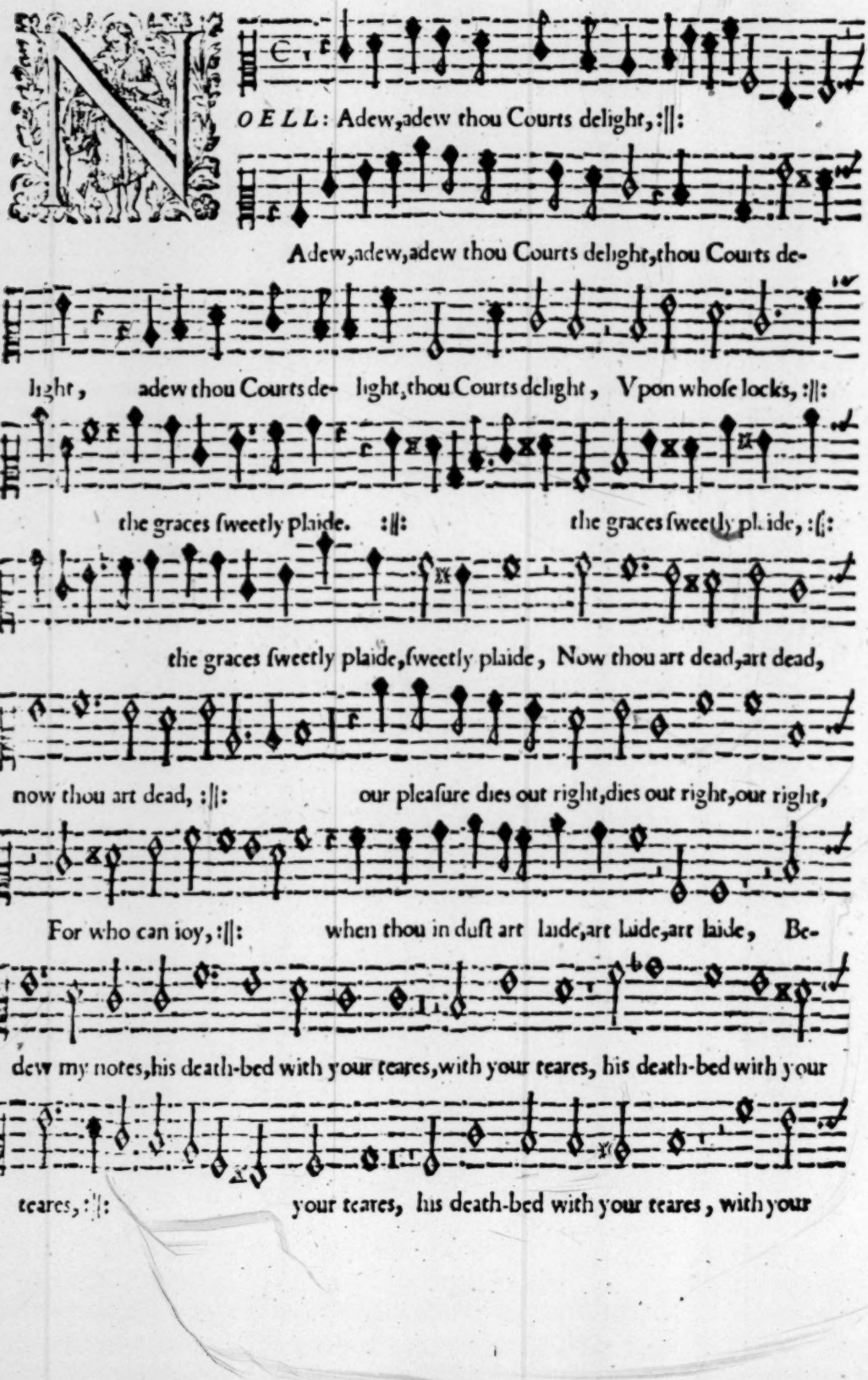

THree times: To gaze my fill on Thoralis, :||:
on Thoralis, And three times thrise I pray, :||:
I dayly pray, :||: Not to offend that sacred May, But all the
yeere, :||: My sute must bee, That I may please, And she loue mee. that
I may please, And she loue mee, But all the yeere, But all the yeere, My sute must be,
But all the yeere, My sute must bee, must bee, That I may please, And she loue mee.

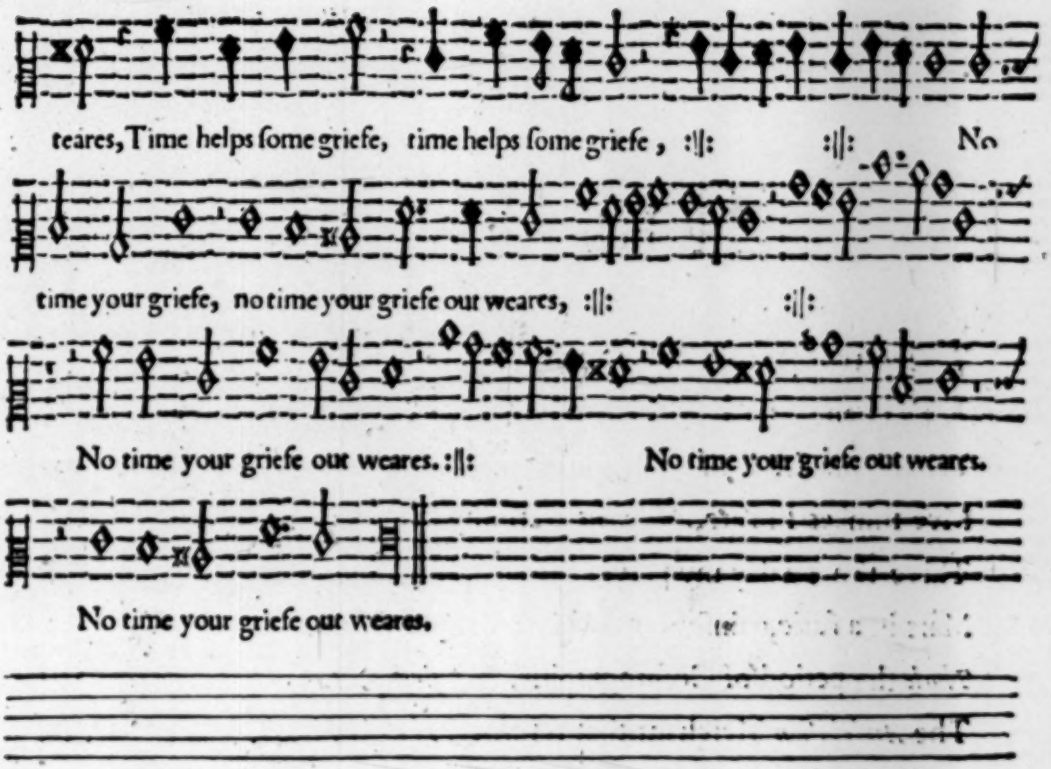

Mars in a fu- rie gainſt
loues brighteſt queene, gainſt loues brighteſt queene, brighteſt
queene, :||: Put on his helme, and toke him to his launce, And marching to the
mount, this wariour was ſeene, this wariour was ſeene, :||: And there his
enſignes did the god aduance, aduance, And by heauens greateſt gates, :||:
hee ſtoutly ſwore, he ſtoutly ſwore, he ſtout'y ſwore, Venus ſhould dye, ſhould dye,
for ſhe had wrong'd him ſore, for ſhe had wrong'd him ſore, for ſhe had wrong'd him ſore.


THule : The period of Coſmographie, Coſmographie, Thule the
period of Coſmographie, of Coſ- mographie, Thule, the period of Coſmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, of Hecla, :||: Whoſe ſulphuri-
ous fire, whoſe ſulphu-rious fire, doth melt the frozen Clime, and thaw the
Skie, and thaw the Skie, the Skie, Tri- nacrian Ætnæs flames aſcend not higher, aſ-
cend not higher, :||: :||: Theſe things ſeeme wondrous, yet more
wondrous I, yet more wondrous I, Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, :||:
with loue doth fry, Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, whoſe hart with feare doth
freeze, with loue doth fry, with loue doth fry.


THe Andeluſian Merchant, :||: that re-
turnes, that re- turnes, returnes, Laden with Cutchinele
and China diſhes, Laden with Cutchinele and China diſhes, :||:
Reports in Spaine, in Spaine how ſtrangely Fogo burnes, :||:
Fogo burnes, Amidſt an Ocean full of flying fiſhes, full of flying fi-
ſhes, :||: flying fiſhes, Theſe things ſeeme wondrous, yet more wondrous
I, yet more wondrous I, Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, :||: With
loue doth frye. Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, :||: with loue doth
frye, with loue doth frye.


A Sparow Hauke proud did hold in wicked layle,
:||: did hold in wicked
layle, Muſicks ſweet Chori- ſter, Muſicks ſweet Choriſter, the Nightingale, :||:
To whom with ſighes ſhe ſaid, :||: ſhee
ſaid, oh ſet mee free, :||: ſet mee free, and in my ſong, ile praiſe, & in my
ſong, ile praiſe, ile praiſe no bird but thee: The Hauke re-
plide, I will not looſe my dyet, To let a thouſand ſuch, to let a thouſand
to let a thouſand ſuch enioy their qui- et en- ioy their qui- et.


OELL: Adew, adew thou Courts delight, :||:
Adew, adew, adew thou Courts delight, thou Courts de-
light, adew thou Courts de- light, thou Courts delight, Vpon whose locks, :||:
the graces sweetly plaide. :||: the graces sweetly plaide, :||:
the graces sweetly plaide, sweetly plaide, Now thou art dead, art dead,
now thou art dead, :||: our pleasure dies out right, dies out right, our right,
For who can ioy, :||: when thou in dust art laide, art laide, art laide, Be-
dew my notes, his death-bed with your teares, with your teares, his death-bed with your
teares, :||: your teares, his death-bed with your teares, with your


teares, Time helps ſome griefe, time helps ſome griefe, :||: :||: No
time your griefe, no time your griefe out weares, :||: :||:
No time your griefe out weares. :||: No time your griefe out weares.
No time your griefe out weares.

FINIS.

THE TABLE.

Like two proud Armies, marching in the field. I

When *Thoralis* delights to walke, the Faires doe attend hir. II

What haue the Gods, their consort sent from heauen. *The first part.* III

Mee thinkes I heare, *Amphions* warbling strings. *The second part.* IIII

Three times a day my prayer is, to gaze my fill on *Thoralis.* V

Mars in a furie, gainst loues brighteſt Queene. VI

Thule the period of Cosmographie. *The first part.* VII

The *Andelusian* Merchant, that returnes. *The second part.* VIII

A Sparow-hauck proud, did hold in wicked layle. IX

Noell, adew thou Courts delight. X

FINIS.

QVINTO.

MADRIGALS OF 6. parts, apt for the Viols and voices.

Made & newly publiſhed

BY

Thomas Weelkes of the Coledge at Wincheſter,
Organiſt.

AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Eſte, the aſſigne of Thomas Morley.
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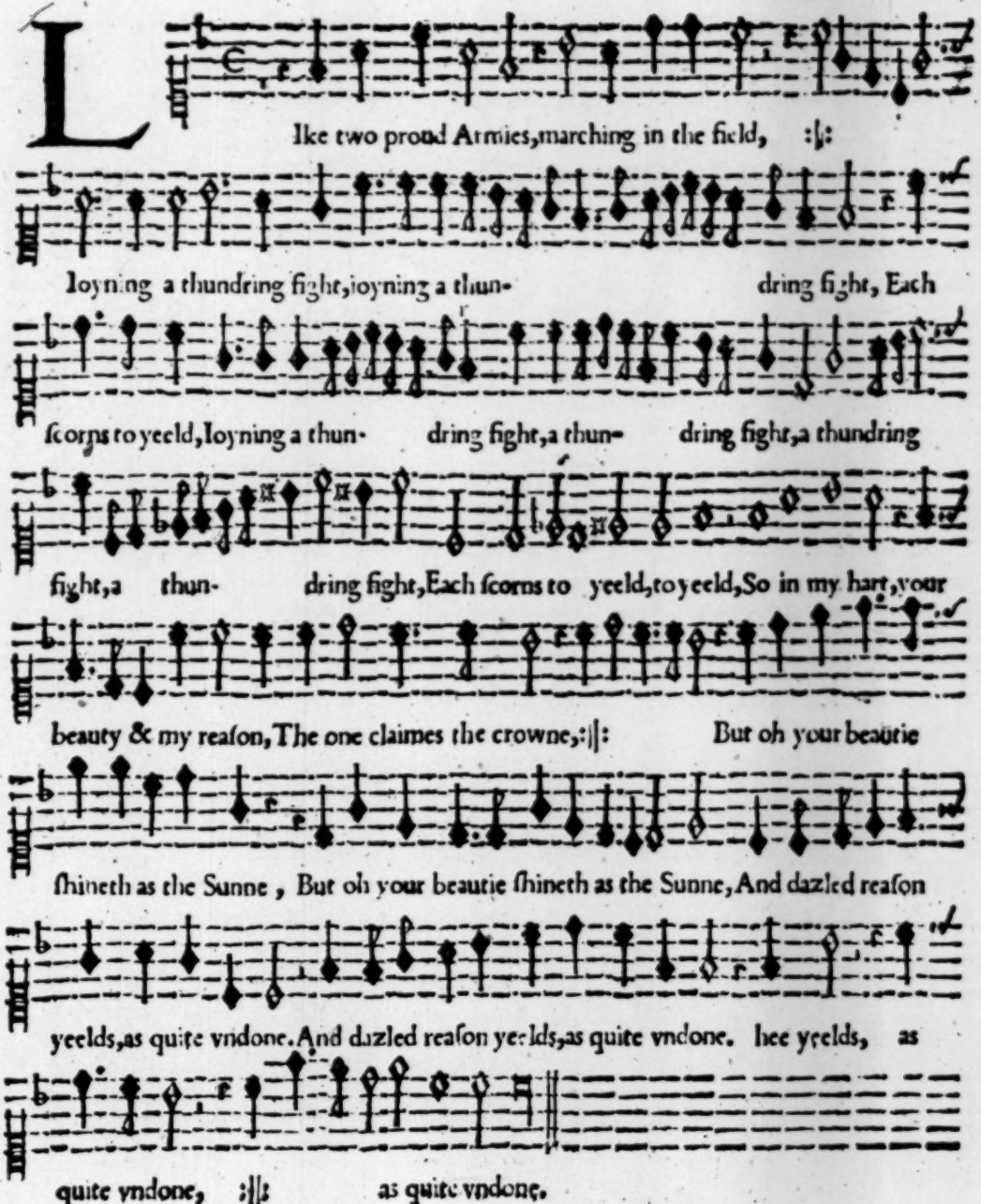
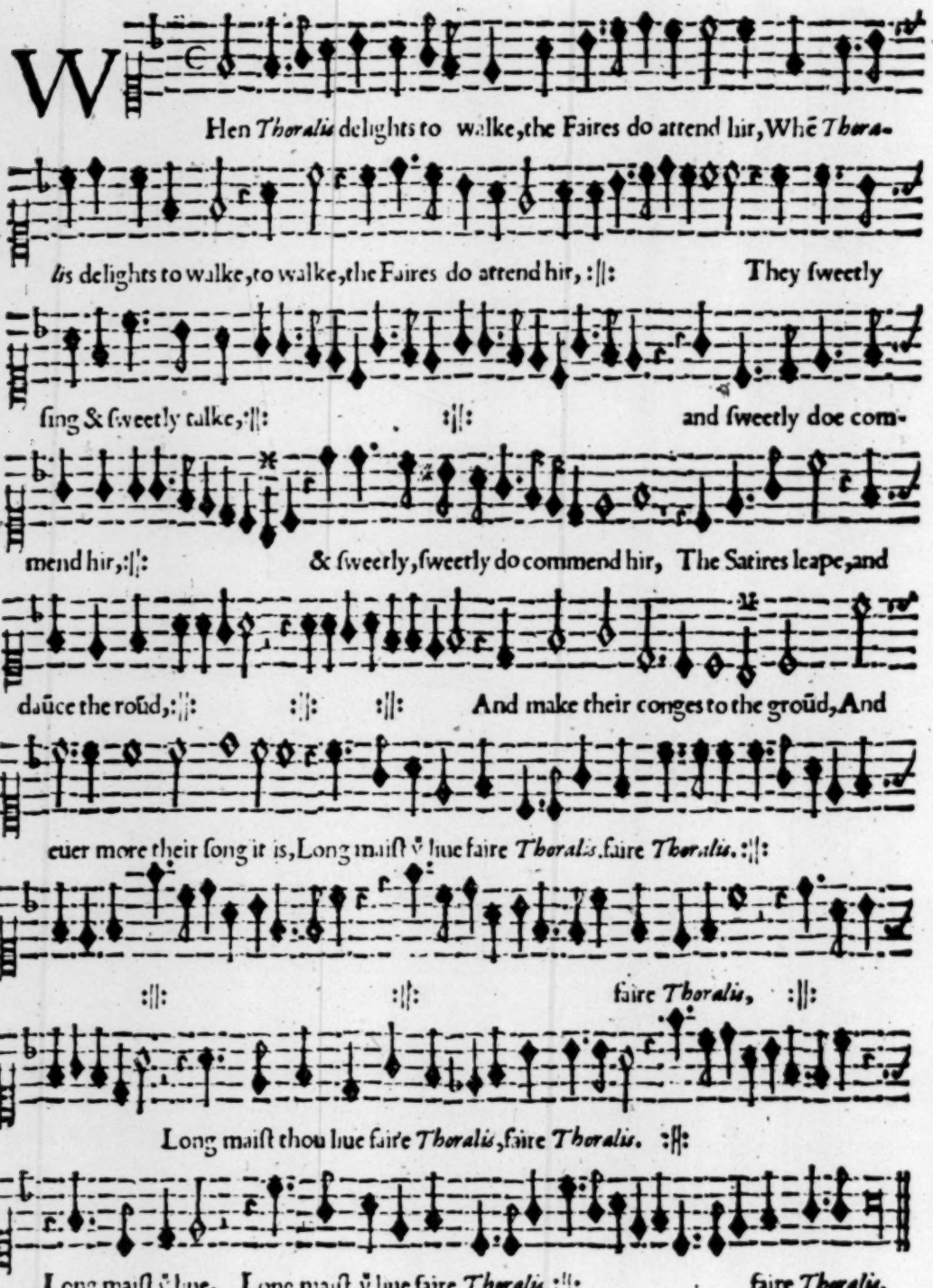
Your Worſhips in all ſeruice

Thomas Weelkes.


Like two proud Armies, marching in the field, :|:
loyning a thundring fight, ioyning a thun- dring fight, Each
scorns to yeeld, loyning a thun- dring fight, a thun- dring fight, a thundring
fight, a thun- dring fight, Each scorns to yeeld, to yeeld, So in my hart, your
beauty & my reason, The one claimes the crowne, :||: But oh your beautie
shineth as the Sunne, But oh your beautie shineth as the Sunne, And dazled reason
yeelds, as quite vndone. And dazled reason yeelds, as quite vndone. hee yeelds, as
quite vndone, :||: as quite vndone.


When Thoralis delights to walke, the Faires do attend hir, Whē Thora-
lis delights to walke, to walke, the Faires do attend hir, :||: They ſweetly
ſing & ſweetly talke, :||: :||: and ſweetly doe com-
mend hir, :||: & ſweerly, ſweetly do commend hir, The Satires leape, and
daũce the roũd, :||: :||: :||: And make their conges to the groũd, And
euer more their ſong it is, Long maiſt ỹ liue faire Thoralis, faire Thoralis. :||:
:||: :||: faire Thoralis, :||:
Long maiſt thou liue faire Thoralis, faire Thoralis. :||:
Long maiſt ỹ liue, Long maiſt ỹ liue faire Thoralis, :||: faire Thoralis.

What haue the Gods, the gods their cõfort

sent from heauen, :||: To

charme my sences, with heauens harmo-

ny, Care they for mee, of all my ioyes bereauen, :||: Send they heauens

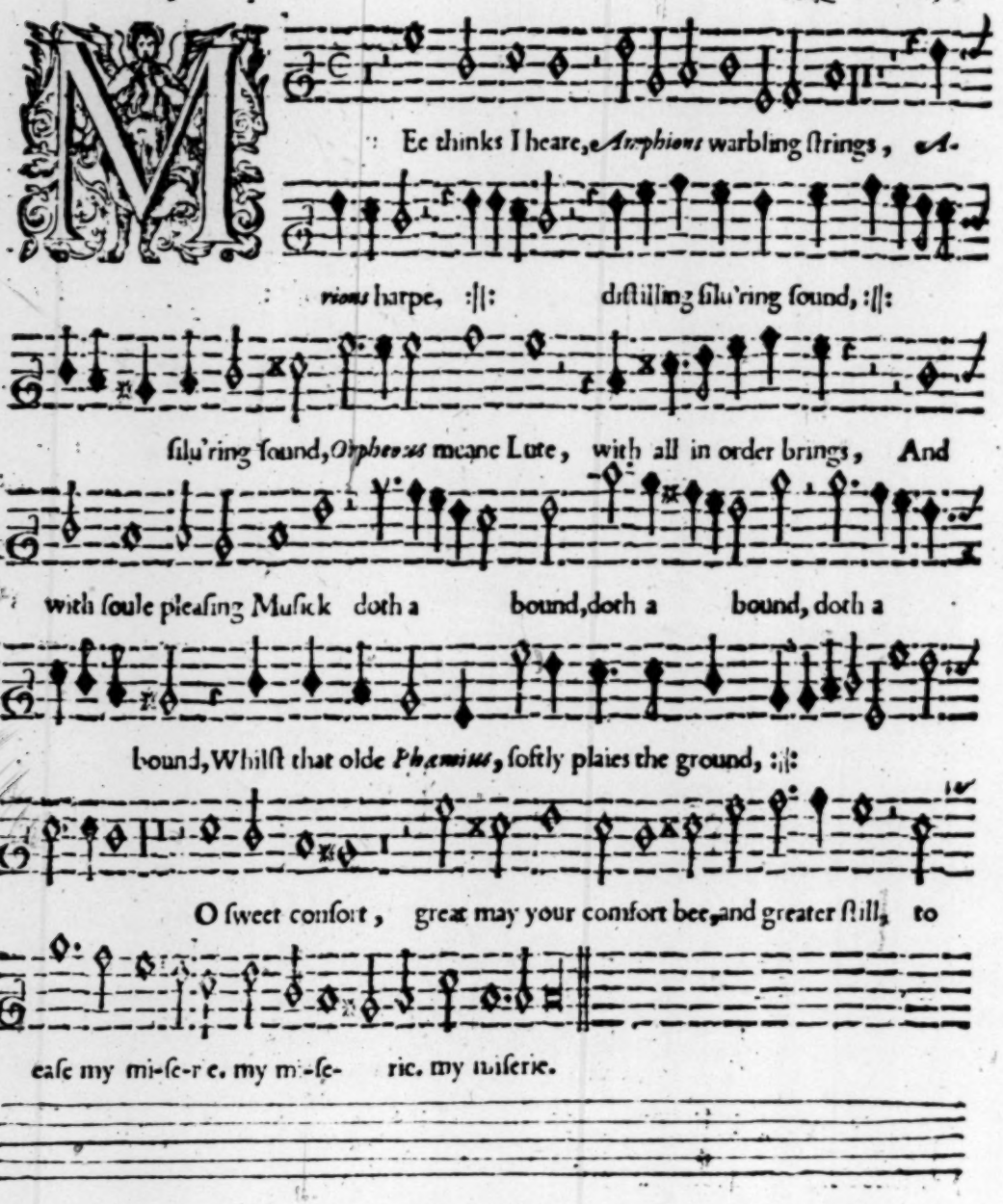
quire, to make mee me-lo-dy, to make mee melo- dy, Send they heauens quire,

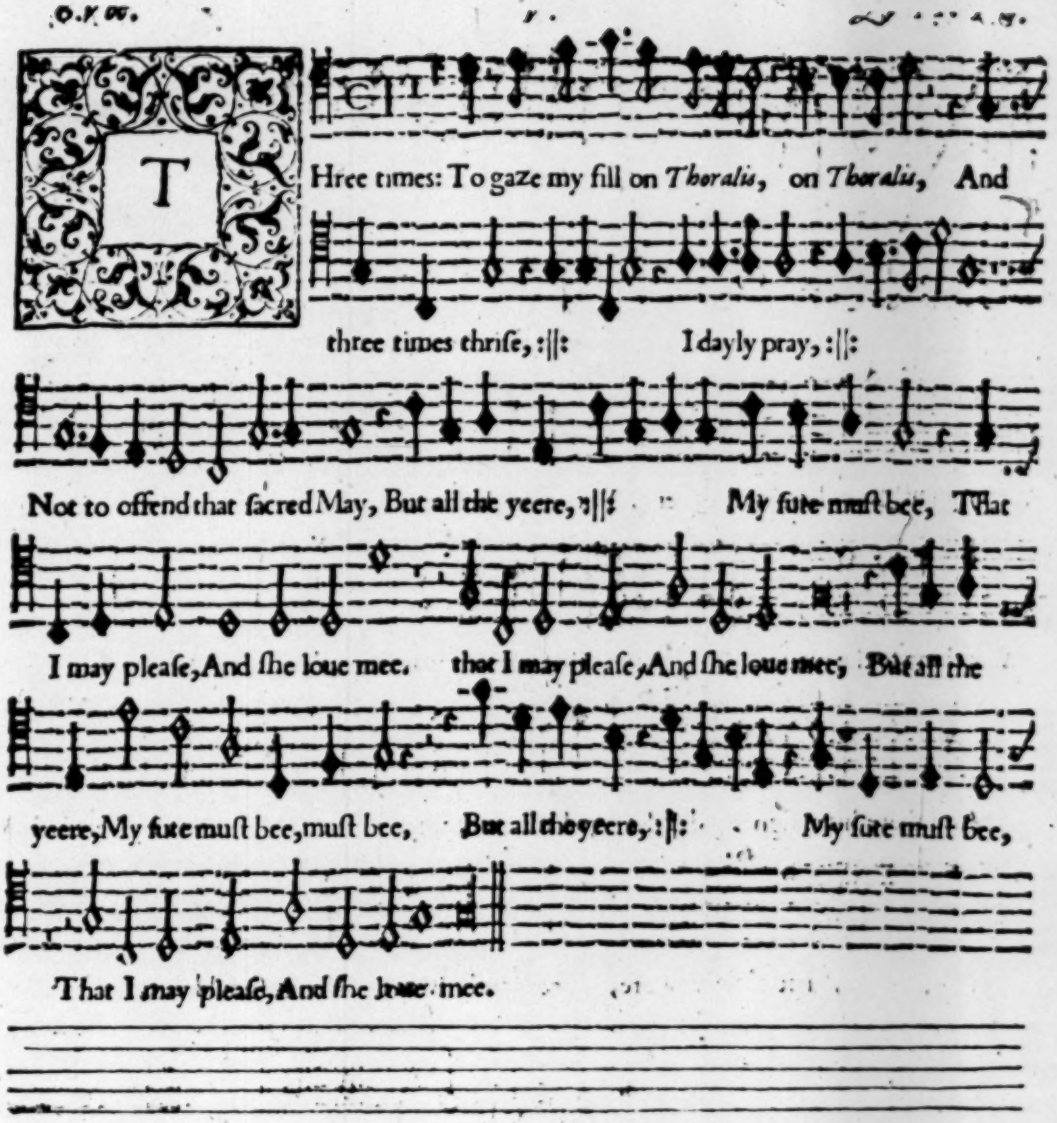
:||: to make mee melody, :||: :||:

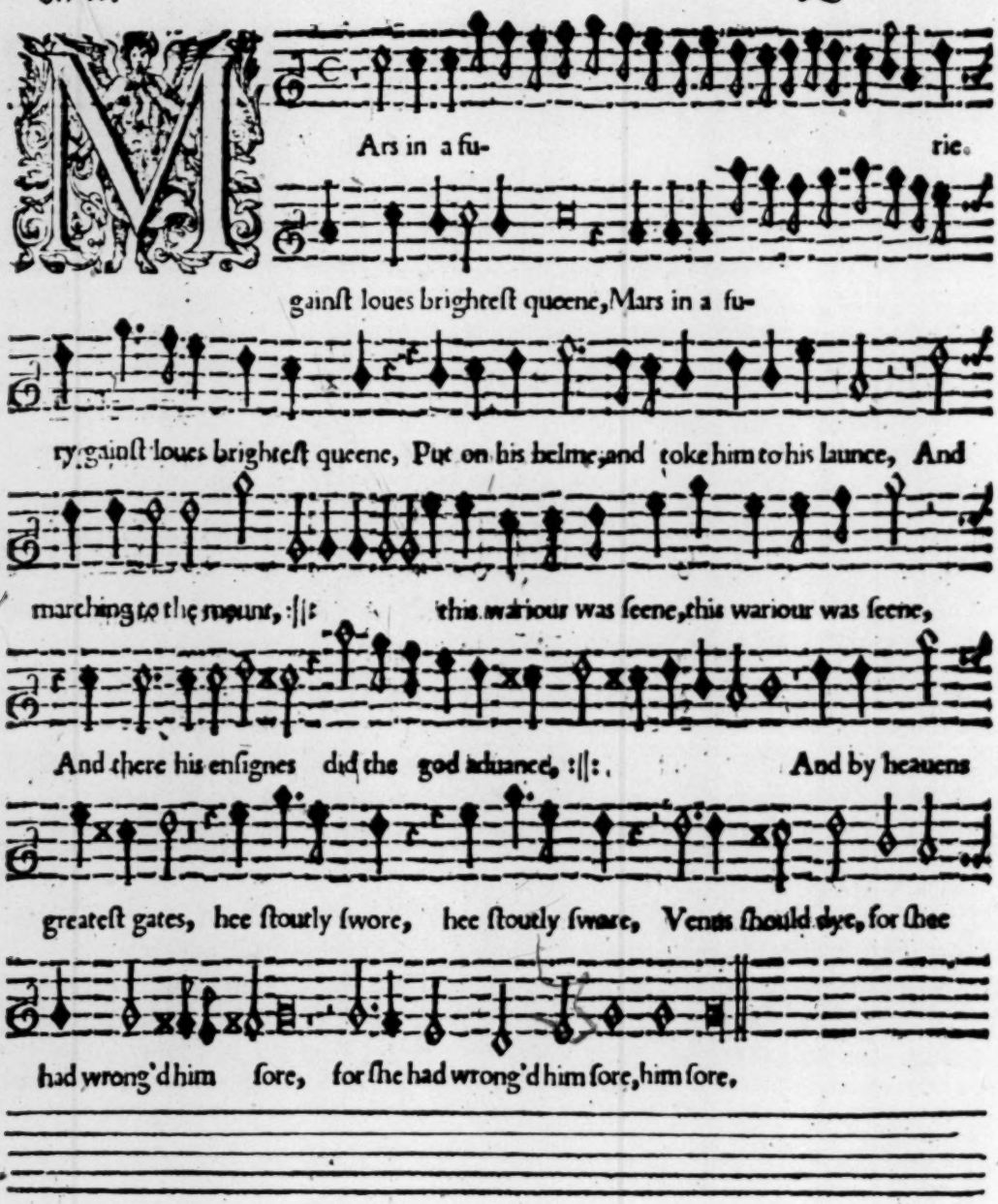
Blessing mee, blessing mee, with Musickes fe-li-ci-tie, if it bee so, Great may your

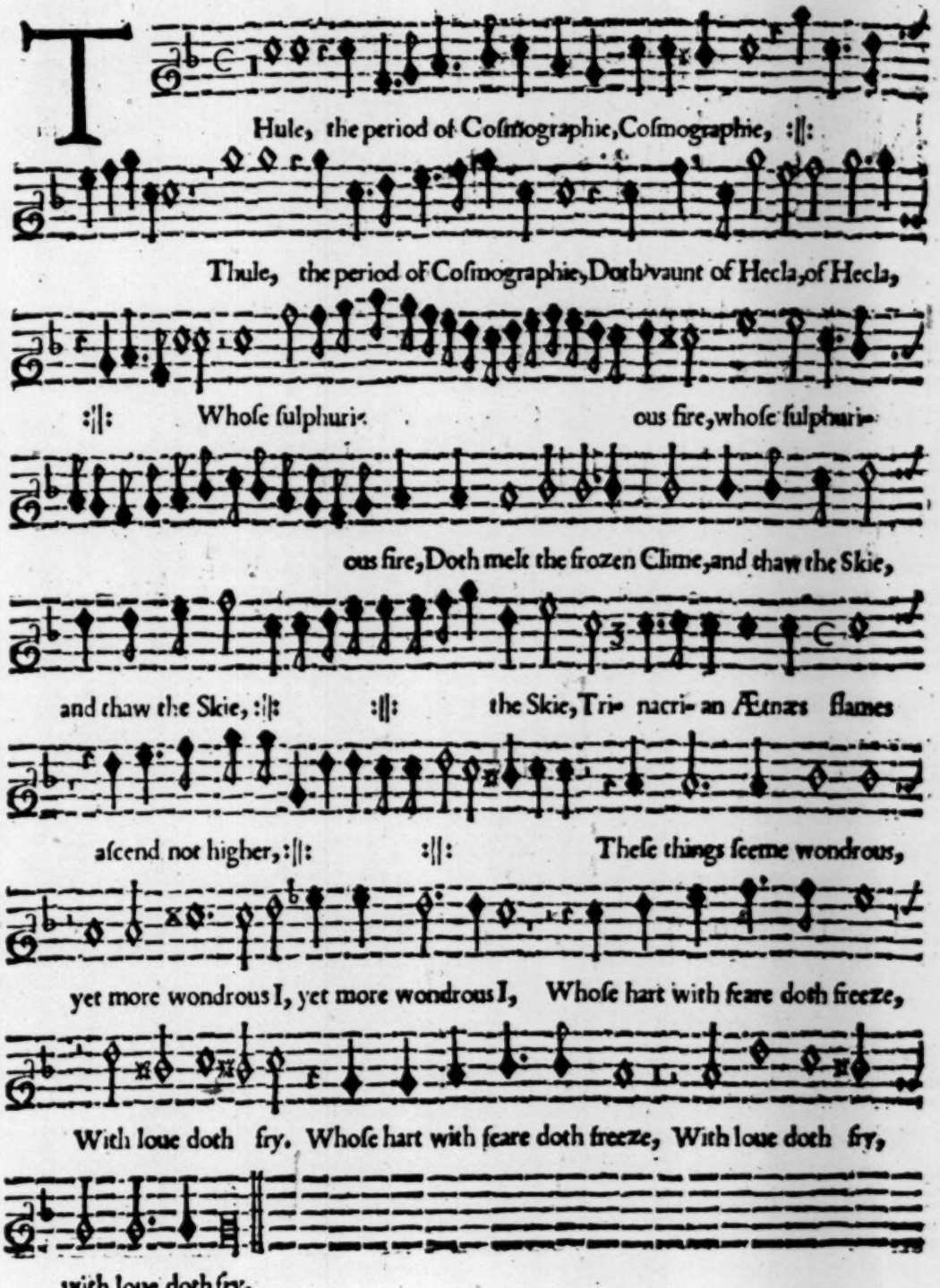
god-heads be, :||: And greater still to ease my mise- ry, And greater

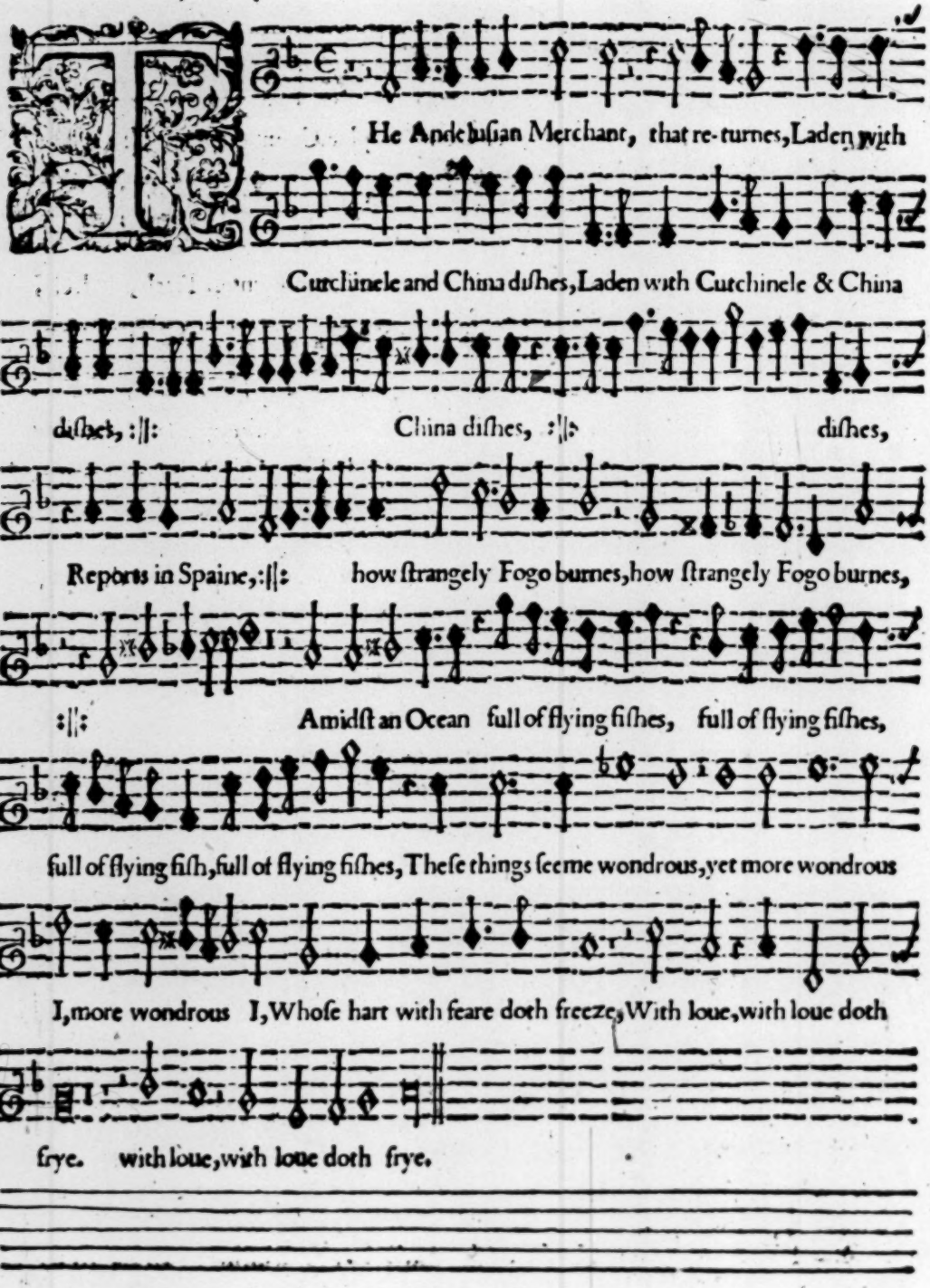
still, to ease my misery,

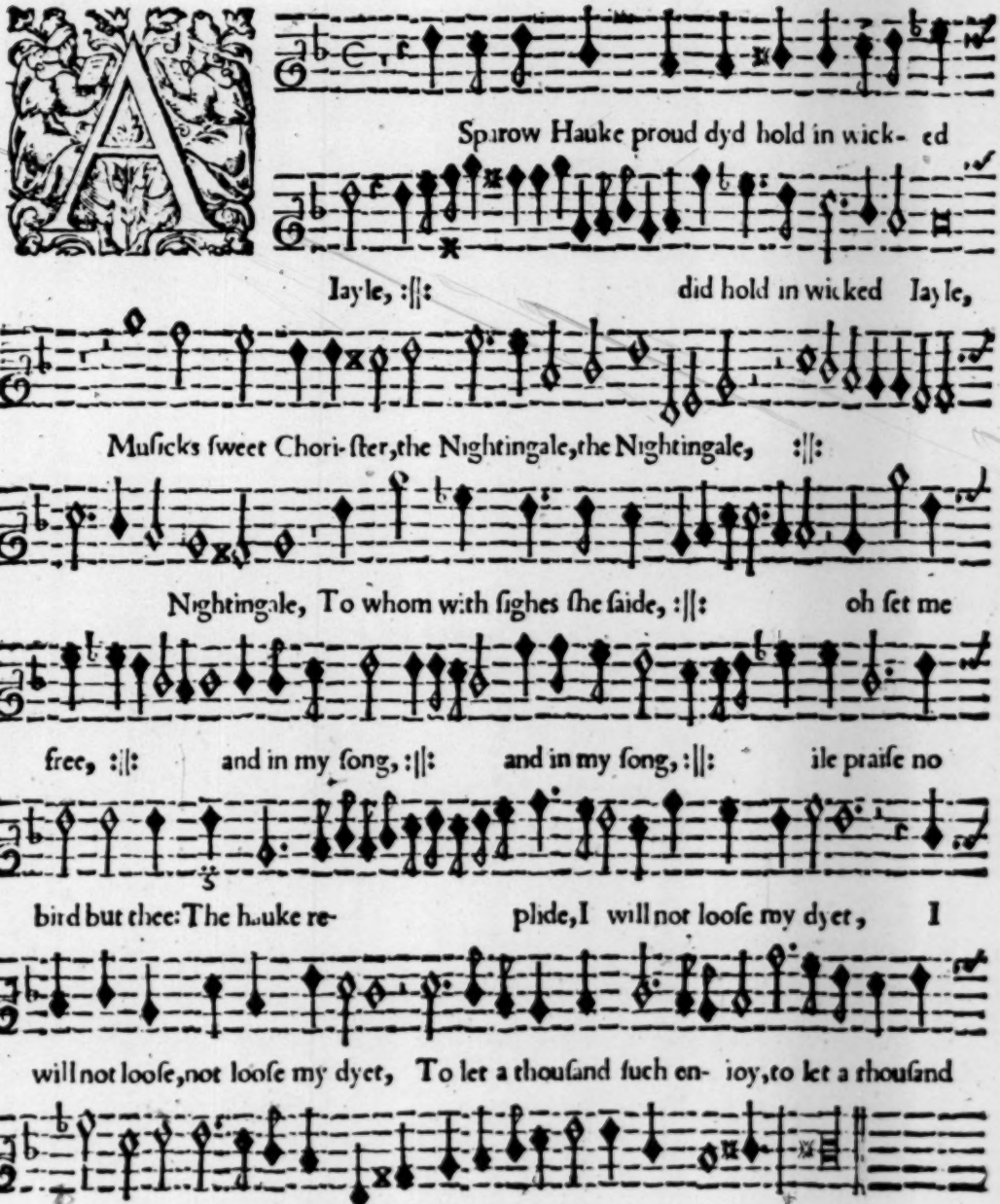

Me thinks I heare, e Amphions warbling ſtrings, A-
rions harpe, :||: diſtilling ſilu'ring ſound, :||:
ſilu'ring ſound, Orpheus meane Lute, with all in order brings, And
with ſoule pleaſing Muſick doth a bound, doth a bound, doth a
bound, Whilſt that olde Phamius, ſoftly plaies the ground, :||:
O ſweet conſort, great may your comfort bee, and greater ſtill, to
eaſe my mi-ſe-r e. my mi-ſe- ric. my miſerie.


THree times: To gaze my fill on Thoralis, on Thoralis, And
three times thrise, :||: I dayly pray, :||:
Not to offend that sacred May, But all the yeere, :||: My sute must bee, That
I may please, And she loue mee. that I may please, And she loue mee, But all the
yeere, My sute must bee, must bee, But all the yeere, :||: My sute must bee,
That I may please, And she loue mee.


Mars in a fu- rie.
gainst loues brightest queene, Mars in a fu-
ry gainst loues brightest queene, Put on his helme, and toke him to his launce, And
marching to the mount, :||: this wariour was seene, this wariour was seene,
And there his ensignes did the god aduance, :||: And by heauens
greatest gates, hee stoutly swore, hee stoutly swore, Venus should dye, for shee
had wrong'd him sore, for she had wrong'd him sore, him sore,


Thule, the period of Coſmographie, Coſmographie, :||:
Thule, the period of Coſmographie, Doth vaunt of Hecla, of Hecla,
:||: Whoſe ſulphuri- ous fire, whoſe ſulphuri-
ous fire, Doth melt the frozen Clime, and thaw the Skie,
and thaw the Skie, :||: :||: the Skie, Tri- nacri- an Ætnæs flames
aſcend not higher, :||: :||: Theſe things ſeeme wondrous,
yet more wondrous I, yet more wondrous I, Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze,
With loue doth fry. Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, With loue doth fry,
with loue doth fry.


The Andeluſian Merchant, that re-turnes, Laden with
Cutchinele and China diſhes, Laden with Cutchinele & China
diſhes, :||: China diſhes, :||: diſhes,
Reports in Spaine, :||: how ſtrangely Fogo burnes, how ſtrangely Fogo burnes,
:||: Amidſt an Ocean full of flying fiſhes, full of flying fiſhes,
full of flying fiſh, full of flying fiſhes, Theſe things ſeeme wondrous, yet more wondrous
I, more wondrous I, Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, With loue, with loue doth
frye. with loue, with loue doth frye.


A Sparow Hauke proud dyd hold in wick- ed
layle, :||: did hold in wicked layle,
Muſicks ſweet Chori-ſter, the Nightingale, the Nightingale, :||:
Nightingale, To whom with ſighes ſhe ſaide, :||: oh ſet me
free, :||: and in my ſong, :||: and in my ſong, :||: ile praiſe no
bird but thee: The hauke re- plide, I will not looſe my dyet, I
will not looſe, not looſe my dyet, To let a thouſand ſuch en- ioy, to let a thouſand
ſuch enioy, To let a thouſand ſuch enioy their qui-et, their qui- et.

NOELL: Adew, adew thou Courts delight, delight, thou

Courts delight, adew, adew thou Courts delight, ij.

Courts de- light, Vpon whoſe locks, the graces ſweetly plaide,

the graces ſweetly plaide, ſweetly plaide, the graces ſweetly plaide, Now

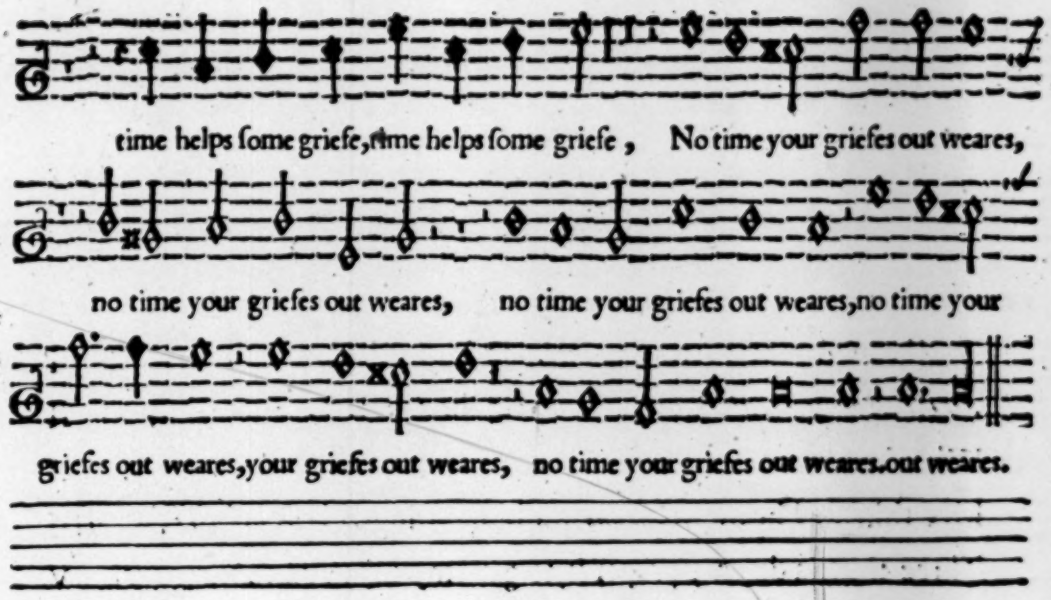
thou art dead, art dead, now thou art dead, our pleaſure dies out right, out right,

For who can Ioy, for who can ioy, when thou in duſt art layde, when thou in

duſt art laide, Bedew my notes, his death-bed with your teares, his death-bed

with your teares, his death-bed with your teares, his death-bed with your teares, with

your teares, his death-bed with your teares, with your teares, Time helps ſome griefe,


time helps ſome griefe, time helps ſome griefe , No time your griefes out weares,
no time your griefes out weares, no time your griefes out weares, no time your griefes out weares, your griefes out weares, no time your griefes out weares. out weares.

FINIS.

THE TABLE.

LIke two proud Armies, marching in the field. I
When *Thoralis* delights to walke, the Faires doe attend hir. II
What haue the Gods, their conſort ſent from heauen. *The firſt part.* III
Mee thinkes I heare, *Amphions* warbling ſtrings. *The ſecond part.* IIII
Three times a day my prayer is, to gaze my fill on *Thoralis.* V
Mars in a furie, gainſt loues brighteſt Queene. VI
Thule the period of Coſmographie. *The firſt part.* VII
The *Andeluſian* Merchant, that returnes. *The ſecond part.* VIII
A Sparow-hauck proud, did hold in wicked layle. IX
NOELL, adew thou Courts delight. X

FINIS.

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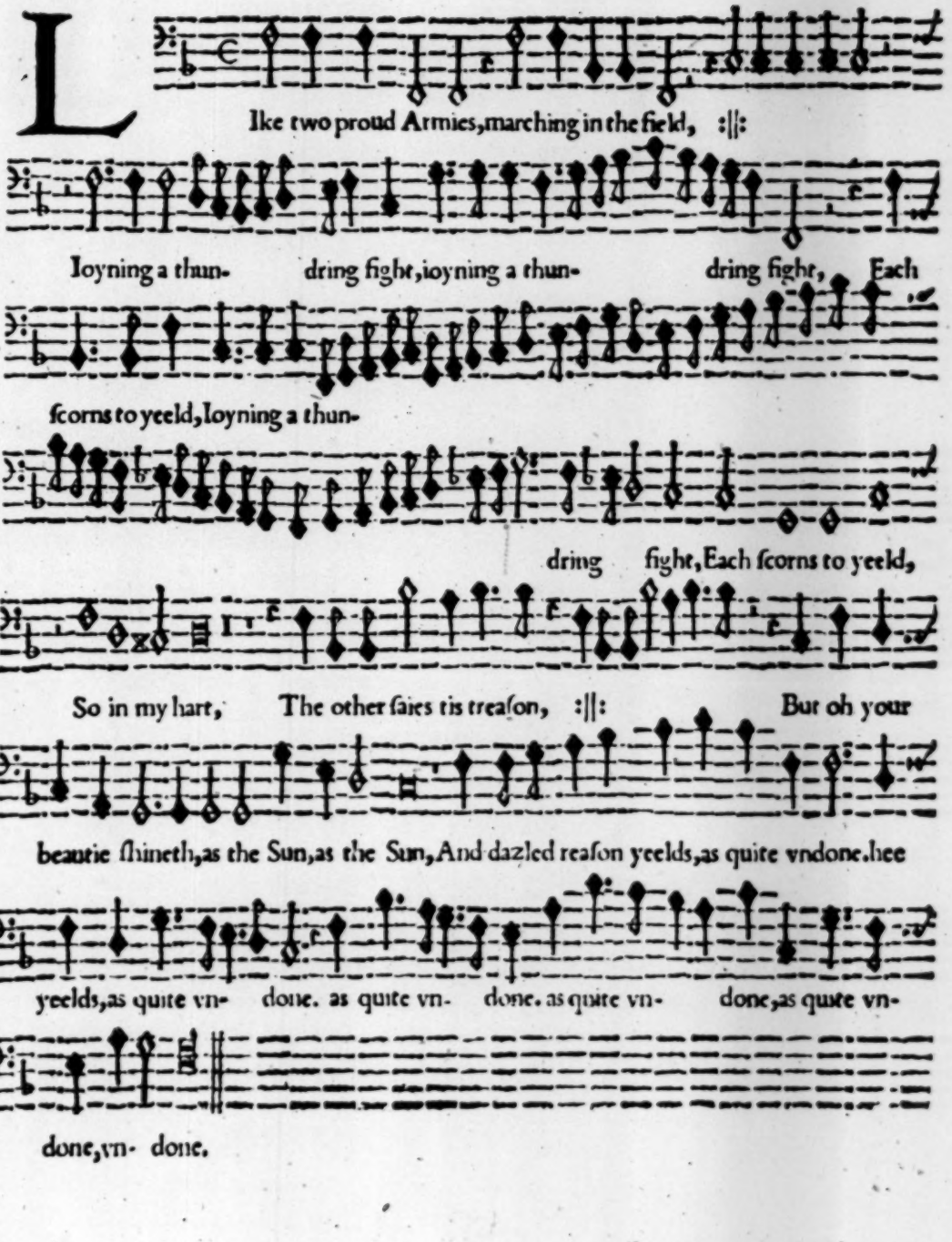
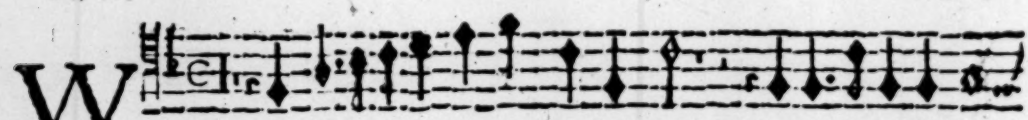
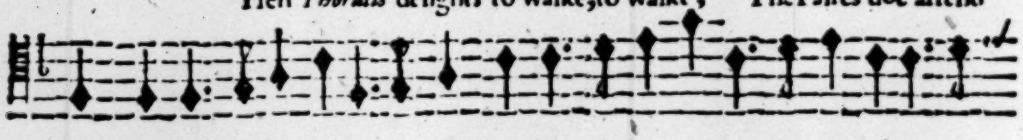
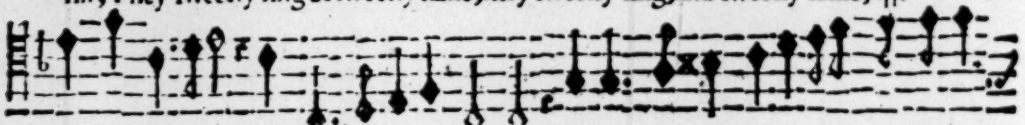

Like two proud Armies, marching in the field, :||:
Ioyning a thun- dring fight, ioyning a thun- dring fight, Each
ſcorns to yeeld, Ioyning a thun-
dring fight, Each ſcorns to yeeld,
So in my hart, The other ſaies tis treaſon, :||: But oh your
beautie ſhineth, as the Sun, as the Sun, And dazled reaſon yeelds, as quite vndone. Hee
yeelds, as quite vn- done. as quite vn- done. as quite vn- done, as quite vn-
done, vn- done.



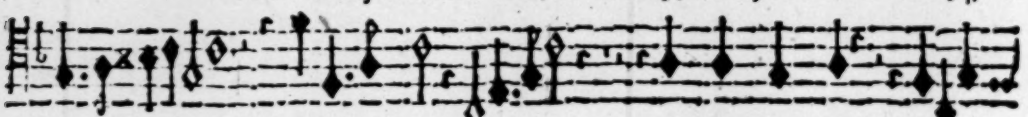
When *Thoralis* delights to walke, to walke, The Faires doe attend



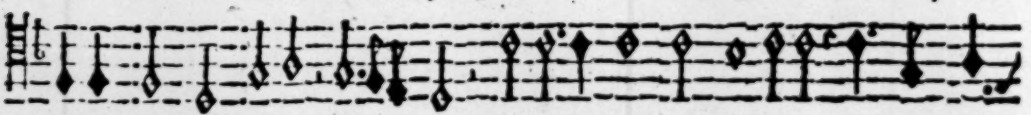
hir, They ſweetly ſing & ſweetly talke, they ſweetly ſing, and ſweetly talke, :||:



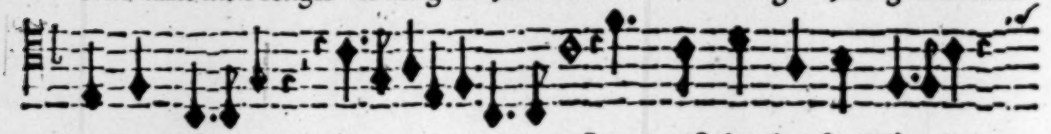
And ſweetly do cõmend hir, & ſweetly, ſweetly do commend hir, :||:



The Satires leape, :||: and dauce the round, :||:



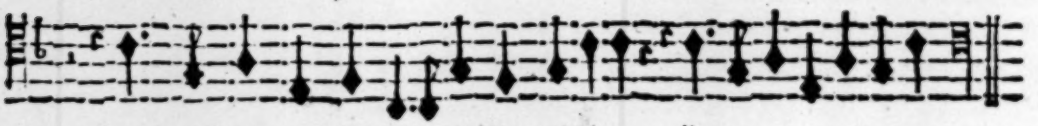
And make their conges to the groũd, And euer more their ſong it is, Long maiſt thou



liue faire *Thoralis*. :||: Long maiſt thou liue faire *Thoralis*.

:||: :||: faire *Thoralis*. Long maiſt thou

liue faire *Thora- lis*, :||: :||:



Long maiſt thou liue faire *Thoralis*, faire *Thoralis*. :||:

Hat haue: Care they for mee,

Send they heapēs quire, to make me melo-

dy, to make mee me-lo-dy, me-lo-dy,

Bleſsing me, with Muſicks fe- li-ci-tie, bleſ- ſing me, with Muſicks fe li-ci-tie, If

it bee ſo, bee ſo, Great may your god-heads bee, And greater ſtill, and greater ſtill to

eaſe my mi-ſe- ry, to eaſe my mi-ſe-rie. my mi-ſe-rie.

Mee thinks I heare, *Amphions* warbling ſtrings, mee thinks

I heare, *Amphions* warbling ſtrings, warbling ſtrings,

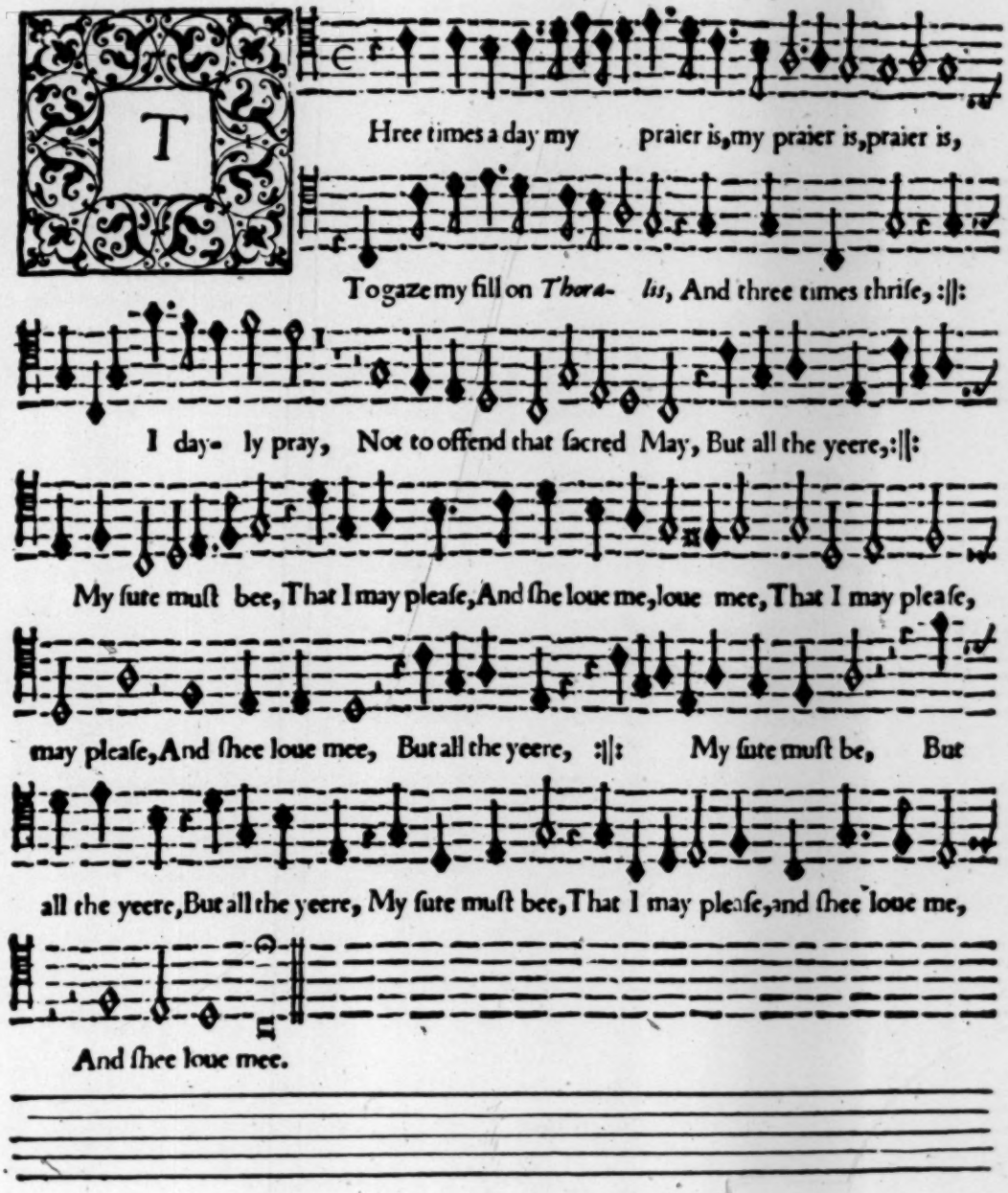
Orpheous meane Lute, with all in order brings, And with ſoule pleaſing Muſick

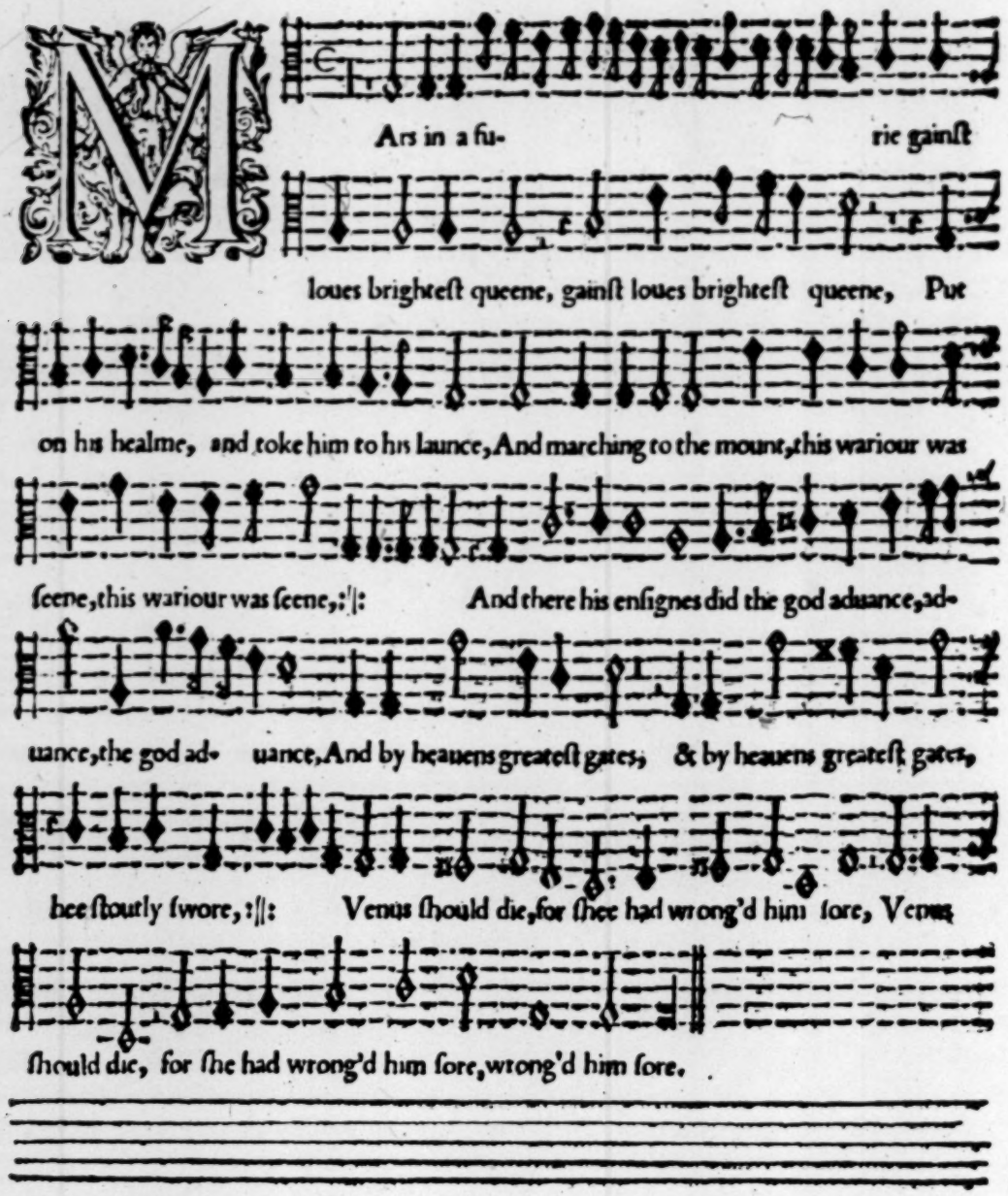
which doth a bound, a bound, doth a bound, Whilſt that old *Phœnius*,

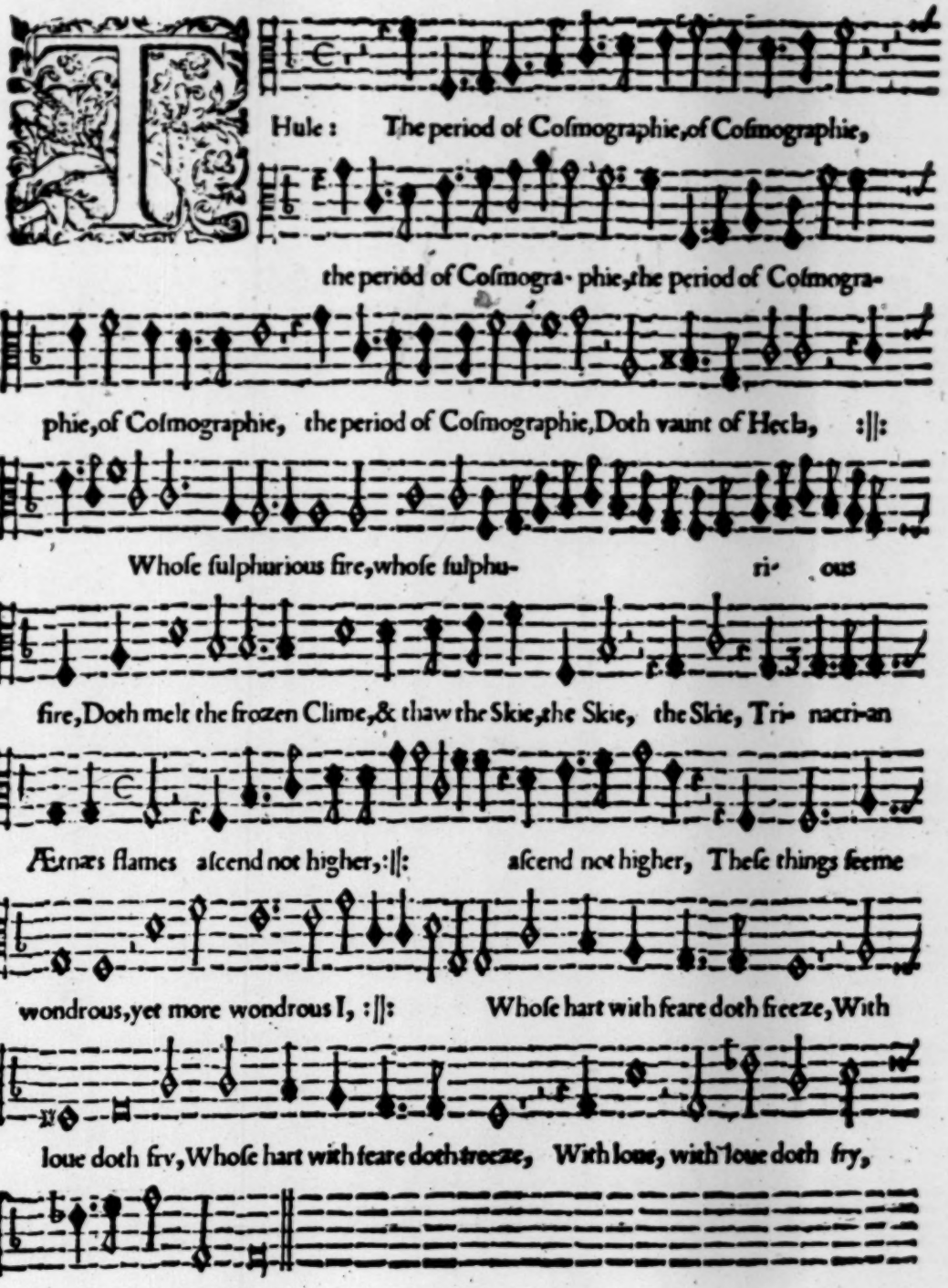
ſoftlie plaies the ground, :|: ſoft-ly plaies the ground, O ſweet conſort,

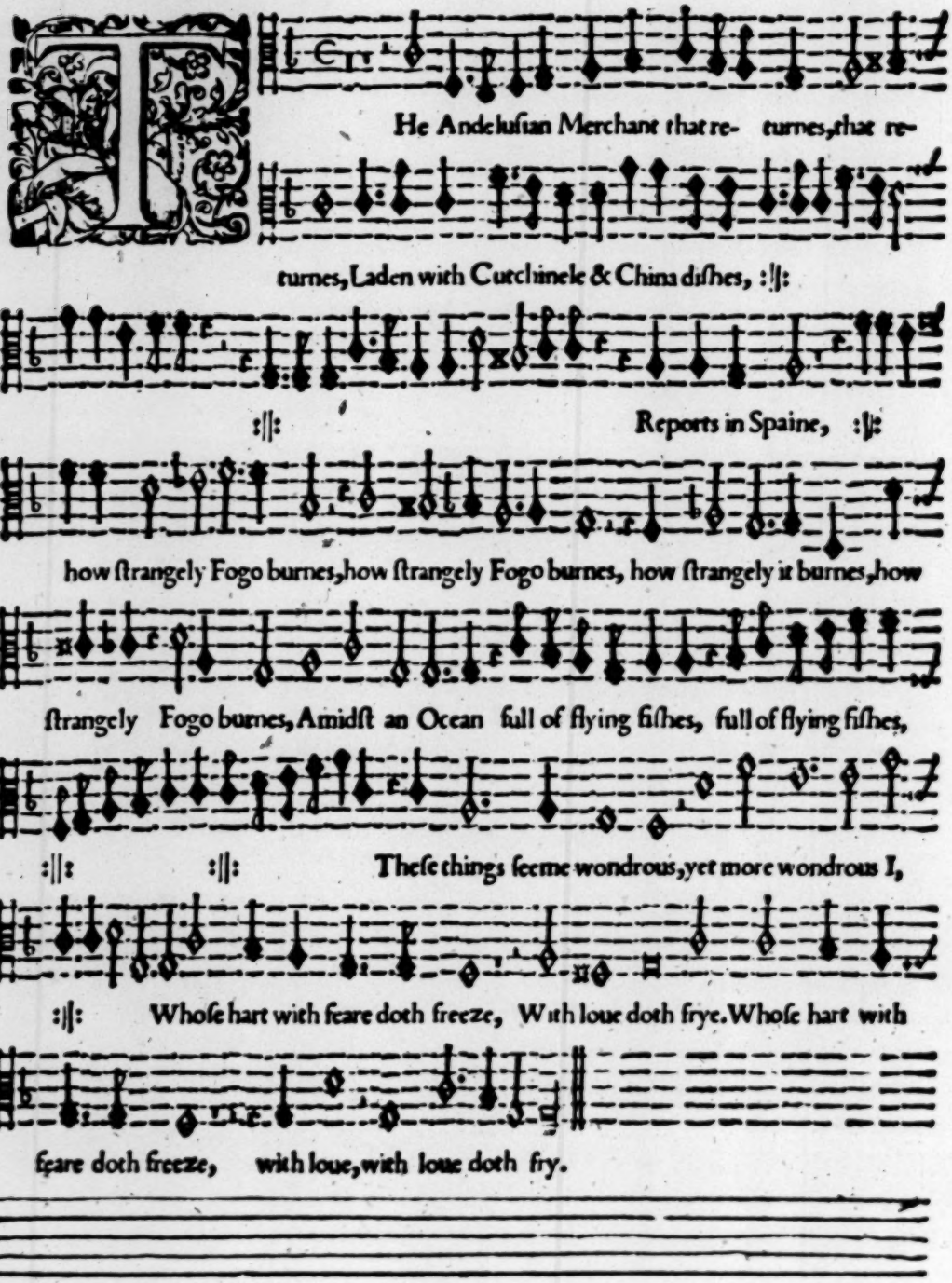
Great may your comfort bee, and greater ſtill, & greater ſtill, to eaſe mee, to eaſe

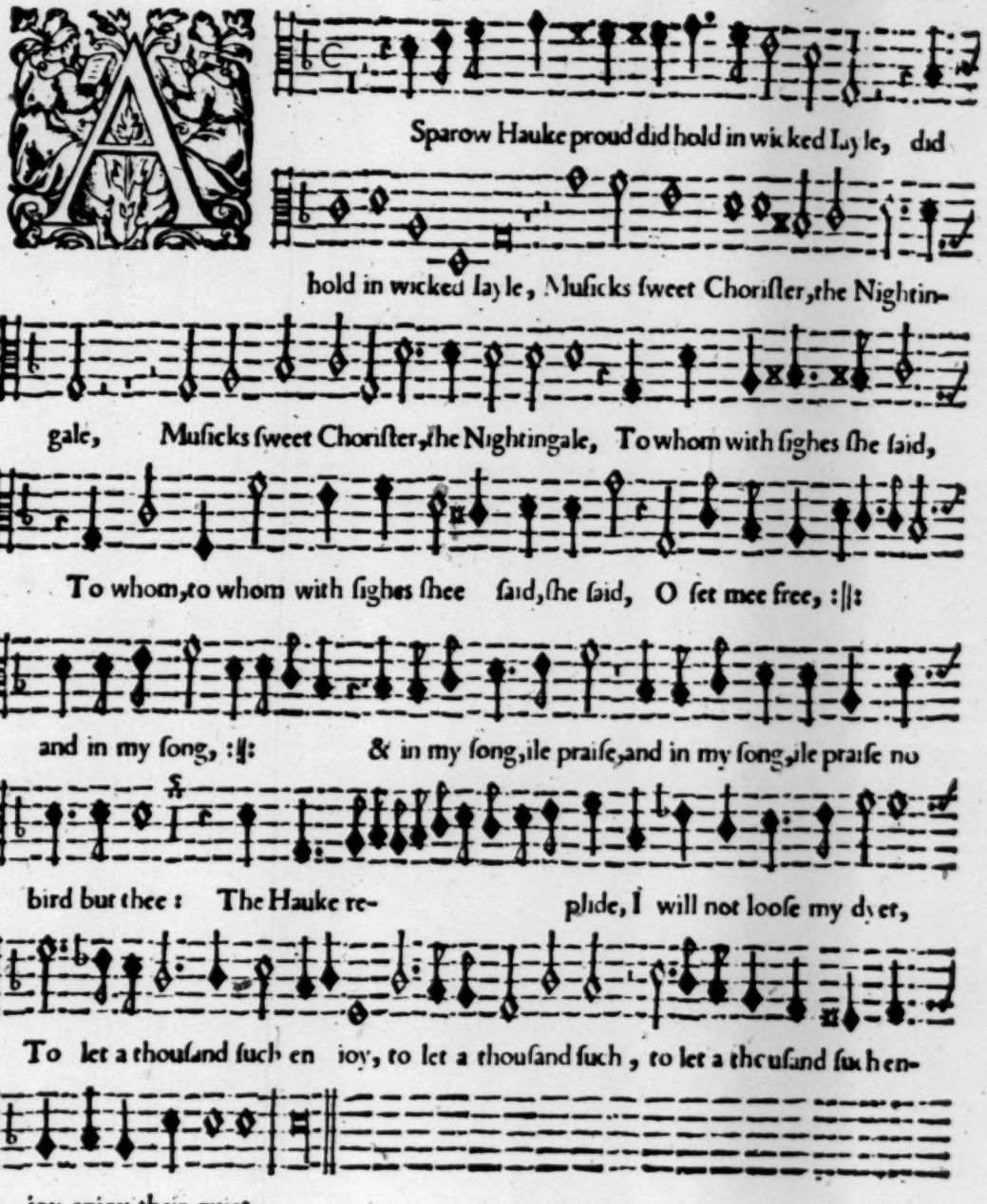
my mi-ſe-rie. my mi-ſe-rie.

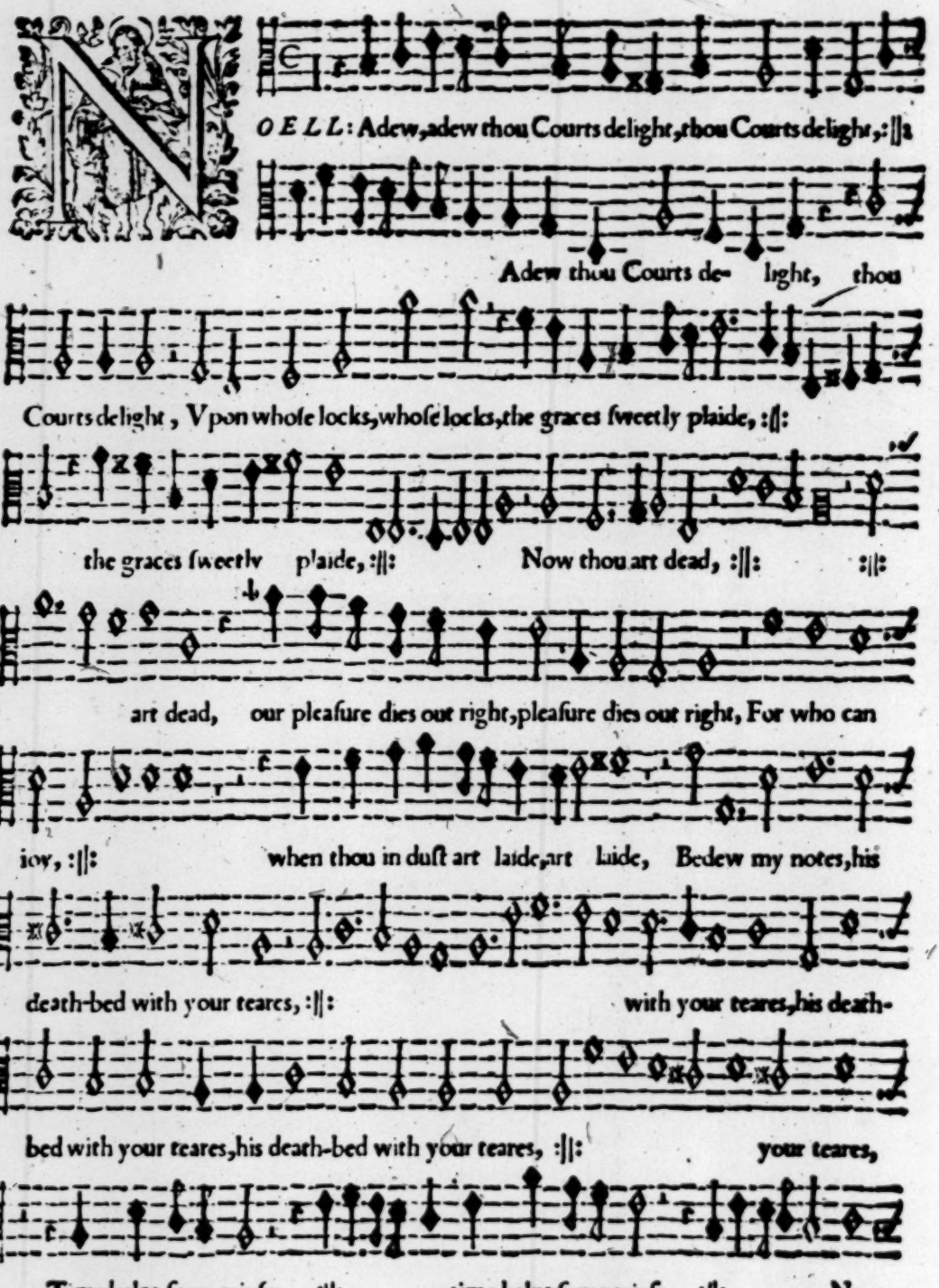

THree times a day my praier is, my praier is, praier is,
To gaze my fill on Thora- lis, And three times thrise, :||:
I day- ly pray, Not to offend that sacred May, But all the yeere, :||:
My sute must bee, That I may please, And she loue me, loue mee, That I may please,
may please, And shee loue mee, But all the yeere, :||: My sute must be, But
all the yeere, But all the yeere, My sute must bee, That I may please, and shee loue me,
And shee loue mee.

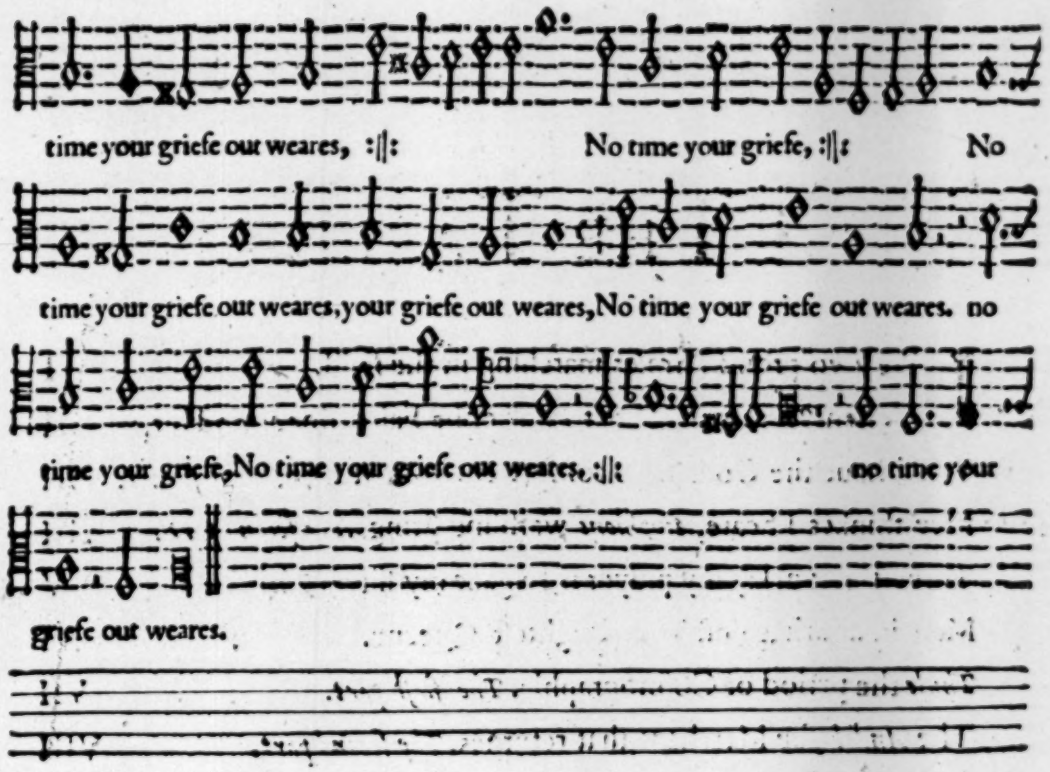

Mars in a fu- rie gainſt
loues brighteſt queene, gainſt loues brighteſt queene, Put
on his healme, and toke him to his launce, And marching to the mount, this wariour was
ſeene, this wariour was ſeene, :||: And there his enſignes did the god aduance, ad-
uance, the god ad- uance, And by heauens greateſt gates, & by heauens greateſt gates,
hee ſtoutly ſwore, :||: Venus ſhould die, for ſhee had wrong'd him ſore, Venus
ſhould die, for ſhe had wrong'd him ſore, wrong'd him ſore.


Thule: The period of Coſmographie, of Coſmographie,
the period of Coſmogra- phie, the period of Coſmogra-
phie, of Coſmographie, the period of Coſmographie, Doth vaunt of Hecla, :||:
Whoſe ſulphurious fire, whoſe ſulphu- ri- ous
fire, Doth melt the frozen Clime, & thaw the Skie, the Skie, the Skie, Tri- nacri-an
Ætnæs flames aſcend not higher, :||: aſcend not higher, Theſe things ſeeme
wondrous, yet more wondrous I, :||: Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, With
loue doth fry, Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, With loue, with loue doth fry,
with loue doth fry.


The Andeluſian Merchant that re- turnes, that re-
turnes, Laden with Cutchinele & China diſhes, :||:
:||: Reports in Spaine, :||:
how ſtrangely Fogo burnes, how ſtrangely Fogo burnes, how ſtrangely it burnes, how
ſtrangely Fogo burnes, Amidſt an Ocean full of flying fiſhes, full of flying fiſhes,
:||: :||: Theſe things ſeeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
:||: Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, With loue doth frye. Whoſe hart with
feare doth freeze, with loue, with loue doth fry.


A Sparow Hauke proud did hold in wicked Layle, did
hold in wicked layle, Muſicks ſweet Choriſter, the Nightin-
gale, Muſicks ſweet Choriſter, the Nightingale, To whom with ſighes ſhe ſaid,
To whom, to whom with ſighes ſhee ſaid, ſhe ſaid, O ſet mee free, :||:
and in my ſong, :||: & in my ſong, ile praiſe, and in my ſong, ile praiſe no
bird but thee: The Hauke re- plide, I will not looſe my diet,
To let a thouſand ſuch en ioy, to let a thouſand ſuch, to let a thouſand ſuch en-
ioy, enioy their quiet.


NOELL: Adew, adew thou Courts delight, thou Courts delight, :||:
Adew thou Courts de- light, thou
Courts delight, Vpon whose locks, whose locks, the graces sweetly plaide, :||:
the graces sweetly plaide, :||: Now thou art dead, :||: :||:
art dead, our pleasure dies out right, pleasure dies out right, For who can
iow, :||: when thou in dust art laide, art laide, Bedew my notes, his
death-bed with your teares, :||: with your teares, his death-
bed with your teares, his death-bed with your teares, :||: your teares,
Time helps some griefe, :||: time helps some griefe, :||: No


time your griefe out weares, :||: No time your griefe, :||: No
time your griefe out weares, your griefe out weares, No time your griefe out weares. no
time your griefe, No time your griefe out weares. :||: no time your
griefe out weares.

FINIS.

THE TABLE.

LIke two proud Armies,marching in the field.	I
When *Thoralis* delights to walke,the Faires doe attend hir.	II
What haue the Gods,their conſort ſent from heauen.*The firſt part.*	III
Mee thinkes I heare,*Amphions* warbling ſtrings.*The ſecond part.*	IIII
Three times a day my prayer is,to gaze my fill on *Thoralis.*	V
Mars in a furie,gainſt loues brighteſt Queene.	VI
Thule the period of Coſmographie. *The firſt part.*	VII
The *Andaluſian* Merchant,that returnes. *The ſecond part.*	VIII
A Sparow-hauck proud,did hold in wicked layle.	IX
NOELL, adew thou Courts delight.	X

FINIS.

BASSO.

MADRIGALS OF 6. parts, apt for the Viols and voices.

Made & newly publiſhed

BY

Thomas Weelkes of the Coledge at Winchester,
Organiſt.

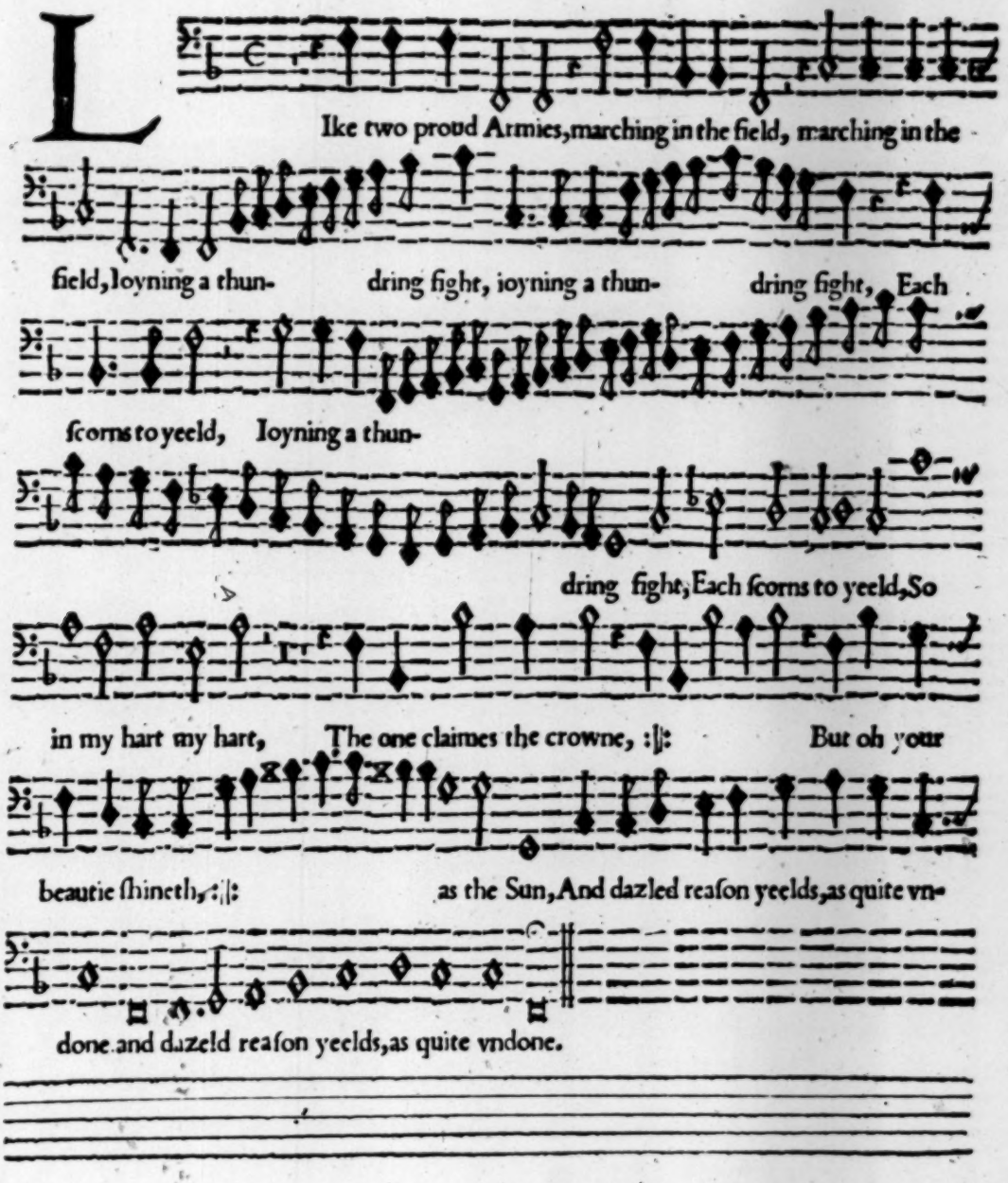
AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Eſte, the aſſigne of Thomas Morley.
1600.

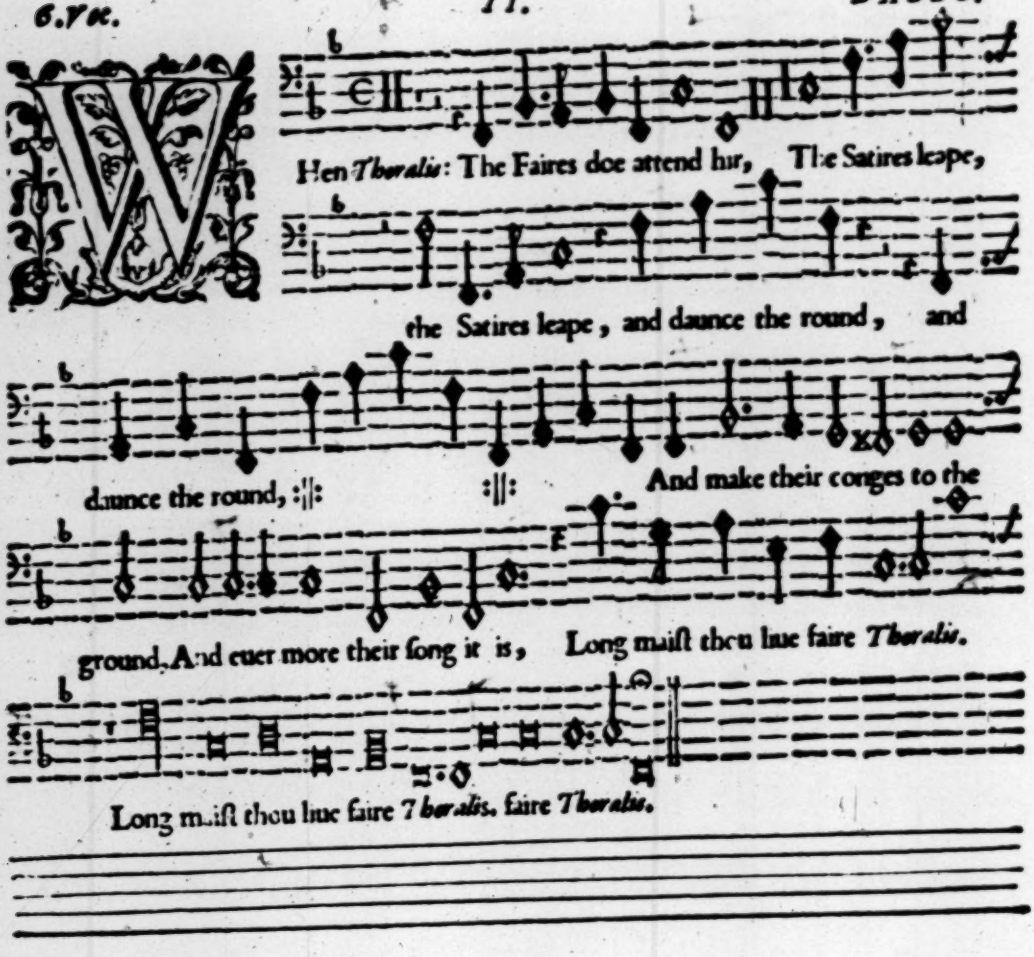
To the right noble minded, and moſt vertuous gentleman, Maiſter George Brooke Eſquier.

I Doe not doubt (moſt worthie Sir) but that, as well in a genarall opinion, as in your owne iudicious and approued cenſure, it may bee held for a part of little wit and leſſe manners, (vpon ſo weake a ground, neither my ſelfe, nor my poore deſeruings being knowne vnto you,) to preſent vnto you theſe ſlender labours, as the fruits of my affected ſtudies. But vnder the fauour of your grauer wiſedome, I humbly beſeech both your vertuous patience, and pardon heerein: for a generall worlds report both of honour and your delight in this kind, hath ſo thoroughly poſſeſſed my well pleaſed eares, as hath (forgetfully of my poore ſelfe) enboldned my ſpirits, to make your onely ſelfe, the true iudge, and patron of theſe my vndeſeruing papers. Humbly crauing heerein, your gracious acceptance, and in their litle worth to nouriſh them, as begotten for, and to your onely honorable ſelfe. Wherin, my heereafter times ſhall euer bind me to acknowledge it in all due & reuerent thankefulneſſe, & in my beſt wits, deſerue it as I may. Euer reſting, as beſt ſhall become mee.

Your Worſhips in all ſeruice

Thomas Weelkes.


Like two proud Armies, marching in the field, marching in the
field, ioyning a thun- dring fight, ioyning a thun- dring fight, Each
scorns to yeeld, Ioyning a thun-
dring fight, Each scorns to yeeld, So
in my hart my hart, The one claimes the crowne, :|: But oh your
beautie shineth, :|: as the Sun, And dazled reason yeelds, as quite vn-
done and dazeld reason yeelds, as quite vndone.


Hen Thoralis: The Faires doe attend hir, The Satires leape,
the Satires leape, and daunce the round, and
daunce the round, :||: :||: And make their conges to the
ground, And euer more their song it is, Long maist thou liue faire Thoralis.
Long maist thou liue faire Thoralis. faire Thoralis.

Hat haue: Care they for mee,

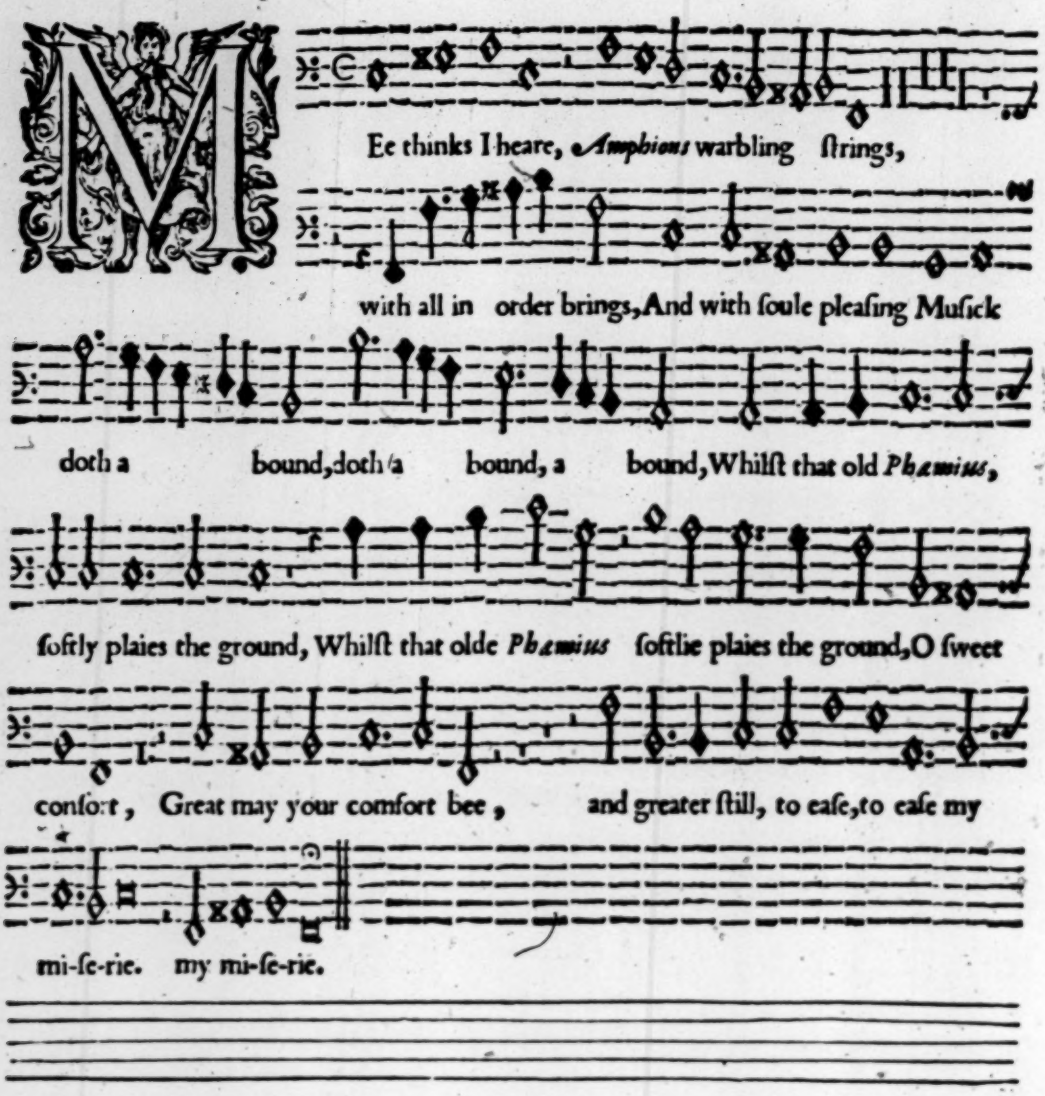
Send they heauens quire, send they heauens

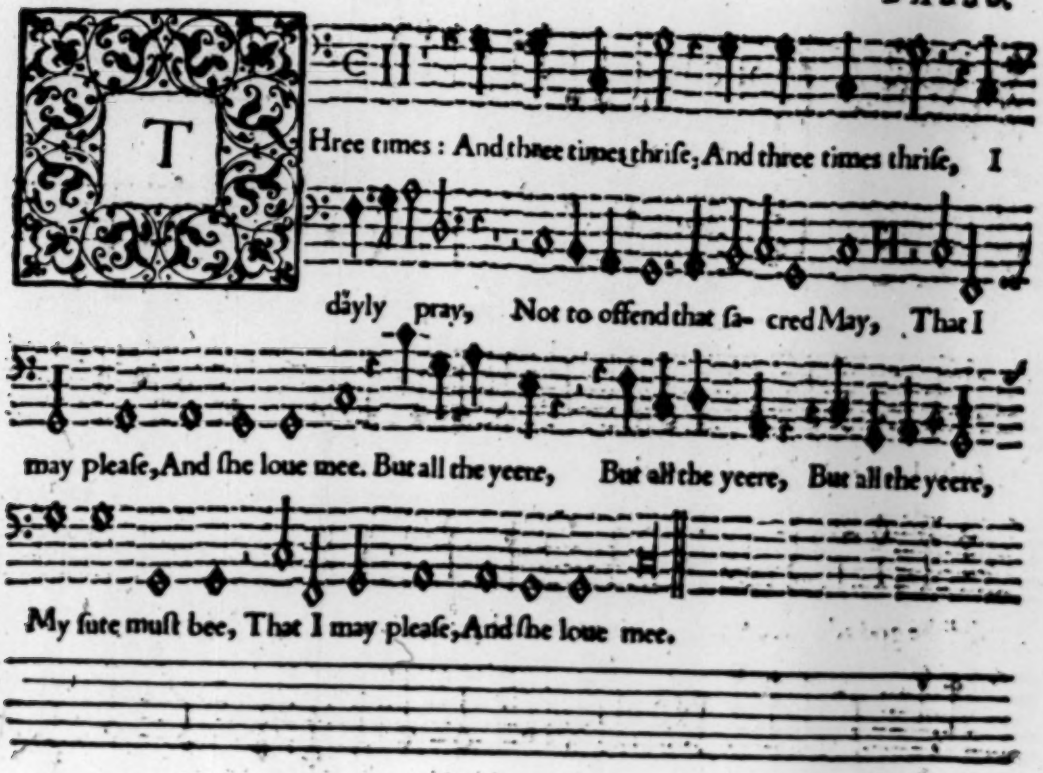
quire, to make mee melo- dy, to make mee

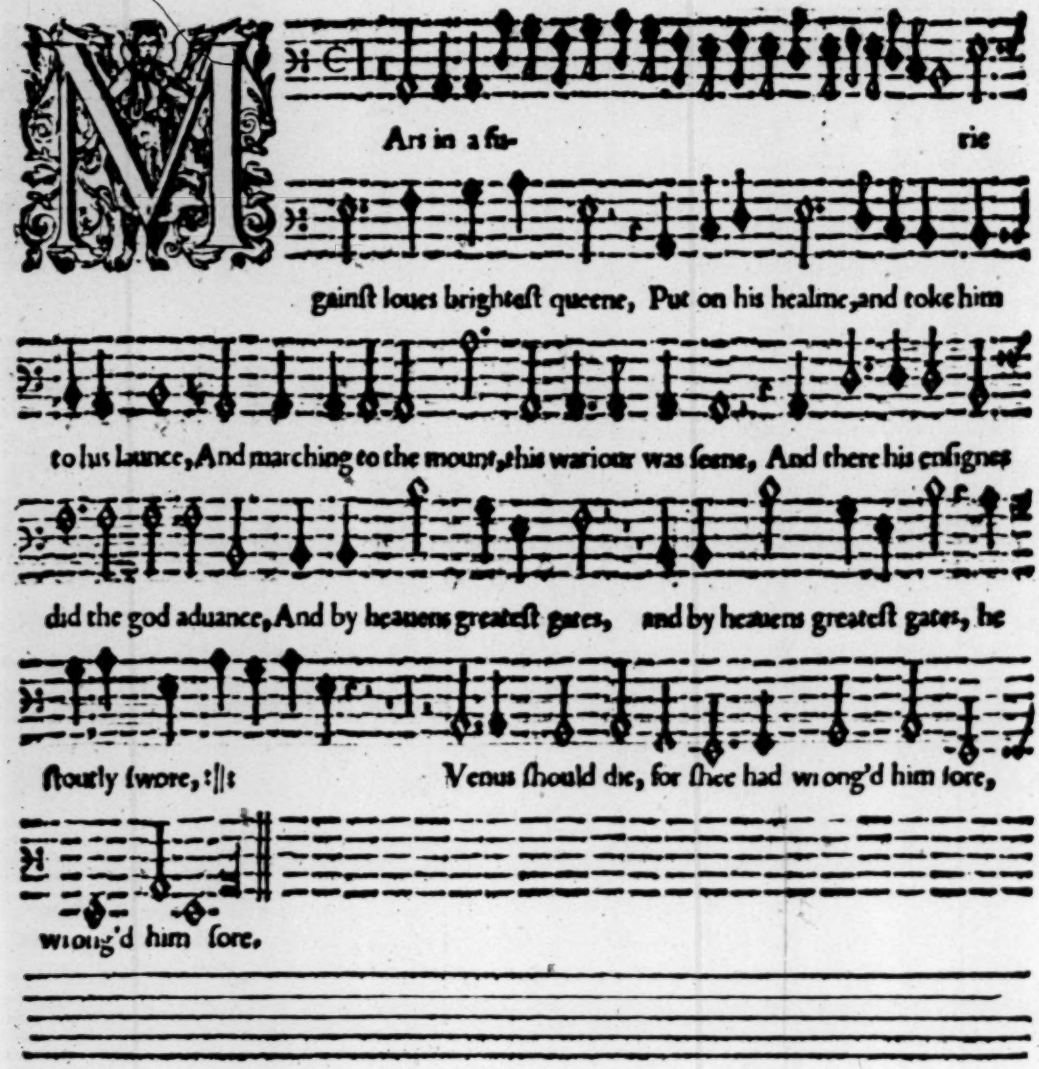
melo- dy, to make mee me-lo-dy, Bleſsing, bleſsing mee, bleſsing mee, with

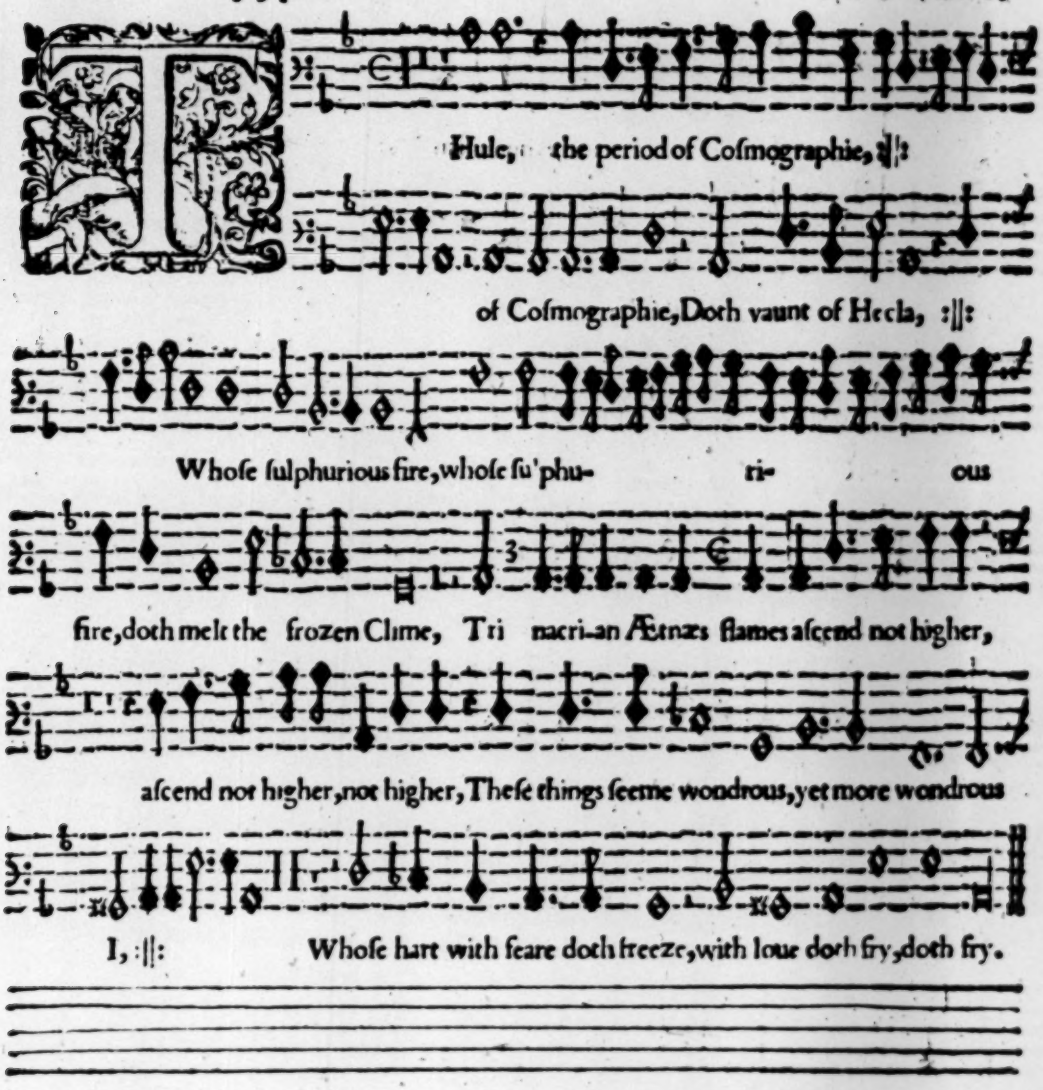
Muſicks fe-li-ci-tie, And greater ſtill to eaſe my mi-ſe-ry. to eaſe, to eaſe my

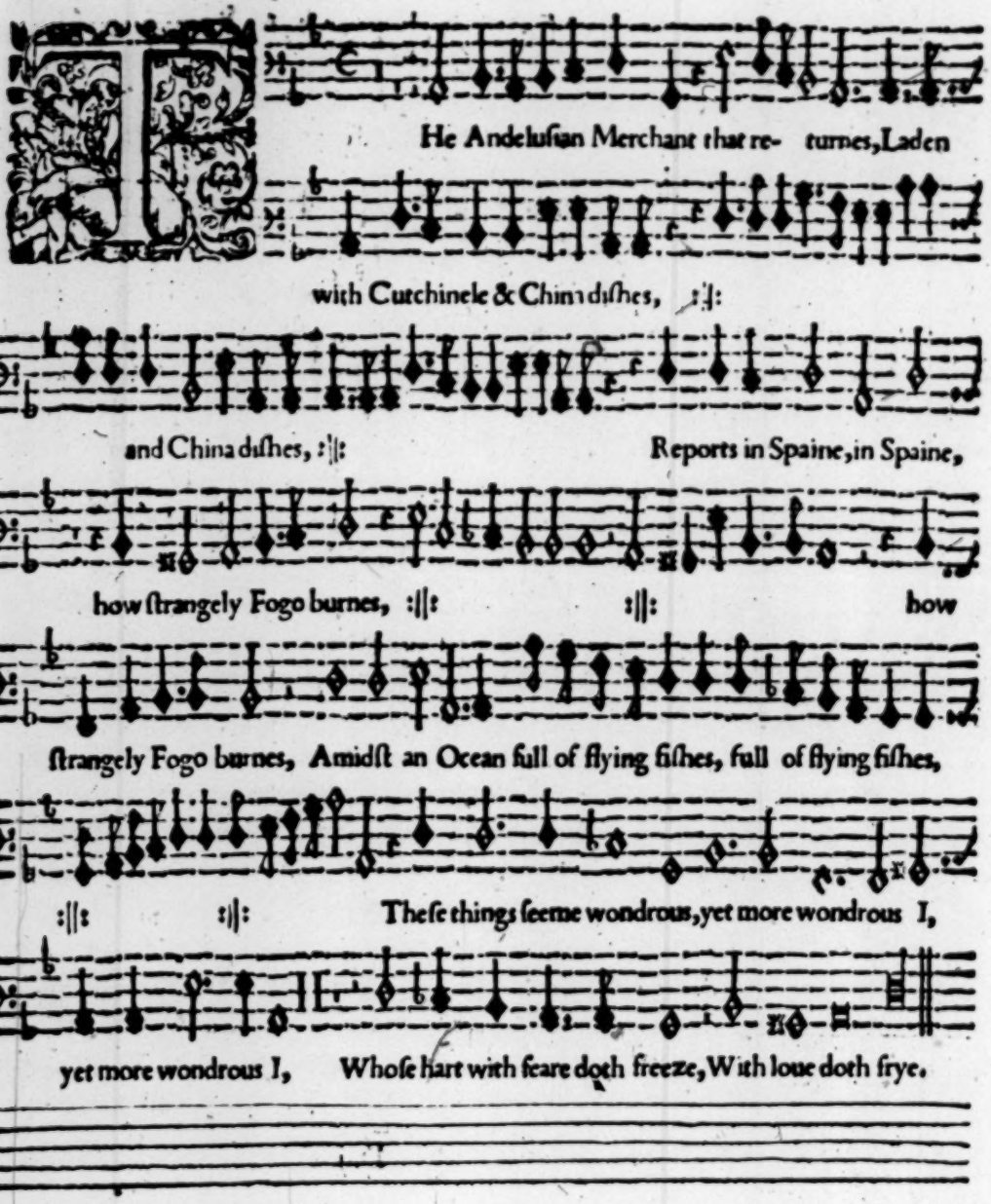
mi-ſe-ry.


Me thinks I heare, Amphions warbling ſtrings,
with all in order brings, And with ſoule pleaſing Muſicke
doth a bound, doth a bound, a bound, Whilſt that old Phæmius,
ſoftly plaies the ground, Whilſt that olde Phæmius ſoftlie plaies the ground, O ſweet
conſort, Great may your comfort bee, and greater ſtill, to eaſe, to eaſe my
mi-ſe-rie. my mi-ſe-rie.


THree times : And three times thrise, And three times thrise, I
dayly pray, Not to offend that sa- cred May, That I
may please, And she loue mee. But all the yeere, But all the yeere, But all the yeere,
My fute must bee, That I may please, And she loue mee.


Mars in a fu- rie
gainſt loues brighteſt queene, Put on his healme, and toke him
to his launce, And marching to the mount, this warriour was ſeene, And there his enſignes
did the god aduance, And by heauens greateſt gates, and by heauens greateſt gates, he
ſtoutly ſwore, :|| s Venus ſhould die, for ſhee had wrong'd him ſore,
wrong'd him ſore.


Thule, the period of Cosmographie, :||:
of Cosmographie, Doth vaunt of Hecla, :||:
Whose sulphurious fire, whose su'phu- ri- ous
fire, doth melt the frozen Clime, Tri nacri-an Ætnæs flames ascend not higher,
ascend not higher, not higher, These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous
I, :||: Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with loue doth fry, doth fry.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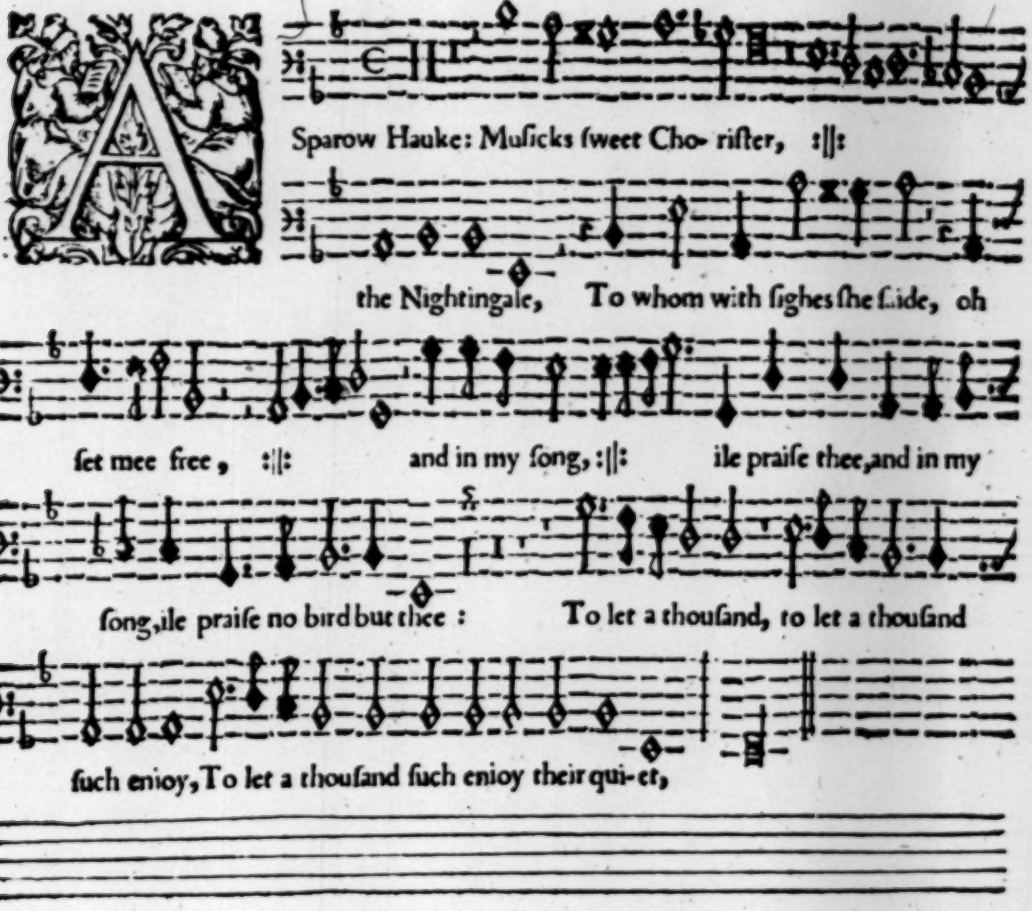
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the Nightingale, To whom with ſighes ſhe ſaide, oh
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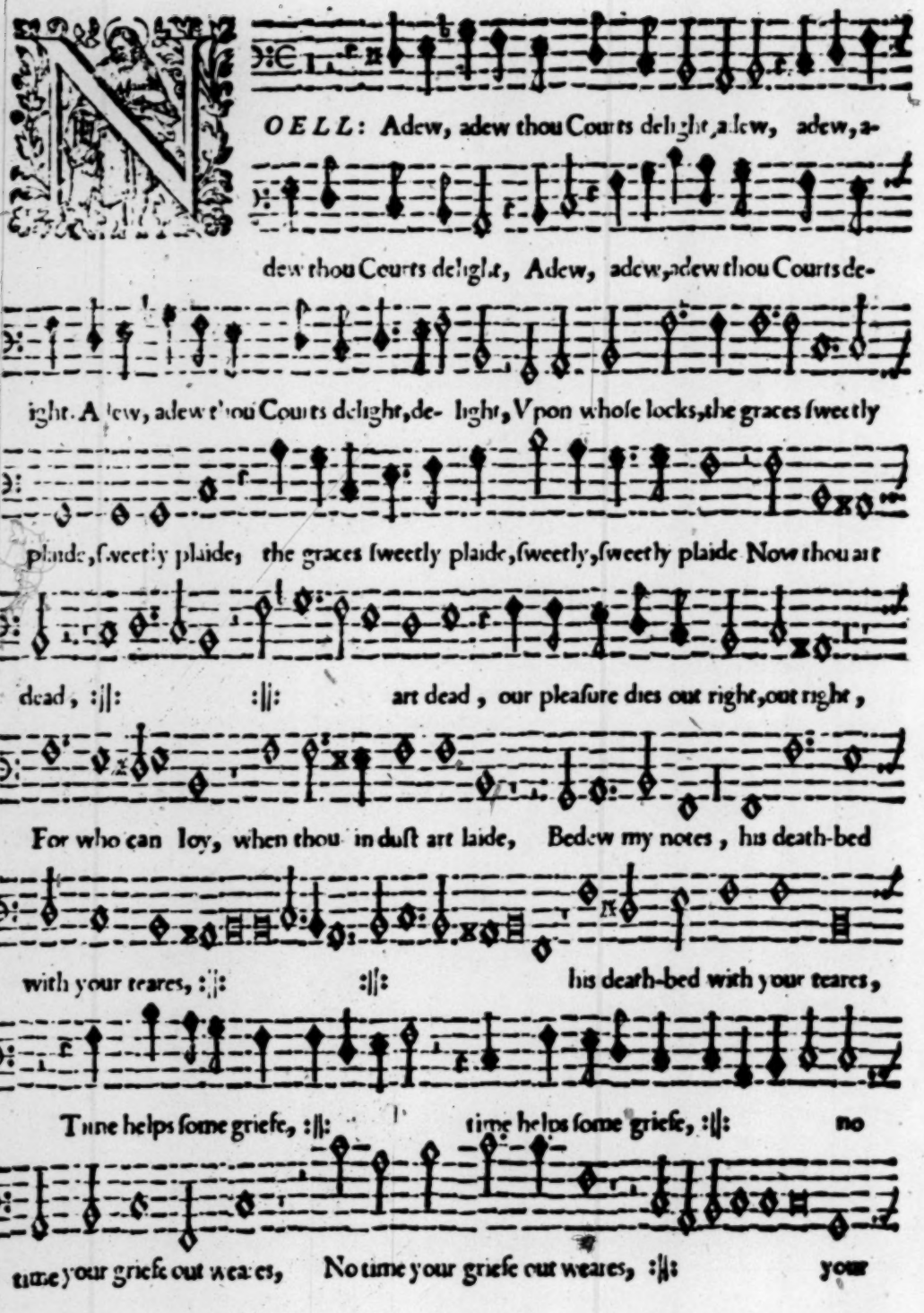
ſong, ile praiſe no bird but thee : To let a thouſand, to let a thouſand
ſuch enioy, To let a thouſand ſuch enioy their qui-et,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plaide, sweetly plaide, the graces sweetly plaide, sweetly, sweetly plaide Now thou art
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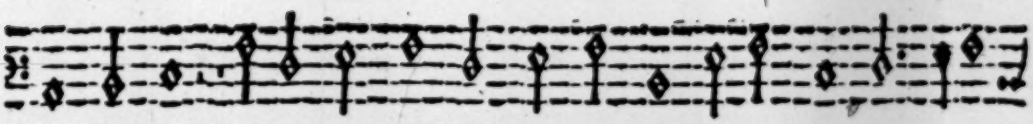
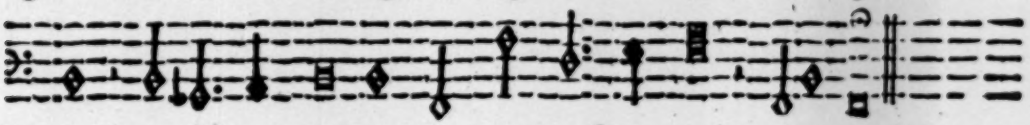
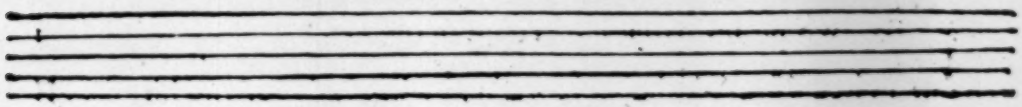
with your teares, :||: :||: his death-bed with your teares,
Time helps some griefe, :||: time helps some griefe, :||: no
time your griefe out weares, No time your griefe out weares, :||: your



griefe out weares, no time your griefe, your griefe out weares, no time your griefe out



weares, no time your griefe out weares, your griefe out weares, out weares.



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